



Vol 2

APPARENT DIRÆ FACIES.

M^r. Stratford.
THE
WORKS
Edw. OF STRATFORD
VIRGIL:
TRANSLATED INTO
English BLANK VERSE.
WITH LARGE
EXPLANATORY NOTES,
AND
CRITICAL OBSERVATIONS.

By JOSEPH TRAPP, D.D.
Lately Fellow of *Wadham College*, and Professor
of POETRY in the University of *Oxford*.

— *Parnassia Laurus*
Parva sub ingenti Matris se subjicit umbrâ. Virg.

VOL. II.

The FOURTH EDITION, Corrected,
And in the NOTES much enlarged.

DUBLIN.

Printed for G. RISK, G. EWING, and W. SMITH,
Booksellers in *Dame street*.

M DCC XXXVII



VIRGIL's

ÆNEIS.

BOOK the FIRST.

INTRODUCTION to the NOTES.

I Have somewhere met with an Observation of a celebrated Writer (it is Mr. *Dryden's*, if I mistake not) that nobody is fit to comment upon a Poet, *but* a Poet. Whether That be true; or how far, and in what Sense it is so, I shall not at present dispute. However it be: Tho' I do not pretend to the Honour of the *Title*; yet I shall so far endeavour to conform to the *Maxim*, as to comment upon *Virgil*, as *He* is a *Poet*; which I think has not been done yet: at least not so fully, and particularly, as might reasonably have been expected. The Commentaries of *Servius*, and other Interpreters, both Ancient, and Modern, tho' very

2 INTRODUCTION to the NOTES.

good in their Kind, and fraught with Abundance of Learning, are rather *Explanations* of the Poet's *Meaning*, than *Remarks* upon his *Genius* and *Judgment*. Those of *De La Cerda* indeed, which I take to be the best among the Moderns, are not only very copious, but in a great measure critical. Monsieur *Segrais* is excellent, so far as he goes; but he gives us his valuable Thoughts only upon a few Passages. And tho' I shall be much more particular than He; yet I pretend not to descant upon *all* the Beauties of This inimitable Poem: Whoever does That, may read Lectures upon all the Stars in the Firmament, and give every one of them it's distinct Character. I have observed in my Preface, that the peculiar Excellence of *Virgil* is Brevity of Expression, and Fulness of Sense: And therefore one Part of my Design is to give the Reader a Detail of his Matter; that he may take Notice, as he goes along, in how little a Compass it is included. I shall not prefix dry formal *Arguments* to the several Books: but something which, in my Opinion, will be both more *entertaining*, and more *instructive*.

As to That Part of my Undertaking, which relates to the *Difficult Passages* of the Poem; I mean Difficulties only in the first *Sense*, and *Construction*. For Matters of *History*, *Chronology*, *Geography*, *Customs*, and *Antiquities*, have been already so fully discussed by former Interpreters, especially by *Ruæus* in the Dauphin Edition; that Nothing can be added to Their elaborate and accurate Performances. Not that I pretend to be entirely *New* in *all* the Explanations which I here actually publish: So far from it, that most of them are collected from the learned Commentators long since extant; to whom I am extremely obliged for the Light they have afforded

INTRODUCTION to the NOTES. 3

forded me. The Reader, I say, is all along to suppose, that most of the *Explanatory* Notes are *Theirs*, not *Mine*; tho' I have endeavoured to make *very many* even of *Them* more *clear* than I found them: Such as are *my own*, will by the Tendency of the Discourse appear to be so. And Those indeed are not a few; all the Commentators having made unaccountable Omissions, and left several Passages, as difficult as any, either wholly untouch'd, or not in the least explain'd. Nor was there the same Reason for my collecting, and attempting to improve, such of their Comments as are Historical, Geographical, &c. Because, as I said, my *main* Design is to remark upon *Virgil as he is a Poet*: And he cannot be *relished* as a *Poet*, unless he be in *Sense*, and *Construction*, understood as a *Writer*. But the same cannot be said of the History, and Geography, &c. to which he alludes; the Understanding of which is not so absolutely necessary, as That of his first Grammatical Sense, and Meaning: At least there was not the same Necessity of adding to and improving the former, as the latter; because the one is perfectly well done already, which cannot be said of the other. For the rest; I have, if I mistake not, (contrary to the Custom of some Annotators) *omitted* no *real considerable* Difficulties; and *taken notice* of *None*, but *such*.

It is certain that there are, both in Town, and Country, many Gentlemen of fine Parts and Judgments, who have *almost* (tho' *not quite*) lost their Latin, or never understood *enough* to read *Virgil* in the Original. Supposing them only to know *so much* of That Language, as to be able to construe a plain School-Book; I am utterly mistaken, if by the Help of This Version, and the Notes put together, they may not understand *Virgil* in *Latin*.

4 INTRODUCTION to the NOTES.

The Notes being in *English*; the main Difficulty which These Gentlemen meet with in consulting Commentators is entirely removed. However therefore I may have failed, as a *Poetical Translator*; I hope *This Work upon the Whole* will not be judged altogether *unuseful*, if it be of Service in enabling some Persons, of Quality, and Fortune especially, to read, and relish the Original. For I am verily persuaded that the Improvement of Classical Learning would greatly contribute not only to the Honour of our Country, but to the Advancement of Virtue and Religion among us. There are indeed some of our Nobility, and Gentry, who are far better skill'd in These Matters, than I pretend to be: But I heartily wish we had more of them.

However, as I said, my *chief Design* in These Remarks is to consider *Virgil* in his purely *Poetical Capacity*; which I take to be the great *Desideratum* in a Comment upon his Works. And here I am sensible that many of my Readers may, upon my *numerous Citations* from the Original, especially from the Fourth Book, be ready to give me a Rebuke; by asking me, What does all This amount to, but little more than *repeating Verses*, and telling us what we knew long since, as well, or much better than your self? To such I have only to answer; That I presume not to Teach Those, from whom I should be glad, and proud to learn. In some Places, I endeavour to give *Reasons* for the Beauties of my Author: In others I pretend to no more than to *mark* them, and *point them out* to the Beholders. But it must be remembred that Those Beauties are often the greatest; which are capable of no other Praise, than That of being *shewn*, and *admired*. And tho' I am well aware that the Persons

sons now mentioned want neither of Those Affistances; yet I desire it may be considered, that I write to all sorts of Readers: And to the Younger, and less Learned, even Those Reflections, which only point at the Beauties, may possibly be of some Advantage. Nay even to others they may not perhaps be altogether *disagreeable*, tho' not in the least *instructive*. To have pleasing, tho' habitual, Ideas revived, and awakened in our Minds, is always delightful: And we never fail to thank That Man who brings a Person into our Company, whom we love, and admire; tho' we our selves are far better acquainted with That Person, than He is, by whom he was introduced.

A RMS, and the Man I sing, who first from *Troy*
 Came to th' *Italian*, and *Lavinian* Shores,
 Exil'd by Fate; Much tosd' on Land, and Sea,
 By Pow'r Divine, and cruel *Juno's* Rage.
 Much too in War he suffer'd; 'till he rear'd
 A City, and to *Latium* brought his Gods:
 Whence sprung the *Latin* Progeny, the Kings
 Of *Alba*, and the Walls of Tow'ring *Rome*.

Say,

N O T E S.

Ver. 1. *Arms, and the Man*, &c.] The Arguments for retaining, and rejecting Those four prefatory Verses, *Hic ego qui quondam*, &c. are so well known to the Learned; that I need not repeat them. For my self, my omitting them in my Translation shews my Opinion: which is grounded chiefly upon These two

Reasons; That they are in themselves flat, and improper, and altogether unworthy of *Virgil*: and That *Arma Virumque* are by the ancient Writers, particularly by *Ovid*, *Martial*, and *Perfius*, cited as the first Lines of the *Æneis*.

Ibid. *Who* First, &c.] Tho' *Antenor* was in *Italy* before *Æneas*;

Say, Muse, the Cause; What God had he provok'd?
 Or wherefore did the angry Queen of Heav'n
 Involve a Hero fam'd for Piety
 In such a Round of Toils, such various Woe?

Dwells

Æneas; yet the latter was *First* in *Those Parts* of it which are here particularly specify'd by *Lavina Littora*. The Words therefore are not to be taken separately, but in conjunction.

Ver. 9, 10. *What God, &c. Or wherefore, &c.*] It is the Opinion of Some (as an ingenious, and judicious Gentleman informed me) that *Quo numine læso, Quidus, &c.* are both to be understood as relating to *Juno*: *What PART of her Deity, what ATTRIBUTE of hers was Affronted; or for what Cause, &c.* And This Conjecture seem'd to be grounded upon the Gramma-

tical Construction; the Sense, it was said, being otherwise too disjointed, and the Parts too independent of each other. But I see no Reason for This. The Grammatical Construction is the same either way; and the Sense very good, as it is commonly taken, and I have accordingly rendered it. What Deity, whether herself, or another, had he provoked? Or, for what Cause, relating to others, or herself, or both, did she, &c. For it is well known there were more Gods and Goddesses engaged against the *Trojans*, besides *Juno*; According to That of *Ovid*,

*Mulciber in Trojam, pro Troja stabat Apollo,
 Æqua Venus Teucris, Pallas iniqua fuit.*

And That of *Virgil* himself, just before; *Vi superam*. Then it seems a Strain to take *Numen* for an Attribute only; without some manifest Reason to satisfy us that it cannot be taken otherwise. It is true the Character of *Juno* is haughty, and revengeful, and consequently *selfish*; and all the Causes of her *Resentment* afterwards recited are such as affect *her self*: But tho' Those were the chief, yet they might not be the only ones; and a Person may be of a very selfish Temper, and yet have some regard to Others,

especially to Those who are engaged in the same Interest.

Ver. 10.] *Angry*, I confess, does not reach the sense of *dolens* in This place: And I know of no Word in our Language that does.

Ver. 11, 12.] *Involve a Hero, &c.* In such a Round of Toils] *Volvere casus*, by way of Hypallage for *volvi casibus*, is harsh enough; yet it may be admitted. But it rather gives me the Idea of *Sisyphus* rolling his Stone, or of going round in a Circle of Misfortunes; and then the Words are taken in their natural Construction.

Dwells so much Passion in Celestial Minds ?

Fronting th' Italian Coast, and Tyber's Mouth,
But far remote, an ancient City stood,

15

Carthage its Name, a Colony of Tyre,
Mighty in Wealth, and rough in study'd War.

This, above all, was Juno's darling Seat,
Ev'n more than Samos lov'd ; Here lay her Arms,
And Chariot : This ev'n Then, would Fate permit, 20
For Universal Empire she design'd.

But she had heard a Race from Trojan Blood
Descended, should o'erturn her Tyrian Tow'rs ;
A People ruling wide, and proud in War,
Should ravage Lybia : So the Fates decreed.

25

This fear'd Saturnia, bearing still in Mind

The

Ver. 17. ---Rough in study'd War.] *Studiosque asperrima belli.* The Word Study in our Language, as well as *Studium* in the Latin, implies both the Love or Desire of a Thing, and a diligent Application to it.

Ver. 21. For Universal Empire She design'd.] *Tenditque fovetque.* The latter Word is omitted in the Translation: I had transposed it, and rendered it Thus, *Enjoying in her Thoughts the pleasing Scheme, For Universal, &c.* For That, I am persuaded, is the Sense of the place. She laboured to have it so, and *bugged the Thought* with pleasure. But as I have no Authority to support This Conjecture, and as I was at the expence of a whole Verse to express one Word ; I rather

chose to drop it. The usual Interpretation is, *contendit ut ea sit, &c. fovetque*, i. e. protegit eam *in hanc spem.* Take it which way you will, it is a concise Idiomatical Expression, impossible to be exactly rendered in any other Language: Other Words even in the same Language must be added, to make out the Sense: And in my opinion *fovet hanc spem* is better than *fovet eam in hanc spem.*

Ver. 26. This fear'd Saturnia, &c.] For *metuens* at ver. 27. to be the Nominative Case to *Arcebat* at v. 35. and *Necdum etiam causæ* ---- to *bonis*, to be included in a Parenthesis, is a Construction not to be endured. To refer it to *Audierat* v. 24. and to make a comma at

A 5

arces,

The late, long War, which first she wag'd at *Troy*,
 For her own *Argos*, and her Fav'rite *Greeks*.
 Nor were as yet the Causes of her Rage,
 And keen Resentments, by her restless Soul 30
 Forgotten ; Deep within her Bosom lay
 The Judgment giv'n by *Paris*, and th' Affront
 Of her scorn'd Beauty ; The detested Race,
 And ravish'd *Ganymede*, so high advanc'd.
 By These Incentives fir'd, from *Latium* far 35
 She drove the *Trojans*, Relicks of the *Greeks*,

And

arces, and *Parcas*, is had enough ; though more tolerable than the other. For my own part, I see no Necessity of either : The Privilege of Poetry in general, and the Prerogative of *Virgil's* in particular, is very inconsiderable ; if the Participle, *erat* understood as agreeing with it, may not be allow'd to stand for the Verb. Then it runs thus : *Moo metuens [erat] veterisque [erat] memor*, &c.

Ver. 27. *Tb: late, long War*, &c.] If the Word *veteris* be referred (as it is by Some) to the Time when *Virgil* wrote ; it is absurd : For how can he be here supposed to have any View to That Age, in a Speech suppos'd to be spoken so many Ages before it ? If it be referred to *Juno*, and made to signify ancient, strictly speaking ; it is false : For the Year in which She speaks is but the seventh after the Destruction of *Troy* : To make it signify *diuturni*, *lasting*, is a little strained, but may be admitted : Others take it

for *præteriti*, not ancient strictly speaking, but *past* for a considerable Time. These two last Expositions I think the best ; and as they are very consistent, I have express'd them Both in my Translation.

Ibid. Which first She wag'd, &c.] Either because Her Resentment of the Judgment of *Paris* was the Occasion of the Trojan War ; Or, because She was Chief and Foremost in the Management of it ; Or for both Reasons.

Ver. 28. *For her own Argos*, and *her Fav'rite Greeks*.] It is true, *Argos* in particular was *Juno's* own City ; but the *Greeks* in general were her favourite People. And as nothing is more common among the Poets than by Particulars (especially the more eminent ones) to insinuate Generals ; I take the Word *Argis* in This place to include both Those Senses ; and have translated it accordingly.

Ver. 36. *Relicks of the Greeks*.] *Reliquias Danaum*, i. e. All that

BOOK 1. VIRGIL'S ÆNEIS. 9

And merciless *Achilles*, o'er the Sea
 Dispers'd ; And urg'd by Fate, for many Years,
 They wander'd all th' extended Ocean round :
 So vast the Work to raise the *Roman State* ! 40
 Scarce losing Sight of *Sicily*, with Joy
 They spread their Sails, and with the beaky Brags
 Plough'd

that the *Greeks* had left or spared. Their *Leavings*. The Expression is purely Poetical. The Word *Relicks* in Prose is always used in another sense ; according to which, one must say in This place, the *Relicks* of the *Trojans*, not of the *Greeks*.

Ver. 40. So vast the Work to raise the *Roman State*.] The Setting forth the Causes of *Juno's* Anger with such a Number of

Particulars, and with That exquisite Elegance of Brevity, together with the artful Mixture of Fiction, and true History, is the noblest, and finest Opening imaginable. It engages Attention, and raises Expectation to the last Degree. And then his closing all with That sublime *Epiphonema* in honour of his Country,

Tantæ molis erat Romanam condere gentem,

leaves the fullest and strongest Impression upon the Mind of the Reader.

Ver. 41. Scarce losing Sight of *Sicily*, &c.] An Heroic Poem generally begins in the Middle of Things. This is one great Circumstance which distinguishes it from History ; and is imitated by all modern Writers of Heroic Poems, and Romances. *Homar* first gave the beautiful Example in his *Odyssey*. For his *Iliad* opens at the Beginning ; if the Anger of *Achilles* be the main Subject of That Poem : Otherwise, not ; as may be collected from what I have observed in my Preface. This Method both shortens the Action ; and ex-

ceedingly entertains the Reader. The Reason of which Pleasure is the sudden Surprise of being immediately plunged into the Depth of Action before one is aware ; as also of Doubt, and Uncertainty ; and afterwards the more agreeable Surprise of having those Doubts cleared, and unravelled. Were a Man to be set down at once in a fine, beautiful Garden, or Wilderness, seemingly without Art, but the more artful for only seeming so ; and then unexpectedly to meet with One, who should lead him round, and trace, and explain every thing to him, 'till he reconducted him to the place where he first found him ; then proceed

Plough'd the salt Foam : When *Juno*, in her Breast
Vindictive feeding an eternal Wound,
Thus with herself. And must I then desist

45

Baffled ?

ceed to shew him all the other Parts, and at last open a Gate to dismiss him : How much more delightful would All This be, than if he had regularly entered at a Gate, and taken every thing in exact order as he pass'd ! Let the Reader a while entertain himself with what is related by the Poet in his own Person : the Second, and Third Books will explain what happened before ; 'till he is brought back to the Point where he now sets out ; and then the Narration will be resumed by the Author.

The Parting of the Hero from *Sicily*, the Speech of *Juno*, the Storm, the Speech of *Æneas*, the Continuation of the Description of the Storm, and the Arrival of the Fleet upon the Coast of *Africa*, are manifest Imitations of the Parting of *Ulysses* from *Ogygia*, of *Neptune's* Speech, of the Storm, of *Ulysses's* Speech, and of his Arrival at *Phæacia*, in the Fifth *Odyssey*. The Description of the Harbour where they landed, and of *Venus* meeting *Æneas* in the Wood, are as plainly copy'd from the lovely Romantick Harbour, and the Meeting of *Pallas* and *Ulysses* in a Wood, in the Thirteenth *Odyssey*. As is the Reception of *Æneas* at *Carthage*, from That of *Ulysses* at *Phæacia* in

the Seventh *Odyssey* : And as *Æneas*, at the Request of *Dido* relates his Adventures in the Second, and Third Books ; so does *Ulysses* at the Request of *Alcinous* relate His in the Ninth, Tenth, Eleventh, and Twelfth Books of the *Odyssey*. How many Things there are in These Books not imitated from *Homer*, and with what Art they are inserted, I need not here observe. Some I shall remark upon in their proper places : Of Others the Reader himself cannot avoid taking notice as he goes along. For the rest, I shall not enter into the tedious and unprofitable Task of making particular Comparisons. In general, *Homer* has the glory of being the Inventor ; and *Virgil* (for the most part) That of being the Improver.

Ver. 45. Thus with herself.
And must I then desist, &c.
Mene [æquum, or necesse, est] desistere ----- A Speech full of Fire, and Fury ; perfectly proper, and exact ; beginning with true Disdain and Resentment, with a Question in an abrupt manner, in the second foot of the Verse ; short, and nervous ; big, and, as it were, ready to burst with Sense, and Indignation. The Comparison between herself and *Pallas* is entirely natural, and in few Words : Not a tedious, flat Recital of what
ber-

Baffled? Nor can I back from *Latium* turn
 This *Trojan* Prince? Belike, the Fates forbid.
 Could *Pallas* drown the *Greeks*, and burn their Fleet,
 For *Ajax*' Frenzy? For the Guilt of One?
 She, darting from the Clouds *Jove*'s rapid Fire, 50
 Scatter'd their Ships, and rous'd the Sea with Winds:
 Him from his Breast expiring sulph'rous Flames
 She hurry'd in a Whirlwind, and transfix'd
 Upon a pointed Rock. But I, the Queen
 Of Gods, the Sister, and the Wife of *Jove*, 55
 With This one Race so many Years make War:
 And who will *Juno*'s Deity adore
 Henceforth? Or Honour on my Altars lay?
 Such Thoughts revolving in her fiery Breast
 Alone, the Goddess to *Æolia* comes, 60
 The

herself, and others had done; distinguished, is hinted at by
 and that too nothing to the pur- Poets. But it is as true that
 pose. the Words *incedo*, *venio*, &c.

Ver. 54. But I, the Queen, sometimes signify no more than
 &c.] *Incedo Regina*. It is true; to be; Thus *Virgil* himself in
 the slow, majestic Walk, by the Fifth Book:

Aut jaculo incedit melior, levibusque sagittis;
 And,

Gratior & pulchro veniens in corpore virtus.

And the same, or something the Word *Stand* is our own.
 very like it, may be said of However, if any Reader pre-
 other Languages; particularly fers the other Interpretation;
 the *French* and *Italian*; not to the following Version is at his
 mention such a Signification of service.

----- But I, who move
 Majestick, in imperial State, the Queen, &c.

Ver. 57. Who will---] More adorabit. Next Line; Hono-
 closely to the Orig. Will any rem, for the *Victim* by which
 one? *Quisquam* --- adoret? for she was honour'd.

The Land of Storms; where struggling Gusts of Air
 Engender: Here, in his capacious Cave,
 Great *Æolus* with absolute Command
 Controuls, imprisons, and confines in Chains
 The noisy Tempests, and reluctant Winds. 65
 They roar, and murmur round the Mountain's sides,
 Indignant: *Æolus* his Sceptre shakes,
 Majestick on his lofty Throne, o'er-rules
 Their wild Desires, and moderates their Rage.
 Which did he not, with rapid Force they'd hurl 70
 Heav'n, Earth, and Seas, and sweep them thro' the Air.
 But

Ver. 61. *The Land of Storms.*] is a very close, and next to a Nothing can be more noble than literal Translation; tho' not This Description: To instance one of Those Words is in the in particulars would be to Letter of the Original. Which transcribe the Whole. The I mention here by way of *Specimen*; as one Instance among Word *facta* is in this place many others of the like Nature. commonly rendered *plena*: But I take it in it's first, and most proper Sense, for *big*, *seeming*, or *pregnant*; which includes the signification of *plena*, and something more. That *furventibus Austris* is to be understood of the Winds in general, is too plain to require any Proof: And so *struggling Gusts of Air*

Ver. 68, 69. ----- O'er-rules Their wild Desires, and moderates their Rage.] The Words *mollit*, and *temperat* seem to imply, and in their first Sense do imply, *softening*, and *sofening* by fair means; And yet the Verse above,

Imperio premit, ac vinclis, & carcere frænât,

puts all the Restraint upon force, by Force, as well as by Persuasion. These Methods are not inconsistent with each other; since Both may be used. And besides; *mollit*, and *temperat*, may in a wide Signification imply either; and so may Those by which they are render'd in my Translation. A fierce Temper may be mollify'd

Ver. 71. *Heaven, &c.*] *Cælumque profundum.* We have the same Expression in the Fourth Eclogue, and the Fourth Georgick. *Ræus* (I know not for what Reason) interprets it by *intimum*: But it is generally agreed, that as *summus* and *altus*

But fearing This, the Sov'reign of the Gods
Pent them in gloomy Caves, and o'er them threw
Vast Piles of massy Rocks; impos'd a King,
Who should by certain Measures know to curb,
Or, when commanded, to indulge their Rage.

75

To whom then *Juno* Thus in suppliant Words
Her Suit address'd. O *Æolus*, (for Thee
The Sire of Gods and King of Men impow'rs,
To smoothe the Waves, or raise them with the Wind ;)
A Race my Foe steers o'er the *Tuscan* Sea,
Transporting *Ilium*, and their vanquish'd Gods
To *Italy*: Add Fury to thy Winds ;
O'erwhelm in Ocean, or disperse their Fleet ;
And scatter all their Bodies o'er the Main.
Twice sev'n bright Nymphs I have ; of whom to Thee

81

85

The

tus sometimes signify *low*, or *deep* ; so *profundus* sometimes signifies *high* ; and that it does so here. Others, (says *Servius*) take *profundum pro in profundum* ; Others, *pro funditus* : Both which seem very harsh, and unnatural. The Sense of This Word (whatever it be) may well be omitted in a Translation ; And the same may be said of other Instances.

Ibid. And sweep them thro' the Air.] Some Criticks, who love to be sharp upon *Virgil*, have, as I remember, among others, This ingenious, and judicious Criticism. If the Winds had Force enough to carry the World before them ; how could Rocks and Caves confine them ? This they take to be a great Absurdity. And they might as

well have asked, how did *Æolus* get his boisterous Subjects back again into their Prison, after he had once let them out ? They take no notice of *At pater omnipotens speluncis abdidit, &c.* --- *Regemque dedit, &c.* 'Tis not the Rock only, but the Omnipotence of their Creator that confines them. Besides ; They might at any time have seen the very Physiology of the Matter illustrated by a Bottle of Small Beer ; which shews the great difference, in point of Strength and Power, between Air which has not vent given to it, and Air which has.

Ver. 83. *Add.*] Incute : i. e. *adjice*. Thus *metum incutere*, &c. Next Line, *Diversas* : [in] *diversas* [partes.]

The fairest *Deiopeia* I will bind
 In Wedlock firm, and consecrate her Thine :
 Who, all her Days, such Merit shall reward ;
 And make thee Parent of a beauteous Race. 90

To whom the Monarch of the Winds reply'd.
 Be it your Care, illustrious Queen, to think
 What to command ; my Task is to obey.
 You this my Kingdom, and *Jove's* Favour give ;
 You raise me to the Banquets of the Gods ; 95
 And o'er these Storms and Tempests make me Lord.

Thus having spoke, He turn'd his Spear, and push'd
 The hollow Mountain's side : Out rush the Winds,
 Throng-

Ver. 90. *And make thee Parent of a beauteous Race.*] The Opinion of *Ruæus*, seconded by Mr. *Dryden*, that the Word *pulchra* signifies *bappy*, so as to imply that *Æolus* should be fortunate in This Progeny, as he had been unfortunate in *Ma-careus*, and *Canace*, seems to be a mere Fancy of their own, and perfectly groundless. And I the more wonder at *Ruæus*; since he himself in his Interpretation renders *pulchra* by *formosa*.
 for *æquum est* ; it is *fit*, and *just* : For so the Word *fas* often signifies, not always a Thing which is *lawful* only, and no more than barely *permitted*.
 Ver. 97. *Push'd the hollow Mountain's Side.*] *Impulsit in latus* implies more than I have expressed. He struck the Mountain on one side, and pushed it so as to make it incline, and stoop to the other ; by which He opened a Passage for the Winds at the Bottom.

Ver. 93. *My task is to obey.*] *Mibi iussa capeßere fas est.* *Donatus* takes the Word *fas* in it's strictest Sense, thus: My Obligations to you are such, that it is *lawful* for me to obey you even in things unlawful. But This is bad Sense, especially in the Mouth of a God. And therefore I take it either with *Servius*, for *nefas esset non capeßere* ; Or rather, with *Ruæus*,
 Ver. 98. *Out rush the Winds,* &c.] The Word *ruunt* is here used *neutrally* ; but *actively* in the next Verse, but one. This noble Description of the Storm can never be enough admired. It begins in Generals, the Hurricane of the Winds blowing from all Quarters at once, the Rolling, and Tossing of the Waves, the Darkness of the Sky, the Thunder, and Lightning.

In-

Thronging, where way they find; with giddy Whirls
 Scour o'er the Lands, and then with Fury fall 100
 Upon the Sea: East, South, and stormy West,
 Together, from its lowest Caverns rouse
 The Deep; and roll vast Billows to the Shore.
 Cracking of Cordage, and the Cries of Men

Suc-

Intonuere psali, & crebris micat ignibus æther, &c.

And then after the Interposition of a pathetic Speech, by which it is agreeably interrupted, it is resumed; and descends to particulars, at *Talia jactanti stridens Aquilone procella, &c.*

---- *Franguntur remi, &c.* ----

Hi summo in fluctu, &c. ----

Tres notus abreptas, &c. ----

Tres Eurus ab alto, &c. ----

Unam quæ Lycios, &c. ----

This Specifying of single distinct Circumstances is extremely delightful. *Ovid* in his *Tempest Metamorph.* 11. dwells upon Generals, and a tedious Repetition of the same Things. Whereas 'tis here as 'tis in Philosophy; tho' not in the same Sense. Generals are formed out of Particulars; and we have a better Idea even of *Generals* by *Particulars*, besides That distinct pleasure which we conceive from Particulars separately consider'd. A good Painter indeed would represent the Clouds, the Lightning, the Swelling of the Sea, &c. but he would particularly describe the different Postures of the several Ships, the Looks, and Gestures of the

Men, &c. The Poet, it is true, is more particular in *some* things, and the Painter in *others*; for a reason which I have * elsewhere assigned, and shall not here repeat. But here again *Virgil* is to be defended against an Objection of equal force with the former. *Una Eurusque, Notusque, &c.* ---- *Asiæque, &c.* and afterwards *stridens Aquilone procella*. Hey-day! (say some Critics) did the Wind blow from all the four Quarters at once? I answer; First, There are such Things as *Hurricanes*, and *Whirlwinds*. But, secondly, in Storms the Wind sometimes *shifts* so frequently in so short a time; that a Poet might well be allowed to say they were all let loose at once. In the great Storm in 1703 we had Trees and Houses blown down, to all Points of the Compass.

Ver. 104. *Cracking of Cordage, &c.*] The Word *Rudentum* signifies not Cables only; but all the Ropes and Shrouds of the Ship. And I am sensible that *Cracking* is not the only Idea annexed to *Stridor*; which

* *Præf. Poet.* p. 21, 22, 23.

Succeed : By sudden Clouds the Heav'n's and Day 105
 Are ravish'd from the *Trojan's* Eyes ; Dun Night
 Lies hov'ring o'er the Sea : Loud Thunder rocks
 The Poles ; the Sky with nimble Light'ning glares ;
 And ev'ry Object threatens present Death.

Æneas shudders, seiz'd with chilling Fear ; 110
 Deeply he groans, lifts both his Hands to Heav'n,
 And Thus expostulates. Thrice Happy They,
 Who chanc'd to die beneath *Troy's* lofty Walls,
 Before their Parent's Eyes ! O *Diomed*,
 Thou bravest Chief of all the *Grecian* Race ; 115
 Why could not I, in *Trojan* Fields, by Thee
 Breathe out This Soul ? Where by *Achilles'* Spear,
 Stern *Hector*, where the great *Sarpedon* fell :
 Where *Simois* in his rapid Torrent rolls
 So many warrior Bodies, Helms, and Shields. 120

Thus while he spoke ; the Tempest from the North,
 Loud,

which may moreover imply the
Rattling of the Cords striking
 against one another. And if
 the Reader likes that Word bet-
 ter, he may take it.

Ver. 110. *Æneas* shudders,
 seiz'd with chilling Fear, &c.]
 The Objection of Those Cri-
 ticks who from This Passage
 arraign *Æneas* of Cowardise,
 are most weak, and frivolous.
All Fear is not *Cowardise* ; as
 no *Fierceness* is true *Courage*.
 He is afraid of the Gods, and for
 his Country ; Both which are
 consistent with the truest Mag-
 nanimity : Nay, there can be
 no true Magnanimity without
 them. *Achilles*, merely for a
 personal Affront, and the Loss

of a Mistress, runs away cry-
 ing, and tells his Mother ; and
 She comes with her *τῆνος τῆ
 κλάμης* ; And yet the same Cri-
 ticks never object against the
 Courage of That Hero.

Ver. 112. *Thrice happy They*,
 &c.] I cannot imagine why
 Mr. *Dryden*, who is generally
 not over scrupulous in adhering
 to the Words of his Author,
 should be here so very literal
 with his *Thrice*, and *four times*
happy ; which is no graceful Ex-
 pression in our Language. Ver.
 101, 102. Orig. *Mene* ---- *non*
potuisse, ---- i.e. *Æquumne fuit*,
 or some such Word, [Ellipsis.
 See Note on Ver. 45.] *me non*
potuisse ?

Loud, roaring, struck a-cross his Sails, and tofs'd
 The Billows to the Stars; The Oars are stav'd;
 The Prow inclines, and on the Surges lays
 Its side; a Mountain-Heap of Waves succeeds. 125
 On a high Surge These hang; to Those the Deep
 Yawning discloses Earth between the Waves:
 The boiling Tide ferments among the Sands.
 Three *Notus*, whirling, drives on hidden Rocks,
 Rocks in mid Sea, which Latins *Altars* call, 130
 A mighty Ridge of Stone above the Waves;
 Three *Eurus* from the Ocean (dreadful Sight!)
 Urges on Shelves, and *Syrtes*; There they stick
 Upon the Flats, inclos'd with Banks of Sand.
 One, which the *Lycians*, and *Orontes* bore, 135
 From Prow to Stern a mighty Billow strikes,
 Before his Eyes: The Master, swept from Deck,
 Rolls headlong; Her the circling Eddy thrice

Works

Ver. 124. *The Prow inclines,* &c.] Some Copies have it *pro-ram* avertit; *procella* understood. But the common Reading is better; *prora*, with *se*, understood. It yields, and leans side-ways; as it is more fully expressed in the next words, & *undis dat latus*.

Ver. 129. *On hidden Rocks.*] If they were *saxa latentia*, *hidden Rocks*; how could they be *mari summo*, *above*, or on the top of the Sea? The Answer is, They were concealed below; though they had a *dorsum immane*, a large prominent Ridge upon the Surface.

Ver. 130. *Rocks in mid Sea,* &c.] *Mediis quæ in fluctibus.* Not in the middle of the Ocean;

for all is supposed to be near the Shore; but surrounded with the Waves of the Sea.

Ibid. Which Latins Altars call.] I shall not trouble the Reader with the Historical Conjectures of the Learned upon This Passage. They were called *Altars*; as some Rocks on our Coasts are by Seamen called the *Bishop and his Clerks*, &c. --- And That is sufficient.

Ver. 133. *Syrtes.*] *Quick-sands*, so called.

Ver. 136. *From Prow to Stern,* &c.] Among the various Interpretations of that Expression à vertice, I stick to That of *Ruæus*; for the Reasons by him alledged, to which I refer the Reader.

Works round, and swallows in the rapid Gulf.
 Few, scatter'd, floating on the vast Abyss, 140
 Men, Arms, and Planks, and Trojan Wealth appear.
 Now Those strong Ships, in which *Ilioneus*,
 And *Abas*, and the brave *Achates* sail'd,
 And old *Alethes*, by the Storm subdu'd,
 Shatter'd, and leaking with disjointed Ribs, 145
 At gaping Chinks admit the hostile Flood.

Mean-while the Noise and Tumult of the Main
Neptune perceives; the Bottom of the Deep
 Turn'd upwards; and the Storm's licentious Rage.
 Highly provok'd, and careful for his Realms, 150
 Above the Waves, serene, he rears his Head;
 He sees the Trojan Fleet o'er all the Sea
 Dispers'd; *Æneas*, and his Ships o'erpow'r'd
 With Surges, and the Ruin of the Sky.
 Nor were his Sister's Wiles, and Hate unknown: 155
 East,

Ver. 140. *Few, scatter'd*,--- looking up out of the Sea, is to
 &c.] Apparent *rari nantes*, &c. make it a Tautology with *summa*
Arma virum [apparent] *tabula-* *caput extulit unda*.
que, &c.

Ver. 141. *Arms, Men, and*
Planks, &c.] My Lord *Lau-*
derdale, and, after him, Mr.
Dryden, for *Tabula* render *Pic-*
tures. It is true the Word is
 sometimes so used; but surely
 not in This Place. The *Planks*
 of the Ship which was split
 are undoubtedly here intended:
 At least This Idea in a Ship-
 wreck more naturally occurs to
 our Thoughts, than the Idea of
Pictures.

Ver. 150. *Careful for his*
Realms.] *Alto prospiciens*; *Mari*
providens: I take it in That
 Sense: Because to construe it,

Ver. 151. *Above the Waves,*
serene, he rears, &c.] How
 could he be *graviter commotus*,
 highly provoked, in the For-
 mer Verse; and *serene* with
 his *placidum caput* in This?
 Either, *angry* with the *Winds*,
 but *propitious* to the *Trojans*; Or
provoked at first, but upon second
Thoughts immediately checking
 his *Resentment*: Or, which I
 rather think, *inwardly* provoked,
 but *outwardly* calm, and serene:
 It being less consistent with the
 Majesty of so great a King, and
 God, to express Fury in Looks,
 and Gestures.

East, and West Winds he hails ; and then proceeds.
 From your high Birth does this Presumption rise ?
 And dare you thus, without my Sov'reign Leave,
 Mix Earth, and Heav'n, and such vast Billows raise ?
 Whom I----But first 'tis fit we should compose 160
 The troubled Ocean : For your next Offence
 A more severe Correction you shall find.
 Hence, fly ; and bear this Message to your King :
 To Me, not Him, the Empire of the Main,
 And awful Trident fell : Huge rocky Caves 165
 Are his Dominions ; *Eurus*, your Abodes :
 Proud in That Palace *Æolus* may reign,
 But bid him bar the Prison of his Winds.

So spoke the God ; and sooner than he spoke,
 Appeas'd the Tossing of the Waves, dispell'd 170
 The Clouds collected, and restor'd the Sun.
Cymothoe too, and *Triton* join their Strength

To

Ver. 164. *To Me, not Him, the Empire of the Main, &c.* This seems not good Sense in *Neptune*. *Æolus* does not pretend to govern the Sea, but to embroil it ; and he actually governs his own Subjects by so doing. And if he could not exercise his Dominion there ; his Dominion would be very inconsiderable. The Answer must be, That Princes are apt to be jealous of one another's Power, and to extend their own : And their Arguments upon such Occasions are not always the most just, and exact. Many a Declaration of War has set forth as indifferent Reasons as These are. " Poetically

" speaking (says Mr. Dryden upon This place) " the Fields " of Air are under the Com- " mand of *Juno*, and her Vice- " gerent *Æolus* : Why then " does *Neptune* call them his ? " I answer with another Ques- tion, *Why* indeed ? Or rather, *Where* does he call them so ? Not in *Virgil* ; unless *Impe- rium pelagi* signifies *Fields of Air*. Mr. Dryden has entirely added it in his Translation ; and then makes a learned Com- ment upon This Difficulty : " I answer, says he, because " being God of the Seas, &c.] -----which the Reader may per- use at his leisure.

To clear the Vessels from the pointed Rock ;
 Himself his Trident plies, to heave them off,
 Levels the Banks of Sand, and calms the Sea, 175
 And with light Wheels o'er the smooth Surface rides.
 As when Sedition oft in populous Towns
 Is rais'd, and fierce th' ignoble Vulgar storm ;
 Now Stones, and Firebrands fly ; Rage Arms supplies :
 If chance they then espy a Sage, rever'd 180
 For Piety, and Worth ; All silent stand,
 List'ning with Ears attentive : With his Words
 He rules their Passion, and their Heat allays.
 So all the Hurry of the Ocean ceas'd,
 Soon as its God appear'd above the Waves ; 185
 Who, managing his Steeds in Air serene,
 Flies swift with slacken'd Reins, and loose Career.
 The weary *Trojans* strive with speed to gain
 The nearest Shore, and stand for *Lybia's* Coast.
 There lies an Harbour in a long Recess : 190
 An Island forms it with opposing Sides ;
 'Gainst

Ver. 174, 175. *His Trident plies to heave them off, Levels the Banks, &c.*---] Some refer *levat* to *Syrtes* in the next Line, joined with *aperit* : He frees, lightens, relaxes, or disencumbers them, &c. But *levat eas*, (*Navet*, the Accusative Case just preceding) is to me a far better Construction. And then *aperit Syrtes* : The *Syrtes* in Storms being rolled and heaped into Banks, and Ridges of Sand ; He opens Those Banks, by levelling them, and scattering them abroad. Or (which is in effect the same)

He opens them ; i. e. makes a Gap, or Channel, to let out the Water inclosed in them, by which the Ships were carry'd off.

Ver. 177. *As when Sedition, &c.*] This first Simile of the *Æneis* is very beautiful ; tho' not taken from *Homer*.

Ver. 190. *There lies an Harbour in a long Recess, &c.*] How delightful is the Change of Ideas from the Hurry and Horror of a Tempest to such a sweet Romantick Scene ! There never was a finer Landskip than This charming Description,

'Gainst which the Water from the Ocean breaks,
 And cuts itself into a Winding Bay.
 On each Side, mighty Rocks ; Above the rest 194
 Two threaten Heav'n ; beneath whose Brows the Sea
 In safety sleeps : A trembling silvan Scene
 Hangs from the Top, imbrown'd with gloomy Shade.
 Full opposite a Cave with pendant Rocks ;
 Within, fresh Springs, and Seats of living Stone,
 The *Naiads*' Grot : The weary Vessels here 200
 No Cable holds, nor biting Anchor moors.
 Hither *Æneas* turns, from all his Fleet
 Sev'n Ships collecting ; and, with Love of Land
 Eager, the *Trojans* gain the welcome Shore,
 And rest their brine-drench'd Limbs upon the Beach. 205
 Here

Ver. 193. *And cuts itself into a winding Bay.*] Some Commentators explain *sinus reductos*, as signifying the Cavities in the Banks which are made by the Water. *De La Cerda* takes them for the two narrow Passages into the large Port, or Basin. I understand it of the Bay, or Port itself: The Plural Number, every body knows, is frequently used for the Singular: But here seems to be a particular Reason for it; because of the Two Passages above-mentioned, made by the Island in the Mouth of it, which makes it look at first like Two Bays, though it is really but one. *Reductos* may signify either *Winding*, or *Reduced*; or rather, *Both*.

Ver. 195. *Threaten Heav'n.*] *Minantur* [ire, or ascensum] *in caelum*. The Expression is most poetically beautiful. Ver. 178. Orig.

Ver. 198. *Full opposite.*] *Fronte sub adversa*. I cannot think that *sub* is for *ex*; and that the whole Expression means no more than *ex adverso*, as All interpret it. Certainly it means that the *scopulis pendentibus antrum* was below; as a Cave must needs be. It signifies indeed *ex adverso*; but it signifies something more. I have not express'd That in my Translation, I confess: But to be superstitiously literal in a Translation is one Thing; and to explain, or interpret exactly, in Notes, is another,

Here first from Flints *Achates* struck a Spark ;
 Inclos'd the Fire in Leaves, and round it pil'd
 Dry Fuel ; and blew up the sudden Flame.
 Then, tir'd with Toil, Provision marr'd and dank,
 And Instruments of *Ceres*, they produce ; 210
 Corn rescu'd from the Wreck they then prepare
 To grind with Stones, and bake upon the Fire.

Mean-while *Æneas* climbs a Rock, and all
 The Prospect o'er the spacious Main commands ;
 If *Antheus*, or the *Phrygian* Gallies there, 215
 Toss'd by the Wind, or *Capys* he might spy,
 Or on the lofty Deck *Caicus*' Arms.

No Sail in View ; Three Stags upon the Shore
 Wand'ring he sees : Them follow'd all the Herd
 Behind, and browsing stray'd along the Vales. 220

Stopping, he snatch'd his Arrows swift of flight,
 And Bow, the Weapons which *Achates* bore ;
 And first the Leaders, bearing high their Heads
 With branching Horns, upon the Ground extends.
 The Vulgar next with undistinguish'd Shafts 225
 He wounds, among the leafy Woods ; nor ceas'd,
 'Till on the Turf sev'n lofty Deer he laid,
 The Number of his Vessels. To the Port,
 He then returns, and with his gen'ral Crew,
 The Booty shares : Wine laid on Board in Casks, 130
 Which, at their Parting, on *Sicilia*'s Shore,

The

Ver. 206. From Flints.] *Silici* for *ex silice*. Some read *silicis* ; which perhaps is right.
 Ver. 182. Orig. *Fessi verum*. These Poetical Idioms I have often noted. *Receptas*, i. e. *re-superatas*.

Ver. 208. Blew up the sudden flame.] *Rapuitque in fomite flammam*. 'Tis, I think, impossible to express the full force and elegance of That in our Language. *Rapuit*, i. e. *rapide*

The good *Acestes* gave, he then divides ;
And with these Words revives their drooping Cheer.

O Friends, (for long experienc'd in Distress
We suffer) greater Ills you have sustain'd ; 235

To These a Period will be fix'd by Heav'n.

You *Scylla's* Rage, and dreadful sounding Rocks
Have safe approach'd, and seen the *Cyclops' Caves* :

Recal your Courage, banish anxious Fear ;
These Dangers too perhaps in future Times 240

With Joy we shall revolve. Thro' various Toils,

Thro' all these Hazards, we to *Latium* steer ;

There Destiny will peaceful Mansions give,
And there *Troy's* Kingdom is allow'd to rise.

Endure ; reserve yourselves for better Fate. 245

Thus He, tho' lab'ring with prodigious Woe,
Yet smooths his Looks ; and with dissembled Hope

Deep

side excitavit. And therefore
I see no Necessity of supposing
in *forte* to be put for in *forte*;
He made the Flame
burst out in the Fuel. Ver. 195.
Orig. *Miscet*, i. e. *perturbat*, say
all the Expositors : *Indiscrimi-*
natim : *vulnerat*, I think, *Agens*,
i. e. *exagitans*, *persequens*.

Ver. 245. *Endure*.] *Durare*
signifies to endure, to last, and
to be hardened. Either of Those
Senses may be admitted in this
Place: But I chuse the First.

Ver. 246, 247. *Tho' lab'ring*
with prodigious Woe, yet smooths
his Looks, &c.] This is true
Courage ; and the Speech is
manly, and in every Respect
perfectly proper. *Æneas* upon
This Occasion does not behave

himself like *Agamemnon* at the
Beginning of the Ninth *Iliad*,
upon the distressed Condition of
his Affairs ; *ἴσατο δακρυόεντι*,
&c. That the greatest Heroes
may upon some Occasions shed
Tears, I deny not ; for *all Weep-*
ing is no more inconsistent with
Courage, than *oil Fear* is. But
that a great General should stand
blubbering among his Officers
in a Council of War, is very
strange. How much less rea-
son have *Virgil's* Critics to
blame him for the Tears which
Æneas sheds upon some, and
those far more proper, Occa-
sions ! As when in a Foreign
Country he sees the Ruin of
his Own described in a Picture ;
when he laments the Death of

Deep burys huge Affliction in his Breast.
 They to their future Feast themselves address,
 Flea off the Skins, and lay the Entrails bare ; 250
 Some cut them into Joints, and spit the Limbs
 Yet quiv'ring ; Some place Cauldrons on the Shore,
 And kindled Fires apply : With plenteous Meal
 They then resume their Strength ; and on the Grass,
 Fill'd with old Wine, and well-fed Ven'son, lie. 255
 Their Hunger now appeas'd, with long Discourse
 Next for their lost Companions they enquire ;
 Doubtful 'twixt Hope, and Fear, if yet they liv'd,
 Or bore the last Extremes, nor heard the Call
 Of Friends invoking their departed Ghosts. 260
 Above the rest, the pious Trojan Prince
 Now brave Orontes with himself bewails ;
 Now Amycus, and Lycus' cruel Fate,
 And Gyas, and Cleanthus, valiant Chiefs.

Now

a Friend, &c. But he does not Friends, and Soldiers in their
 weep here, when his Business is Distress : instead of That
 to comfort and encourage his

---Curis ingentibus æger
 Spem vultu simulat, premit altum corde dolorem.

Concerning the Courage of *Æneas*, see M. Segrain at large in his Preface ; and from him Mr. Dryden in his Dedication of the *Æneis*, p. 216, &c. of the Folio Edition ; as also my Remark upon the 705 Verse of the second Book in my Translation.

Ver. 259, 260. Nor heard the Call of Friends invoking their departed Ghosts } For That is the Meaning of *non jam ex-*

audire vocatos, according to the Customs of the Ancients at Funerals : And so *extrema pati* must be understood of their Death. They are supposed therefore either *actually* not to hear, because they are not so called upon, i. e. want the Rites of Burial ; or *non exaudire*, for *non posse exaudire, si vocarentur* ; not to be able to hear, if they should be so called upon.

Now all was ended ; when Imperial Jove
 Surveying from the Summit of the Sky,
 The navigable Seas, and low laid Earth,
 And Shores, and Nations wide, on Heav'n's high Tow'r
 Stood, and on Libya's Kingdoms fix'd his Eyes.
 To Him, such Cares revolving in his Breast,

265

270

Sad

Ver. 265. *Now all was ended ; when imperial Jove, &c.* the beautiful Grief of Venus, set in contrast to each other, The Majesty of Jupiter, and are the finest Images in nature.

Aequè illum tales jactantem pectore curas ----

The solemn Gravity of That is | licate languishing Softness of
 so elegantly followed by the de-

*Tristior, & lacrimis oculos suffusa nitentes,
 Alloquitur Venus, &c.*

And then the Beginning of her | and yet she mentions the awful
 Speech, in the Middle of a | Attributes of Omnipotence, &c.
 Verse, so expresses the Abrupt- | with such Veneration,

---- O qui res hominumque deumque

Æternis regis imperiis, & fulmine terras ;

There is such a Mixture of Sub- | lovely, and more noble. Then
 limity and Softness, in the Dic- | what can be more sweetly com-
 tion, and Cadence of Those | plaining, than That tender Ex-
 Lines : that Nothing upon the | postulation,
 Whole can be at once more |

*Quid meus Æneas in te committere tantum,
 Quid Troës potuere ?*

Who perceives not the Goddess | Ver. 270. *Such Cares re-*
 of Love and Beauty, while he | *volving, &c.*] A Zeal upon
 reads These Verses ? What | Virgil may ask, *What Cares ?*
 may be the Sentiment of Others, | Since there is nothing of them
 I know not : But to Me nothing | mentioned before. I answer,
 breathes the Soul of Poetry in | There is nothing indeed ex-
 general, and of Virgil's in par- | pressly mentioned ; but we may
 ticular, more than This de- | presume it was not for nothing
 lightful Passage. | that Jupiter survey'd the World

Ver. 269. *Stood.*] Orig. Sic | in general, and more intently
 ---constitit, i. e. in the Manner, | fixed his Eyes upon Libya in
 as before described. *Despiciens* | particular. That he did it there-
mare, &c. | fore with providential Care, is

Sad *Venus*, her bright Eyes all drown'd in Tears,
 Suppliant applies. O Thou, whose Sov'reign Pow'r
 Controuls th' Affairs of Men, and Gods, with Rule
 Eternal; and with Thunder awes; 'Gainst You
 What Crime so great could my *Æneas* act, 275
 Or what the *Trojans*? By so many Deaths
 Destroy'd, for *Latium's* sake must they be barr'd
 From all the World Beside? You promis'd sure,
 'That, in the Course of rolling Years, from Them
 The *Romans* should descend, and Leaders sprung 280
 From *Teucer's* Blood restor'd; who Land and Sea
 With universal Empire should possess:
 Why, Sov'reign Father, is your Purpose chang'd?
 Sooth'd by That Hope, I soften'd the harsh Doom

Of

afterwards insinuated in This Line, though not express'd before: Which is so far from being a Fault, that it is an Elegancy.

Ver. 271. *Sad Venus*, &c.] *Tristior solito*, say Some: And I think it may as well be said, *Tristior Jove*; He too being careful, and thoughtful, which is often express'd by *Tristis*: 'Tho' in truth I am for neither; The Comparative (says *Servius*) for the Positive; as it is sometimes. Thus *Terence* uses This very Word *Tristior* for *Tristis*. Not but that the Comparative Degree sometimes implies *diminishing*. Thus *avidus* for *aliquantulum avidus*, &c.

Ver. 278.--- You promis'd sure, &c.] The Use of the Words *Thou*, and *Tu*, in the Second Person singular in our Poetry,

is much disputed. For my part, I am sometimes for the One, and sometimes for the Other; and that too in the same Speech, and as apply'd to the same Person. The Reason of either is sufficiently plain both to the Understanding, and to the Ears of those who have a true Relish of Poetry. In this very Speech, *O Thou whose Sovereign Power*, &c. would have been very bad; and *Thou promis'd'st sure*, &c. would have been worse. The Second Person singular of Verbs, especially in the preter-tense, and particularly in Verse, with *Thou* before it, and the usual Contraction by leaving out the *e*, is, by the way, the most untoward Barbarism in our Language; and to be tolerated but in very few Instances. *Told'st*, *Mourn'd'st*. --- What Ears

Of ruin'd Troy, and ballanc'd Fates with Fates. 285
 Now the same Fortune persecutes them still,
 Long tofs'd by such Variety of Storms :
 What End, great Monarch, shall their Labours find ?
Antenor, from amidst the *Greeks* escap'd,
 Could penetrate th' *Illyrian* Bay, and reach 290
Liburnia's inmost Realms, and safe o'er-pas
Timavus' Head ; whence thro' Nine Mouths he rolls,
 (The Mountain murm'ring loud) himself a Sea,
 And with a roaring Deluge drowns the Fields.
 Yet *Padua* here He built, a Seat of *Troy*, 295
 New nam'd the Nation, fix'd his *Trojan* Arms ;
 Now rests secure, compos'd in pleasing Peace.
 We your own Race, to whom high Heav'n you give,
 Losing our Vessels, for the Spight of One,
 (Unworthy Treatment !) are betray'd, and driv'n 300
 Far from th' *Italian* Coasts. Is Virtue Thus
 Rewarded ? Are our Sceptres Thus restor'd ?

Smiling

Ears or even Teeth can endure it ? Orig. *Pollicitus* [es.] For the Word *revocato* in the foregoing Verse, see *Ruæus*. Ver. 250. Orig. *Mare proruptum* : i. e. *fluxu fluens*, Serv.

Ver. 297. *Now rests secure, compos'd in pleasing Peace.* De La Cerda will have it, that by *compositus quiescit* is to be understood lying at rest in his Grave. The Words indeed may signify That : But That is a Happiness which *Venus* would not have thought of. She would rather take Notice of his living and reigning in peace ; and That undoubtedly is *Virgil's* Meaning.

Ver. 298. *We your own Race, &c.* Nos tua progenies cæli quibus annuis arcem. To make it the more emphatical, she speaks in the first Person, and joins Herself with *Æneas* ; implying that His Interest and Hers are the same. *Annuis* ; i. e. annuendo promittis, or das. It must mean the former as relating to *Æneas*, the latter as relating to Herself.

Ver. 302. --- Are our Sceptres thus restor'd ?] Nothing could be more proper to end a Speech in the Mouth of *Venus*, than That soft, and sweet Reproach ; Hic pietatis Honos ? sic nos in sceptra repenis ? [i. e. restituis

Smiling on Her, the Sire of Men and Gods,
 With That smooth Look which clears the stormy Sky,
 His Daughter gently kiss'd, and Thus reply'd. 305

Fear not my *Cytherea*; Still remain
 Your *Trojans'* Fates unmov'd: You shall behold
 That City, and *Lavinium's* promis'd Walls;
 And brave *Æneas* to the Stars of Heav'n
 Shall raise aloft: Nor is my Purpose chang'd. 310
 He (for, because This Care disturbs your Breast,
 The Scheme of Fate's dark Volumes I'll unfold)

In

restituis nos in regna? or red- | rent is the Conclusion of Ju-
dis nobis sceptris?] How diffi- | piter's!

----*Furor impius intus*

Sæva sedens super arma, & centum vinctus abenis

Post tergum nodis, fremet horridus ore cruento.

Every thing is adapted to the Characters and Manners of the Speakers; so far as there is any room to make such a Distinction.

Ver. 304. *With that smooth Look which clears the stormy Sky.*] *Vultu quo cælum, tem-* | *pestatesque serenat.* This gives us the grandest Idea of the Majesty of the supreme God; and is in Sense, tho' not in the Sublimity, and noble Sound of Expression, equal to That justly celebrated Passage of Homer in the first *Iliad*,

Ἡ, καὶ καταέγχετο τῷ ὀφρύσι νεύσας Κρονίων,

Ἀμφοτέρω δ' ἄρα χεῖρας, &c.

These Instances indeed are of different Kinds: But even the Smile of *Jupiter* is awful, and majestic: And in That Idea they both agree; and so are capable of being compared with each other.

Ver. 305. *His Daughter gently kiss'd, &c.*] *Oscula libavit nata.* That is, say Some, *Oscula, leviter tangendo, præbuit.* But certainly the Word *libare* was never used in That Sense.

And therefore I am entirely of Opinion with Those, who by *Oscula* understand not *Kisses*, but her Mouth or *Lips*; which he gently *libavit*, touched, or *saluted*. Thus the Word *oscula* is frequently used, especially when apply'd to a Woman; as in That of *Martial*, to omit many other Instances; *Ipsaque crudeles ederunt oscula morbi.*

Ver. 311, 312. *He (for, because This Care disturbs your Breast,*

In *Italy* shall wage a mighty War,
 Make stubborn Nations bend beneath his Arms,
 And Walls, and Manners to the Vanquish'd give. 315
 Three Years entire in *Latium* he shall reign;
 The curb'd *Rutulians* yielding to his Sway.
 But young *Ascanius*, now *Iulus* call'd,
 (*Ilus* he was, when *Ilium's* Empire stood)
 Twice fifteen Suns, shall govern; and transfer 320
 The Kingdom from *Lavinium's* Seat, and found
 Long *Alba* with prodigious Strength secur'd.
 Here full three hundred Years th' *Ætorean* Race
 Sov'reign shall wield the Sceptre; 'till at last
Ilia the Royal Priestess, big by *Mars*, 325
 A twin Birth shall disclose: Hence *Romulus*,
 Nurs'd by a Wolf, and in her tawny Hide
 Exulting, shall succeed to rule the State,
 Form a new Nation, build *Mævortian* Walls;
 And, from Himself, the Name of *Romans* give. 330
 To These I fix no Bounds of Place, or Time,
 But endless Empire grant: Even She, who now
 Embroils with anxious Fear Heav'n, Earth and Seas,
 Ev'n fullen *Juno* then shall bend her Thoughts
 To better Counsels, and with me promote 335
Rome's

Breast, The Scheme of Fate's
dark Volumes I'll unfold, &c.]
Movebo: i. e. *explicabo*, quasi
fuscitabo [è tenebris.] This is
 the first Place where *Virgil*
 takes occasion to interweave a
 considerable Part of the *Ro-*
man History with his Poem.
 It is here most judiciously in-
 troduced by way of Prophecy:
 And the Whole has at once

such an elegant and majestic
 Air, as sufficiently distinguishes
 Poetry from bare History.

Ver. 328, 329.----*Shall suc-*
ceed to rule the State, Form a
new Nation--- The Words *ex-*
cipiet gentem are taken in the
 former Sense by Some; in the
 latter by Others. I have ex-
 pressed Both, because Both are
 true in Fact.

Rome's lordly Sons, the Nation of the Gown.
 So 'tis decreed : An Age in circling Months,
 Shall come, when old *Affaracus's* Race
Phthia, and fam'd *Mycenæ* shall enslave,
 And absolute o'er conquer'd *Argos* reign. 340
Cæsar from *Troy's* illustrious Blood shall rise ;
 The Sea shall bound his Empire, Heav'n his Fame :
Julius ! a Name from great *Iulus* sprung !
 Him laden with his Eastern Spoils in Heav'n
 Secure you shall receive : Religious Vows 345
 To him shall be directed. Ages mild
 Shall next succeed, and War no more be heard ;
 Then *Faith*, and *Vesta*, and *Quirinus*, join'd
 With *Remus*, shall give Laws : Strong massy Bars,
 And Bolts of solid Iron, fast shall close 350
 War's dreadful Portals ; Impious *Rage* within
 Sitting

Ver. 337. *Months.*] In the
 Orig. 'tis *Lustris*. This is im-
 material. See Ver. 273. Orig.
 Ver. 346---*Ages mild, &c.--*] is so far from it, that he does
 Here it might have been ex- not here say one Word about
 pected the Poet should have him ; hints at his Reign, but
 enlarged upon *Augustus* ; whom says nothing of his Person ; nay
 it was his great Business to immediately breaks off, when
 praise. So an ordinary Poet he comes to That Period. This
 would have done : But *Virgil* is surprizing, and leaves the
 Mind in Suspense. *Virgil* very
 well knew the Force of *Horace's*
 Rule,

Pleraque differat, & præsens in tempus omittat :

He had two more proper Places Bombastick : but without any
 for That Subject, and for Them Reason. To make a *Person* of
 he reserved it. *Fury* or *War*, or almost of any

Ver. 351. *Impious Rage with- Thing*, is not only an allowed
 in, &c.] The Latin of This Privilege of the Poets, but one
 Passage I have above cited, as of the greatest Beauties in Po-
 the Conclusion of *Jupiter's* etry. Then there is not one
 Speech. I have somewhere Word in This noble Descrip-
 heard This objected against, as tion that can be suspected of
 Impropriety,

Sitting on horrid Armour, and behind
Board with an hundred brazen Knots, shall roar
With bloody Mouth, and foaming bite his Chains.

He said ; and from the Sky sent *Maia's* Son, 355
That *Libya's* Harbours, and new *Carthage* Gates
Might open to the *Trojans* ; left in Fate
Dido unskill'd, should drive them from her Coasts.

He by the airy Steerage of his Wings
Shoots thro' the vast Expanse ; and soon alighting 360
On *Libya*, executes great *Jove's* Commands.
The *Tyrians*, chang'd by Influence of the God,
Forget their native Fierceness : More than all,
Their Queen, to aid the *Trojans* well dispos'd,
Forms hospitable Thoughts, and kind Designs. 365

But good *Aeneas*, various Cares all Night
Revolving, soon as chearful Morn appears,
Resolves to walk abroad ; and view the Coasts
Unknown ; to seek what Natives it contain'd,
If Men, or Beasts ; (for Defart all he sees) 370
And to his Friends relate the Facts explor'd.
His Navy in the Covert of the Woods
He hides retir'd, beneath a hollow Rock,

Fenc'd

Impropriety, nor consequently of Bombast : The Whole indeed is stiff, rattling, and harsh, espe-

----- *fremet horridus ore cruento :*

But so it ought to be ; because the Nature of the Image requires it. And so natural an Image it is ; that it would make a most agreeable Picture, or Statue. Nay we are inform- ed by *Turnebus*, and Others, that it has actually been Both : And from one of them *Virg'il* is supposed to have copy'd it. Ver. 371. *And to his Friends,* &c.] *Sociisque exacta referre,* i. e. (as all agree) *exquisita, in- vestigata, explorata.* The Word *exigere* has a great Variety of Significations.

Fenc'd round with Trees, and gloomy Shade. Himself
 Attended only by *Achates* goes, 375
 Shaking two Jav'lins of broad-pointed Steel.
 Whom in a Wood's *Recess* his Mother meets ;
 A *Spartan* Virgin's Mien, and Drefs and Arms
 Dissembling, or *Harpalyce* of *Thrace*,
 When Steeds she tires, and outstrips *Hebrus'* Stream. 380
 For

Ver. 377. *Whom in a Wood's* [ther it has any Inhabitants, or
Recess his Mother meets, &c.] no ; is wandering in a Wood ;
 This is a most entertaining, and meets a Person whom he knows
 delightful Scene. A great Prince not, but who appears to be a
 thrown by a Tempest upon a beautiful Virgin. (He supposes
 strange Coast, doubtful of it's her a Nymph, or a Goddess) in
 Inhabitants, nay doubtful whe- That lovely Romantick Drefs,

Namque bukeris de more habilem suspenderat arcum
Venatrix, dederatque comam diffundere ventis,
Nuda genu, nodeque sinus collecta fluentes,

Than which, by the way, no-thing can be more finely de-scribed : She tells him a most surprizing Story, relating to the Place in which she finds him ; gives him Advice, and Com-fort ; afterwards appears to be indeed a Goddess (tho', to amuse him, she had pretended otherwise) and not only so, but his own Mother, and then leaves him in Suspense, and Anxiety. The Solitude of the *Recess*, the Unexpectedness of the Meeting, the Surprizing Adventure, all conspire to fill the Soul with Ideas of pleasing Melancholy, and impatient Ex-pectation of the Event.

Ver. 380. *When Steeds she* tires, and outstrips *Hebrus'* Stream.] Tires them ; not by riding upon them, (as *Rueus* supposes) but, by out-running

them : as *Camilla* does in the XIth Book. She indeed was a good Horse-woman too : and so might *Harpalyce*. But it appears from her History (see *De La Cerda* upon the place) that she particularly excelled in out-running Horses on foot. Besides ; The former Sense (as *Rueus* himself observes) would ill agree with This Compari-son : *Venus* being on foot, not on horseback. It is true she is no more said to be running, than riding : But she may well enough be imagined to be so ; because she afterwards pretends that she is seeking her Sister, who is hunting a Boar : At least, to be walking is some-what more like running, than to be on horseback. It is true too, (as He observes) *Virgil's* main Design is to describe the Resemblance

For (Huntress like) she had on her Shoulders hung
 A light, commodious Bow ; and giv'n the Winds
 To wanton in her Tresses : Bare her Knee ;
 And in a Knot her flowing Folds confin'd,
 And first ; Oh ! Youths, inform me, if you saw 385
 One of my Sisters wand'ring here, she cry'd,
 Girt with a Quiver, and a Lynx's Skin,
 And urging in loud Chace a foaming Boar.

Thus *Venus* spoke ; and thus her Son reply'd.
 None of your Sisters has been seen, or heard 390
 By me : To You what Name shall I apply,
 Celestial Maid ? For heav'nly is your Face ;
 Nor speaks your Voice a Mortal : Sure some Goddess ;
Diana ?

Resemblance of their *Habits*,
 But still, if there be a Resem-
 blance in other Circumstances,
 it is so much the better. But
 what is the meaning of the
 last Clause, ---- *Volucrumque*
fugâ prævertitur Hebrum ? To
 outstrip a River, so as to leave
 it behind one, or to run beyond
 it, may either be, or not be, a
 Proof of Swiftnefs, according
 to the Length of the Stream,
 and of the Time spent in Run-
 ning, compared with each o-
 ther : And so to affirm such a
 Thing in gross, without speci-
 fying Those Circumstances, is
 to say just nothing. If by out-
 stripping it be meant running
 faster, tho' it be the most ra-
 pid Stream in the World ; This
 again is no Proof of her ex-

traordinary Swiftnefs. Besides ;
Volucrum is an odd Epithet,
 when apply'd to a River, even
 by way of Metaphor. And
 therefore I am entirely of opi-
 nion with *Huetius*, who instead
 of *Hebrum* reads *Eurum* : Espe-
 cially considering that (as
Ruæus remarks) *Hebrus* is a
 River of *Thrace* in *Europe*, not
 of *Thrace* in *Asia* ; which last
 (not the first) was the Country
 inhabited by the *Amazons*.

Ver. 383. *To wanton, &c.*
Dederatque comam diffundere
ventis. Exceeding elegant ; i. e.
dederat comam ventis ; ut dif-
funderent [eam] Ver. 343. O-
 rig. *Sed fines Libyci [sunt.]*
 Perhaps it should be read *Li-*
bycus.

Diana? or a Nymph? Whoe'er you are,
 To us be kind, and ease us of our Toils ; 395
 Instruct us on what Climate we are thrown ;
 Unknowing of th' Inhabitants, and Coasts,
 We wander ; hither driv'n by Winds and Waves :
 Our Victims shall before your Altars fall.

Then *Venus* : I such Honour must refuse : 400
 The *Tyrian* Virgins (Such This Country's Mode)
 A Quiver wear ; and high inclose their Legs
 In purple Buskins. *Punick* Realms you see,
 A *Tyrian* Colony, *Agenor's* Walls ;
 But *Libyan* Territories, and a Race 405
 Rigid, and stern in War. Here *Dido* reigns,
 Flying her Brother, and escap'd from *Tyre*.
 Long is her Story : intricate her Wrongs :
 But thus in brief. *Sichæus* was her Lord ;
 Most wealthy in *Phœnician* Land, and lov'd 410
 With mighty Passion by his hapless Bride.
 Her Father, with the first connubial Omens

Espousing,

Ver. 408.] *Long is her Story : intricate her Wrongs : But Thus in brief, &c.* *Longa est injuria ; i. e. Historia injuriæ [ejus.] Longæ ambages : i. e. they would be so, if I should tell the Story at large. Sed summa sequar fastigia rerum. Sequar, i. e. persequar, percurram. Festigia ; i. e. capita.* In this Narration of *Venus*, *Virgil* gives a true Specimen of his Own. The Brevity of it is admirable : and the Opening of the Episode of *Dido* perfectly proper, and artful. It is not

like some Passages in another great Poet, a tedious Recital of what has no Relation to the Business of the Poem : But it is like the Narrative Part of a Play, necessary to the Design in Hand. This is what the Moderns call Plot and Contrivance.

Ver. 412. First Omens.] *Primisque jugârat Oninibus ; i. e. Auspiciis. Primis, says Servius, i. e. vel prosperis, vel primariis.* What the latter were, I know not. And as to the former, if the Omens were *prosperous*, they were

Espousing, gave her spotless to his Bed :
 But on the *Tyrian* Throne her Brother fate,
Pygmalion, monstrous, and renown'd in Vice 415
 Beyond all others whom fell Rage transports.
 He with the Sword in secrecy surpriz'd
Sichæus, and before his Altars slew,
 Impious, and blinded with the Love of Gold,
 Regardless of his Sister's Love ; and long 420
 Conceal'd the Fact ; and, with Pretences vain
 Dissembling, mock'd the pining Lover's Hopes.
 But in a Dream, with Visage wond'rous pale,
 The Ghost of her unbury'd Husband came ;
 The cruel Altars, and his wounded Breast, 425
 And all the hidden Villany disclos'd :
 Warn'd her to fly her Country ; and, to aid
 Her Flight, reveal'd a Treasure hid in Earth,

An

were false : For the Marriage was unfortunate. I take it with *De La Cerda*, and others, to mean no more than an Explanation of *intactam* : She was *intacta*, this being the first time she was marry'd.

Ver. 416. *Beyond all others whom fell Rage transports.*] Or, if you please, *Between These two a mortal Feud arose.* Had the latter been the Meaning of *Quos inter medius venit furor* ; it should have been rather *Hos*, than *Quos* : And besides, it is little less than a Contradiction to what follows ; ----- *Auricecus amore*, --- *Clam*, --- *Incautum*, &c. Which puts the Villany rather upon Covetousness, and Treachery, than Animosity, and Resentment. I there-

fore follow the Interpretation of *Servius*, *De La Cerda*, and other Commentators, who make no Stop at *Omens* in the preceding Verse, and construe This according to the Sense in which I have rendered it. But then I confess, tho' according to this Account the Sense be good, the Expression is strange : *Quos inter medius venit furor, for qui furore incensi sunt* ----- The Reader may take which he pleases. For my Part, I like neither of them ; and look upon This to be one of the darkest Passages in all *Virgil*.

Ver. 425. *The cruel Altars.*] Meaning the Cruelty committed before them. See Note on Ver. 830.

An unknown Mass of Silver, and of Gold.
Dido, o'erfway'd by This, provides for Flight ; 430
 Prepares her Friends : Some Malecontents combine,
 All who abhor'd, or fear'd the Tyrant's Rage,
 Ships, which by Chance lay ready, strait they seize,
 And load with Gold ; The greedy Monarch's Wealth
 Is o'er the Sea convey'd : A Woman guides 445
 The whole Affair. At last they hither came,
 Where now Those strong and stately Walls you'll see,
 And the high Turrets of new *Carthage* rise.
 There so much Land they bought, as one Bull's Hide
 Would compass ; and the Name of *Byrsa* gave 440
 In Mem'ry of the Dead. But in your Turn
 At length inform me, Who, and Whence you are,
 And Whither bound. To Her the *Trojan* Prince,
 Deep groaning from the bottom of his Breast,
 Reply'd : O Goddess, should I from the first 445
 Original trace my Story, and had you
 Leisure to hear the Annals of our Woes ;
 Ev'ning would close the Day, e're all were told.
 We from old *Troy*, if haply such a Name
 Has reach'd your Ears, thro' various Seas are tofs'd, 450
 And now by Tempest thrown on *Libya's* Shore.
 I am the good *Æneas*, known by Fame
 Above the Heav'ns ; who rescu'd from the Foe,
 And carry in my Fleet, our Country Gods.

The

Ver. 429. *An unknown Mass.* first sense, but the best: *Un-*
&c.] *Ignitum* in This Place known to *Dido*, 'till it was
 may signify *ingens*, as it is taken thus reveal'd.
 by some Interpreters. But I Ver. 452. *I am the good Æ-*
 think the other is not only the neas, &c.] To speak well of
 one's

BOOK I. VIRGIL'S ÆNEIS. 37

The Land I seek, is *Italy*; and *Jove* 455
 The Author of my Birth. With twenty Ships
 I stem'd the *Phrygian* Sea; My promis'd Fates,
 And Goddess Mother were my Guides: Scarce sev'n
 Escap'd from Storms remain; My self unknown,
 And indigent, o'er *Libya's* Desarts rove, 460
 At once from *Europe*, and from *Asia* barr'd.
Venus, no longer bearing his Complaint,
 Thus interrupts his Grief. Whoe'er you are,
 The Pow'rs Divine, I think are not your Foes;
 Since at the *Tyrian* City you're arriv'd. 465
 But go, and to the Queen your self present.
 For that your Fleet, and Friends, by changing Winds,
 Are safe, with Knowledge I pronounce; unless
 My Parents taught me Augury in vain. 469
 See These twelve Swans, how they with joyful Clang
 Now

one's self is not *always* Boasting: It is sometimes *proper*, and sometimes even *necessary*. It was *Aeneas's* Business to recommend himself to 'This Stranger. According to the Genius of modern Romances, This Character indeed would have been more decent in the Mouth of the *Squire*, than of the *Knight*: But it must be considered that different Ages have different Customs: The Heroes of the *Greek* and *Roman* Writers were less courtly, and ceremonious, than Those of the *French*, and *Spaniards*: But they were not the less Heroes for being so.

Ver. 457. *I stem'd the Phrygian Sea, &c.*] *Conscendi navibus aquor.* The Word con-

scendi in This Place cannot be expressed in our Language; tho' it is very expressive, and elegant too in the Original. It is so (says *Servius*) because, according to the Naturalists, the Sea is higher than the Earth. But tho' that is *true*, yet it does not *appear* so: And perhaps it would be as well to take it by way of Hypallage, for *conscendi navibus aquore*.

Ver. 463. *With Knowledge.*] That, tho' not *express'd*, must be *understood*; to make Sense of *Ni frustra augurium, &c.*

Ver. 470. *See These twelve Swans, &c.*] This Interspersing of Augury and Religion swells the Soul with great and awful Ideas. That

Now flock Triumphant ; whom the Bird of *Jove*,
 Stooping from his ethereal Seat, dispers'd
 In open Air : Now in long Row they seem
 To chuse their Ground, or having chos'n it, view
 The Place with surer Ken : As These return'd 475
 On sounding Pinions play, and in a Throng
 Surround the Pole, and sing along the Sky ;
 So all your Vessels, and your absent Friends,
 Now ride in Harbour ; or with swelling Sails
 Steer full into the Channel : But proceed, 480
 And, as That Path directs, pursue your Way.

She

Aut capere, aut captas jam dispectare videntur

is certainly to be understood as to *pitch*, or *alight upon*. As
 I have rendered it, by the Con- there is much Beauty in the two
 sent of all Interpreters: *capere* next Lines,
 for *eligere* : Their ground, i. e.]

*Ut reduces illi ludunt stridentibus alis,
 Et cætu cinxere polum, cantusque dedere ;*

So there are Two difficulties in the last of them. They could not *cingere polum*, meaning the whole Sky, or *Atmosphere* ; but only a part of it ; Which they surrounded ; i. e. flew in a Circle. But how does This agree with their being ranged in long order a little before ? I answer, It is before ; and That is enough : They changed the Figure and Manner of their Flight. But here it is further objected, Who ever heard a Swan sing ? All the Musick which even the Poets have given them is supposed to be at their Death. So indeed it is commonly said ; and *De La Cerda* himself affirms it : But after all, it is a mere vulgar Error. *Ovid*, it is true, and others, (not Poets only, for *Tully* in his first Book of *Tusc. Quæst.* says the same) affirm that they sing just before they die ; but not then only. And the contrary may be collected from many Passages in the Poets (particularly *Virgil* himself, and *Horace*) who call themselves Swans, and are called so by others, upon the Account of their singing and flying : As in the Ninth Eclogue :

*Cantantes sublime ferent ad sidera cygni :
 ----- Argutos inter strepera anser olores,*

Whether

She said ; And, as she turn'd, her rosy Neck
 Shone bright ; Her Hair a Fragrancy divine
 Ambrosial breath'd ; Down flows her waving Robe,
 And by her Walk the Goddess moves confess'd. 485
 He, when he knew his Mother, with such Sounds
 Pursu'd her, as she fled : And why so oft
 With borrow'd Shapes do You too mock your Son,
 Ah ! cruel ? Why is it deny'd to join
 Our Hands, and real Accents hear, and speak ? 490
 Complaining Thus, he to the Town proceeds.

But

Whether This were all pure Fiction, or founded upon Reality, I am not natural Historian enough to determine. *Pliny* positively affirms that they sing ; and the more sweetly, by reason of their long Throats : agreeably to that of *Virgil* himself in the seventh Æneid ;

-----*Longa canores*
Dant per colla modos-----

Notwithstanding which (and I think, in direct Contradiction to it) *De La Cerda* will have it, (and indeed produces very good Authorities to support his Opinion) that their Singing was no more than a pleasant Sort of Cackling, joined with the Sound of their Wings assisted by the Wind. Thus far I believe all in These Parts of the World will agree, that either they did not sing, strictly and properly speaking : Or if they did, they were Swans of a different Species from any now in Europe.

Ver. 482. *She said : and, as she turn'd, her rosy Neck, &c.*

Dixit ; & avertens rosâ cervice refulsit,
Ambrosiæque comæ, &c.-----

The Elegancy of This lovely Description can never be too much admired ; as well as the sudden, and surprizing Turn of the Discovery. *Shapes do you too mock your Son, &c.* Notwithstanding the Comfort she had given him, she still leaves him in Uncertainty and Distress. And This soft Ex-

Ver. 488. *With borrow'd* postulation.

Quid natum toties crudelis Tu quæque falsis
Ludis imaginibus ? &c.-----

But *Venus*, as they went, around them threw
 A cloudy Mantle, made of Air condens'd;
 That unmolested they might pass, unseen,
 And none with Questions interrupt their Haste. 495
 Her self to *Paphos* goes sublime, and pleas'd
 Visits her Seat; where sacred to her stands
 A Temple; with *Sabaean* Incense smoke
 An hundred Altars, and fresh Garlands breathe.

They by the Path's Direction urge their Way; 500
 And now ascend the Hill, whose jutting Front
 Hangs o'er the Town, and from above surveys
 It's adverse Tow'rs. Amaz'd *Æneas* stands
 To see an ample City, where before
 Low Cottages appear'd; and wond'ring views 505
 The Gates, the Streets, and Hurry of the Place.
 The *Tyrians* urge their Work; some raise the Walls,
 Roll pond'rous Stones, and from the Citadel:
 Some mark out Ground for Houses with the Plough;
 Laws, Judges, and an awful Senate chuse. 510

Others

is truly natural, and extremely affecting.

Ver. 492. *But Venus, as they went, around them threw, &c.*] Here is another surprising, and delightful Incident; and it was necessary, in order to introduce another which is much more so. Orig. *gradientes---sepsit, & circum multo---fudit--- i. e. circumfudit* [eos.] *Tmesis.*

Ver. 496. *Her self to Paphos goes sublime, &c.*] Either with a Mien of Greatness and Majesty; or because her Temple was situated upon a Hill; or

because she was carry'd thro' the Air. Any one of These Reasons, or any two of them, or all three together, may very well be admitted.

Ver. 504. *To see an ample City, &c.*] Here the Scene changes on a sudden from the Solitude of a Wood to the Noise and Hurry of a great City, in the Middle of Building. The Description of which is admirable in every Part. Ver. 427. Orig. *ducere* may signify extending them in Length; or raising them in Height. Ver. 429. *optare*, i. e. *eligere*.

Others dig Ports ; Some deep Foundations lay
 For Theatres, and Pillars hew from Rocks,
 The stately Ornaments of future Scenes.
 Such Toil employs the Bees in Summer's Prime,
 Amidst the flow'ry Fields, and sunny Air; 515
 When they disburthen their o'erpeopled Realms,
 Or work the liquid Sweets, and stretch their Cells
 With luscious *Nectar*; or unlade their Friends
 Returning ; or in Troops beat off the Drones,
 A lazy Cattle : Hot the Work proceeds, 520
 And sweet with Thyme the fragrant Honey smells.
 O happy These, whose Walls already rise !
 Said the brave Prince, and looking up survey'd
 The lofty Turrets : In a Cloud conceal'd
 (Wond'rous to tell) he passes thro' the Midst, 525
 And mingling with the Croud is seen by None.

Full in the Centre stood a shady Grove ;
 Where first the *Tyrians*, tofs'd by Waves and Winds,
 Digging, an Omen found, which *Juno* shew'd,
 A sprightly Horse's Head : 'Twas hence foretold, 530
 The Nation should thro' Ages be renown'd
 For War and Conquest. Here the *Tyrian* Queen

To

Ver. 514. *Such Toil employs the Bees, &c.*] Mr. Pope appeals to the Ears of the Reader, whether This Simile, or That of *Homer* *, has the better Sound. I appeal to the same ; and to my Ears, I confess, *Virgil's* sounds best.

Ver. 522. *O! happy These, whose Walls already rise, &c.*]

What could be a more proper and natural Reflection for One, whose Thoughts were full of Building a City for himself and his Colony ?

Ver. 532. *For War, and Conquest, &c.*] Or *War and Plenty* ; if you like that better. Those are not to be endured who render *facilem victu*,

* *Iliad*. II.

To *Juno* built a stately Temple, rich
 With Gifts, and by the present Goddess blest'd.
 To which on Steps the brazen Thresholds rose ; 535
 The Beams were bound with Brass ; the brazen Doors
 Jarr'd on their Hinges. First within This Grove
 An unexpected Sight abates their Fear ;
 Here first *Æneas* Confidence resumes,
 And better Hopes for his distress'd Affairs. 540
 For while the spacious Temple he surveys
 Curious, and waits the Coming of the Queen ;

While

easy to be conquered. For tho' That is the plainest Construction ; yet it makes not only a bad Omen instead of a good one, but a Contradiction to the Words immediately preceding. For how can a Nation be illustrious in War, and yet easy to be conquered ? Others take *victu* for *Provisions* ; and interpret the Clause as denoting *Plenty*, or *Fertility* : And These are followed in *Ogilby's*, *Mr. Dryden's*, and *Bishop Douglas's* Translations. *Monsieur Segrais*, and the Earl of *Lauderdale* entirely omit it ; And I wish *Virgil* had done so too : For take it which way you will, 'tis a strange obscure Expression, and perhaps the least justifiable of any in all his Works. However it be, the Interpretation last mentioned seems ill-grounded : A Horse may well denote *War*, but not *Plenty*. *Justin* indeed says there was an *Ox's* Head found, as well as an *Horse's* ; but *Virgil* says no such Thing. As for That of *Seneca*, Ep. 90. *sa-*

piens facilis victu fuit, it must be understood of *Temperance*, not of *Plenty* ; He was easily satisfy'd with his Diet, not nice or curious about it. This Exposition, however, is preferred by no less Men than *Servius*, and *Donatus* : Yet I rather chuse That of *Hortensius* and *Germanus*, followed by *De La Cerda*, who take *victu* from *vinco* in an active Signification ; *facilem victoriis*. For the latter *Supine* does not *always* signify passively. See *Sanctii Minerva* ; Cap. 9. *Carthage* indeed was destroyed by the *Romans*. But that it was to be so, *Juno* might not then know ; Or if she did, it was her Business to conceal it from the *Carthaginians*. *Rueus* has given us a fourth Interpretation ; *victu* from *vivo* ; *aptam vivere per sacula* : And it may be as good as any of the rest.

Ver. 535. To which on Steps the brazen, &c.] *Ærea cui gradibus surgebant limina*, &c. I am aware that *cui* is here put for *cujus* ; and therefore do not render

While he admires the Fortune of the Place,
 The busy Lab'ers, and their mutual Toil :
 The Trojan Battles he in Order sees, 545
 Wars spread by Fame already o'er the World :
Atrides, Priam, and severe to Both
Achilles. Fix'd he stood, and weeping cry'd,
 What Place, *Achates*, in the Universe,
 What Region now abounds not with our Woes? 550
 See *Priam* ; Virtue here has it's Reward ;
 Ev'n

render it to *which*, as if I designed it for a literal Translation ; but because I take That to be really the most poetical Way of expressing it in *English*.

Ver. 545. *The Trojan Battles be in order fees, &c.*] This Incident is most surprizingly beautiful. Nothing can strike the Soul of a Man more than meeting with the Picture of his own Affairs and Distresses in a foreign Country, to which he is an utter Stranger. Monsieur *Segrais* takes Notice of an Objection against it: How could the Trojan War be in so short a Time so particularly known to the *Cartaginians* ? And if it were ; had they no Exploits of Themselves, or Their Ancestors, to adorn their Temple with, but were they forced to fetch them, from *Greece* and *Troy* ? The Substance of his Answer, in which I perfectly agree with him, is This: Seven Years had passed since the Conclusion of That War, according to *Virgil's* Account : Nothing in the World

had ever been so renowned: The Gods and Religion of These Nations were the same : There might be, nay *Virgil* hints that there were, other Decorations of the Temple, besides This ; tho' none of them was so likely to detain the Eyes of *Æneas*. The Thing was very possible ; and That is enough : For the rest, the Genius of Poetry is above trivial Niceties in Point of Fact ; to which none but little Poets will be confined, and which none but little Critics will insist upon.

Ver. 547. *Atrides, Priam, and severe to Both, &c.*] I entirely agree with *Seneca* (*Epist.* 104) and *De La Cerda*, and Others, in reading *Atriden*. For *Atridas* joined with *Priamum* makes *ambobus* harsh, and unnatural ; to say no more of it. And besides ; it is well known that *Achilles* was *sævus*, fierce, and severe, only to One of the *Atridae* ; *Agamemnon* by Name.

Ver. 548. *Fix'd he stood, and weeping cry'd. &c.*]

*Constitit, & lacrimans, quis jam locus, inquit, Achate,
 Quæ regio in terris nostri non plena laboris ?*

Ev'n here Compassion reigns, and human Minds
 Are touch'd with human Mis'ry; Banish Fear,
 This Fame will give thee some Relief. He said;
 And with an empty Picture fed his Soul, 555
 Deep groaning, and o'erwhelm'd his Face with Tears.
 For there he saw, how fighting round the Walls
 Here fled the *Greeks*, the *Trojan* Youth pursu'd;
 The *Trojans* there gave way; *Achilles* high
 Plum'd in his Chariot rode, and urg'd their Flight. 560
 Not far from hence, by snow-white Banners known,
 The Tents of *Rhesus* weeping he beholds;
 Which, in the first Repose by Night betray'd,
Tydidēs plunder'd, and with Slaughter fill'd,
 And drove away the fiery Steeds, before 655
 They tasted *Trojan* Grass, or *Xanthus'* Stream.
 Here *Troilus* in flight, depriv'd of Arms,
 (Ill-fated Youth!) was by the Horses drawn,
 Unequally

And afterwards,

*Sic ait, atque animum picturâ pascit inani,
 Multa gemens, largoque humectat flumine vultum.*

That Man must be utterly ignorant of Poetry, Painting, Travelling, Love of one's Country, Friendship, natural Affection, and human Nature it self, who is not sensibly touched with This patheticall Passage. The Elegancy of *laudi* for *virtuti*, and of *lacrime rerum* for *miseria cordia* (the Consequent for the Antecedent) is an Instance among a thousand others, of the Beautiful Licentiousness of Poetry.

Ver. 557. For there he saw, how fighting round the Walls.] There never was a finer Picture of a Picture than This. As *Virgil* describes it from a Painter of his own making; so I wonder no real Painter ever took it from Him. For Poetry and Painting, like different Glasses aptly disposed, may reflect Images from one another. I have elsewhere * made a short Comparison between These noble Arts; shewn

Præl. Poet. ut supra,

the

Unequally with great *Achilles* match'd :
 He to the empty Chariot clings supine, 570
 Yet holds the Reins; His head along the Ground
 Is dragg'd : The Spear inverted scrawls the Dust.
 Mean-while to unappeas'd *Minerva's* Fane
 The *Trojan* Dames in sad Proceſſion went,
 Beating their Breasts, and with diſhevel'd Hair ; 575
 And bore a Veil : She fix'd her Eyes on Earth,
 Averse. *Achilles* round the *Trojan* Walls
 Thrice *Heſtor* whirl'd, and ſold his breathleſs Trunk.
 Deeply He ſigh'd ; when he the Chariot ſaw,
 The Spoils, and ev'n the Body of his Friend, 580
 And *Priam* ſtretching out his ſuppliant Hands.
 Himſelf he knew mix'd with the *Grecian* Chiefs ;
 The Eaſtern Troops ; and ſwarthy *Memnon's* Arms.
 Her *Amazonian* Files with moony Shields
Pentheſilea leads, and in the Miſt 585
 Of Thouſands Storms; Beneath her naked Pap
 Her golden Belt ſhe buckles, warlike Maid,
 And, tho' a Virgin, dares engage with Men.
 This while the *Trojan* Prince with wonder ſees
 Amaz'd, and in one Poſture muſing ſtands ; 590
 Up to the Temple moves the beauteous Queen,
Dido, ſurrounded with a Troop of Guards :

As

the Agreement and Diſagree-
 ment between them, and in
 what Reſpects Each is ſuperior
 to the Other : And I ſhall not
 now repeat it.

Ver. 569. *Unequally, &c.*
Congreſſus Achilli impar [licet.]
 Next Line ; *curru* for *curru*.

Ver. 572. *The Spear inverted,*
 &c.] One is apt at firſt Sight to
 underſtand it of *Troilus's* Spear.
 But (as *Ruſſus* rightly obſerves)
 That cannot be ; becauſe He
 had loſt his Arms ; --- *Amiſſis*
Troilus armis. It muſt therefore
 be the Spear of *Achilles* ; which,
 being

As on *Eurota's* Banks, or *Cynthus' Top*,
Diana leads her Train; A thousand Nymphs
 Enclose her round; Her self her Quiver bears
 High on her Shoulder, and with stately Walk
 O'erlooks them all: A secret Pleasure slides
 Along *Latona's* Breast. Such *Dido* was,

595

So

being driven through the Breast of *Troilus*, and He lying upon His Back, *resupinus*, must of course be *inverted*, or have it's point downwards.

Ver. 593. *As on Eurota's Banks, or Cynthus' Top, &c.*] *Virgil* here compares *Dido* to *Diana*; as he does afterwards in the fourth Book *Æneas* to *Apollo*; and in the Twelfth *Turnus* to *Mars*. Similes are designed always to illustrate: But then Illustration is of two Kinds; either to *inbase* and *set off*, and that both by *heightening*, and *lessening*; or only to *explain*. In the first kind, the two Ideas need not be so *distinct* from one another, as in the last. In the former Instance, to praise the graceful and noble Carriage of a Gentleman, we commonly say he looks like a King: To vilify his mean and poor Behaviour, we say he looks like a Mechanick. Now here the Ideas in Comparison are not very distinct in their own Natures: But 'tis enough that by such Comparison the Person or Thing is heightened, or depressed. This Simile, and Those mentioned with it, are of This kind: The Figures which the Persons compared with each

other make, are almost the same: But the force of the Comparison lies in *heightening* the Character of the One by comparing it with that of the Other, who is of a much superior Quality and Degree. And so on the Reverse, in the Instance of *lessening*. But in the other Kind of Similes (which consists in *explaining*, and is indeed the best) there is a *new Idea* conveyed into the Mind; as in the Simile immediately preceding This, by which the Hurry of the Builders at *Carthage* is compared to That of the Bees in working their Wax, and Honey. That, tho' beneath the Thing to which it is compared, does not *lessen* it, being not designed by way of Contempt; but only *explains* it, by representing it under a *new Appearance*; which is extremely agreeable to the Mind, by the *Variety* with which it is entertained. Were This Distinction duly attended to; much false Criticism would be spared in both Instances: Some having condemned the former Sort for the *Identity*, or *too great Agreement* of the Ideas; and Others the latter Sort for the *Meanness* and *Lowness* of the Ideas.

Whea,

So smiling thro' the Croud she pass'd, intent
 Upon their Labours, and her future Realms. 600
 Then in the Entrance of the Dome, beneath
 The Middle of the Temple's Arch, she sat,
 Fenc'd round with Arms; and, on her Throne aloft
 Leaning Majestick, to her Subjects gave 604
 Commands, and Laws; and measur'd out their Tasks
 In equal Portions; or by Lot assign'd.
 When suddenly *Æneas* in the Croud

Anteus,

When, as I said, Those two sorts of Comparisons are made with quite different Views; Both, 'tis true, to *illustrate*; but the one by *heightning*, or *lessening*; the other *only by explaining*. There is indeed a *Third Sort*, partaking the Nature of *both* the other two: Nay, *all* which *chiefly lessen*, or *heighten*, do at the same time in *some measure explain*; tho' it is not *always* so on the *Reverse*: Yet *some too*, which *chiefly explain*, do in *some measure heighten or lessen*: And *all* agree in This, that they *illustrate* the Thing, or Person described; and *adorn* and *embellish* the Description. Whoever desires more upon the Subject of *Similes*, may read what is admirably discoursed by Monsieur *Segrais* in his 7th Remark upon the First, and his 5th upon the Seventh Book; which is of a different Nature from what I have here offered. I refer the Reader to what I

have my self * elsewhere attempted upon This Subject in other particulars; if he thinks it worth his while to peruse it.

Ver. 601, 602. *In the Entrance--- In the Middle---*] Suppose a *Chappel* in a *Church*. At the *Doors* of the *One*; but in the *Middle* of the *Other*. *Divæ* in the *Orig.* because That Apartment was *most* sacred to *Her*, tho' the whole Temple was so at large.

Ver. 607. *When suddenly Æneas in the Croud, &c.*] Here is another great Surprise in *Æneas's* unexpectedly meeting with his Friends. But then it is not fit they should yet discover Him; First, because the Speeches of *Ilienceus*, and *Dido* would have been prevented: And secondly, Because it makes way for another Surprise afterwards. Every thing opens by Degrees. And here we see the Art of *Virgil*, in cloathing *Æneas* and *Achates* in an invisible Mantle.

* *Præl. Poet.* p. 157, &c.

Anteus, Sergestus, and Cloanthus saw ;
 With other *Tro'ans*, whom the boist'rous Storm
 Had toss'd at Sea, and driv'n on other Coasts. 610
Amaz'd himself, amaz'd *Achates* stood,
 Eager, 'twixt Joy and Fear, to join their Hands ;
 But the unknown Event confounds their Thoughts.
 They wait, and muffled in their Cloud, observe
 The Fortune of their Friends ; upon what Coast 615
 They left the Fleet ; and what should be the Cause
 Of their Arrival : For from all the Ships
 Some chosen came, imploring to be heard,
 And with a Clamour to the Temple press'd.

Admission being gain'd, and leave to speak ; 620
Ilioneus, their Chief, with pleasing Grace
 Began. O Queen, whom *Jove* impow'rs to build
 This recent City, and with Laws to curb
 Proud Nations ; We, the poor Remains of *Troy*,
 Driv'n thro' all Seas by Winds, implore you : Save 625
 Our

Mantle. This is as true Plot as any in a Play. The Concealment of *Ulysses* by *Minerva* in the 7th and 13th Books of the *Odyssée* (tho' manifestly copy'd by *Virgil* in This Place) is not diversified with such a Variety of Incidents ; nor is in it felt half so agreeable.

Ver. 610.---*Driv'n on other Coasts.*] That is, other Coasts at first ; for they were separated from the seven Ships with which *Æneas* landed ; tho' the Wind changing (*versis Aquilonibus*, as *Venus* had foretold) they afterwards came to *Carthage*.

Ver. 614. *Wait.*] Orig. *Dis-simulant* ; i. e. do not yet discover themselves.

Ver. 618.---*Imploring to be heard.*] *Orantes veniam.* The Word *venia* does not always signify *pardon* : but sometimes *leave, grace, favour.* Ver. 528. Orig. *ventis* [per] *maria*, &c.

Ver. 622.---*O Queen, whom Jove impow'rs to build, &c.*] It would be too tedious to remark upon the many Beauties of This Speech ; which is perfectly proper, and elegant in all it's Parts.

Our Vessels from inhospitable Fires :
 Pity a pious Race ; with nearer View
 Consider our Affairs. We came not here,
 To ravage with the Sword your *Libyan* Stores,
 Or lade our Ships with Pillage from the Town ; 630
 Such hostile Force, such Insolence of Thought,
 Ill suits, alas ! the State of vanquish'd Men.
 There is a Place by *Greeks Hesperia* call'd,
 An ancient Land, renown'd in Arms, and rich
 In fertile Glebe ; th' *Oenotrians* once possess'd, 635
 And till'd the Soil ; the Moderns now, 'tis said,
 Have from their Chief the Land *Italia* nam'd.
 Hither we steer'd our Course :
 When on a sudden, rising with a Storm,
 Boistrous *Orion* drove us on the Flats, 640
 And hidden Shelves ; and with capricious Winds
 Scatter'd us o'er the Waves, the foamy Deep,
 And Rocks unpassable : We few escap'd
 From Shipwreck to your Coasts. What Race of Men
 Is This ? What barb'rous Country, that permits 645
 Such Customs ? From the Refuge of the Strand
 They drive us, offer War, and beat us back
 From the first Shore. If Human Kind you scorn,
 And mortal Arms ; Expect, at least, the Gods

Will

Ver. 640. *Boistrous Orion*, the Word *adunatus* in the
 &c.] *Orion*, tho' a Star, is Orig. one would think they
 called *nimbosus*, stormy, or boi- escap'd *à la nage*, by swim-
 strous, with regard to the Ef- ming. But it was not so ; For
 fects, or rather concomitant they had their *Ships*. The
 Circumstances, with which his Meaning is, they escap'd with
 Rising is usually attended. [almost] as much *difficulty* as

Ver. 644. *Shipwreck*.] By if they had *swam*.

Will have a due Regard to Right, and Wrong. 650

Æneas was our Prince ; than whom more just
Was none, nor more renown'd in War and Arms.

Whom if the Fates preserve ; if vital Air
He breathes, nor mingles with the ruthless Shades ;
No more of Fear : Nor shall you e'er repent 655

Of having first oblig'd : *Sicilia* too
Has Arms for Us, and Cities, and the King
Acestes, sprung from *Troy's* illustrious Blood.

Let us have Leave to draw our Fleet ashore,
Shatter'd by Winds ; and from the Woods refit 660

Our Planks, and Oars : That joyful we may steer
To *Latium* ; if it's given us e'er to find
Our Prince, and Friends, and thither bend our Course.

But if, all Safety lost, the *Libyan* Waves
Thee, Father of the *Trojans*, have devour'd, 665

And no more Hope of young *Iulus* left ;

We to *Sicanian* Seas, at least, and Seats

Prepar'd, from whence we're hither driv'n by Winds,
And to the King *Acestes* may repair.

So spake *Ilioneus* ; the *Trojans* all 670
Murmur'd unanimous.

Dido with down-cast Looks in brief replies.

Trojans, dismiss your Doubts, seclude your Cares :

My difficult Affairs, and infant State

Force

Ver. 660.---From the Woods
refit, &c.] *Stringere remos.*
Either to *lep*, and *stred* the
Trees, to make new Oars (*stringere Arbores in Remos*) or to
close, bind up, and repair the
old Ones : Or both.

Ver. 673. *Trojans, dismiss your*
Doubts, &c.] In This Speech
no Beauty is particularly re-
markable ; but That which is
the Foundation of all others ;
perfect Propriety, &c.

Force me to take such Measures, and secure 675
 My Frontiers with a Guard : Th' Æneian Race
 Who knows not, and the valiant Sons of Troy,
 And wasteful Rage of so renown'd a War ?
 Not so obtuse are our Phœnician Breasts ;
 Nor rises Phœbus so averse from Tyre. 680
 Whether for wide Hesperia, and the Fields
 Of Saturn, you design ; or Eryx' Coasts,
 And King Acestes : I'll dismiss you safe
 With my Assistance, and supply'd with Wealth.
 Or would you settle in These Realms with Me ? 685
 Yours is my City ; draw your Ships ashore :
 Trojan, and Tyrian shall from me receive
 Treatment alike. And I could wish your Prince,
 Æneas too, were here himself arriv'd,
 By the same Tempest driv'n ; Nay, I will send 690
 'To search the Coasts of Libya, and explore
 It's

Ver. 680. Tyre.] *Tyriâ urbe.* Provisions, &c. The Word *Opes*
 Not Carriage, as Some would include any Necessaries, or
 have it: For their *Genius* of Conveniences whatsoever.
 which she is speaking, must be Ver. 686. *Yours is my City,*
 given them by their native &c.] Though the Reading, and
 Country. Construction of This Place ac-

Ver. 684.---Supply'd with
Wealth.] Or with *Arms*, or

Vultis & his mecum pariter confidere regnis.
 [Vultis] *urbem quam statuo ? Vestra est ;*

be not altogether improbable :
 yet the common Acceptation,
urbs (understood) *quam urbem*
statuo, the Substantive being re-
 peated with the Relative in the
 Accusative Case, and suppressed
 in the Nominative, is certainly
 far better : Like That of Te-
 rence, *Eunuchum quem dedisti*
nobis quas turbas dedit ! With
 many other Instances in Prose,
 as well as Verse ; which we
 need not mention. Ver. 580.
Orig. certos : i. e. vel vocatos,
 vel *fidos*, says Servius.

It's utmost Bounds ; if haply, thrown on Land,
He in some Wood, or unknown City, strays.

Exalted by These Words, the *Trojan* Prince,
And brave *Achates*, eager long'd to burst 695
The Cloud ; *Achates* first bespeaks the Prince.

What, Goddess-born, are now your Thoughts? And what
Do you resolve? All safe you see ; our Fleet,
And Friends restor'd : One missing, whom ourselves
Saw drown'd : The rest confirms your Mother's Words. 700

He scarce had spoke ; When strait the ambient Cloud
Dissolves itself, and rarifies to Air.

Confus'd *Æneas* stood ; and shone in Light
Serene, in Shape and Features, like a God :
For *Venus* with the rosy Bloom of Youth 705

Had flush'd her Son, with graceful Locks adorn'd,
And breath'd a sparkling Lustre on his Eyes.

Such is the Beauty, which the Artiss's Hand
To polish'd Iv'ry lends : So Silver shines,
Or *Parian* Stone, enchas'd in yellow Gold. 710

Then sudden, and surprizing All, he Thus
Bespeaks the Queen. Behold the Man you see,

Trojan

Ver. 701. He scarce had spoke [when strait the ambient Cloud.] following Description of *Æneas's* Beauty, given him by
---Et in æthera purgat [sic] a- *Venus* the Goddess of it, is it
pertum. Here is the other Dis- self as great a Beauty as That
covery above hinted at ; and which it describes : Especially
very surprizing in must be sup- That
posed to the Beholders. The

----namque ipsa decoram
Cæsar em nato genetrix, lumenque parentæ
Purpureum, & lætos oculis afflavit honores.

Next Ver. Orig. Quale ma- Ver. 712. ---Behold the Man
nus addunt obori decus : aut [you seek.] It may be asked
quale est decus] ubi flavo &c. [by Some Criticks, What is there
fine

Trojan Æneas, sav'd from Libyan Waves.

O You, who only with Compassion see

Troy's

fine in this Speech? I answer *Propriety*; and That's enough; Which there would not have been; had it been *bright*, and *fiery*. And if *Propriety* be wanting, 'tis a Defect which nothing can supply. It is not always proper to flame and flash; and it would have been here most absurd. Æneas's Business is to return Thanks to the Queen; which he does with the utmost *Propriety*; all the Sentiments and Expressions being just and exact. Want of *Fire* and *Shining* in an Author, or a Work, upon the *Whole*, is always *Dulness*; but it is quite otherwise with regard to *This* or *That* particular part. In all good Painting, there are *Shades* as well as *Light*; In all good Musick, there are plain Notes as well as *Graces*, low Strains as well as lofty ones,

may Discords as well as *Con-*
cords. In the most beautiful and magnificent Building, every thing does not shine: And if it did, the Building would cease to be either beautiful or magnificent, because it would be ridiculous. Besides; These Gentlemen might consider that there are several Sorts of *Shining*: There is the sparkling of a Diamond, as well as the Flashing of a Fire; and the Brightness of Gold, and Silver, nay of Marble, and Ivory, as well as the Sparkling of a Diamond. The Palace of the Sun, as described by Ovid, contains all These Materials: As there is the strong dazzling Splendour of Jewels, so there is the faint one of Ivory, and the soft one of Silver: Which last is described by Mr. Addison, better than by Ovid himself:

*The fiding Doors dispers'd a Silver Light,
And sent a milder Gleam refresh'd the Sight.*

The Place I am now considering shines with This Sort of Lustre; at least with such

a one as is described by Virgil himself just before;

Quale manus addunt eberi decus, &c.

And many more Passages in his Poem are of the same Kind; casting a gentle Light, not a

sparkling one. But then wherever it is proper, his Æneis, like the Palace above-mentioned, is

Clara micante auro, flammæque imitante pyropo:

His Gold glitters, his Gems

blaze and dazle; and the Whole is,

-----*Sublimibus alta Columnis:*

The

Troy's endless Toils, receive us for Allies, 715
 And in This City yield a safe Retreat
 To Us, the Relicks of the Greeks, fatigu'd
 With all the Hazards of the Land, and Sea,
 Of all things indigent: Due Thanks to pay
 Is not in Us, nor whatsoe'er remains 720
 Of Trojan Race dispers'd thro' all the World.
 The Gods to You (if Virtue be their Care,
 And any Justice yet remain) the Gods,
 And your own Mind self-conscious of the Right,
 Equal Rewards shall give. What Age so blest'd 725
 Gave Birth to such a Princess? and from what
 Illustrious happy Parents are you sprung?
 While Rivers seek the Sea, while Shades surround
 The Mountains' Sides, while Ether feeds the Stars;
 Your

The Whole, like That Palace, diversified with Variety of Brightness; and, like That too, having the God of Light, and Heat, and Music, and Poetry, for it's Inhabitant.

Some Parts therefore ought to shine with one Light, some with another; and some not at all. Had These Speeches indeed been of a considerable Length; they had been heavy and tedious: But That *Virgil* always takes care to avoid; He is always short, not only in That which does not shine at all; but in That which does not shine very much; contrary to the Practice of another great Poet: whose Name (for fear of speaking Poetical Treason) I will not presume to mention.

Ver. 720. *Nor Whatsoe'er, &c.* [*non opis est nostræ, nec [opis est] gentis Dardaniæ, quicquid ubique est [illius.]* Or Thus, *Nec quicquid ubique est gentis Dardaniæ præmia digna [ferat; sed] Dii---ferant.*

Ver. 728, 729.---*While Shades surround The Mountains' sides, while Ether feeds the Stars.* Some make *convexa* agree with *Sidera*, and put a comma at *lustrabunt*. What then becomes of *Montibus*? And of what is it governed? This is neither Sense, nor Grammar: The true Reading must be *Montibus*, (i. e. *montium*) *convexa* (the Sides, or Tops, which you please, for Both are *convex*) *lustrabunt umbræ*; *polus dum sidera pascet* being another Sentence.

This

BOOK I. VIRGIL'S *ÆNEIS*. 55

Your Honour, Name, and Praise shall ever live; 730
 Me whate'er Soil invites. This said, he greets
 With his Right hand *Ilioneus* his Friend,
Sereftus with the Left; then all the rest;
 Brave *Gyas*, and *Cloanthus*, valiant Chief.

Dido at first astonish'd at the Sight, 735
 Then at th' Adventures of the wondrous Man,
 Thus speaks: What Fate pursues you, Goddess-born,
 Thro' such Variety of Toils? What Pow'r
 Drives you on barb'rous Coasts? Are You that fam'd
Æneas, whom on *Phrygian Simois*' Banks 740
 Indulgent *Venus* to *Anchises* bore?

Nay I remember *Teucer* came to *Sidon*,
 Driv'n from his Country, and new Kingdoms sought
 By *Belus*' Aid: My Father *Belus* then
 Wasted rich *Cyprus*, and, as Conqu'ror, rul'd. 745
 Already from that Time I know the Fate

Of *Troy*, your Name, and all the *Grecian* Kings.
 He, tho' a Foe, with lavish Praise extol'd
 The *Trojans*, and would prove himself deriv'd
 From *Trojan* Blood. Come on then, gallant Guests, 750
 Enter my Palace: Toss'd thro' various Toils
 Me the like Destiny at length decreed
 To rest, and fix my Mansion in this Realm:
 Acquainted with Misfortune, I have learn'd
 To pity and to succour the Distress'd. 755

This said; She leads *Æneas* to her Court,
 And to the Gods a Festival proclaims.

Mean-

This last is spoken according | *fed* in the Air by the Vapours
 to the opinion of the Ancients: | and Moisture exhaled from the
 who supposed the Stars to be | Earth, and Sea.

Meanwhile to all the Crew, on board his Ships
Which lay in Harbour, twenty Bulls she sends ;
An hundred bristly Boars with spacious Chines ; 760
An hundred fatted Lambs, with Ewes ; and Wine,
Gift of the jolly God.

But with proud Pomp the inner Rooms of State
Are splendidly adorn'd ; and Feasts prepar'd
In the mid Court : The purple Carpets wrought 765
With Art ; The Tables groan with massy Plate,
And barve Exploits of warlike Ancestors
Emboss'd in Gold ; a long successive Train
Of Actions, thro' so many Heroes drawn
From the first Founder of the Royal Race. 770

Æneas (for a Father's anxious Love
Permits him not to rest) *Achates* sends
Swift to the Ships, *Ascanius* to inform,
And bring him to the City : On his Son

All

Ver. 762. *Gift of the jolly God.*] I take *Munera lætitiæque dei* to be the same as *Munera læta dei* ; agreeable to several other Expressions of the like nature : in which the Sense of the Adjective is transferred to the Substantive ; and *vice versa*. The Sense is in effect the same, if instead of *læta* it be *læti* ; as I have rendered it. Most absurd is the Opinion of Those, who by This God understand *Nephtune* ; when it is plainly *Bacchus* : the Wine being not (as They suppose) a Sacrifice to the former, but the Gift of the latter. Little better is That of *A. Gallius* : For tho' *die*, or *dii* (as he reads it) is sometimes put for *diei* ; yet the other Reading, and Sense in *This place* are both more plain, and more proper.

Ver. 763. *But with proud Pomp the inner Rooms of State, &c.*] This Description of the Banquet both here, and as it is resumed Ver. 703. and Ver. 727. Orig. is most Noble and Magnificent in all it's Parts: Which I refer to the distinct Consideration of the judicious and attentive Reader. Ver. 643. Orig. *Vestes* : i. e. *Mensarum, Parietum, Pavimenti, &c.* Tapestry cloaths the Walls ; Carpets the Ground, &c.

All the fond Parent's Care is still employ'd. 775
 Some Presents too, from *Ilium's* Ruins sav'd,
 He bids him bring : a Robe all stiff with Gold,
 And Figures : and a Mantle woven round
 With saffron Foliage, *Grecian Helen's* Dress ;
 Which, from *Mycenæ*, when she came to *Troy*, 780
 And unpermitted Hymenéal Rites,
 She brought, her Mother *Leda's* wond'rous Gift :
 A Sceptre too, which once *Ilium*,
 The eldest Daughter of King *Priam*, bore :
 A Necklace strung with Chains of orient Pearl : 785
 And a Crown, doubly set with Gems, and Gold.
 This to dispatch, away *Achates* flies.

But *Venus* in her Breast new Plots revolves,
 Forms new Designs ; that *Cupid* chang'd in Shape
 Should go for sweet *Ascanius*, and with Gifts 790
 In flame the Queen ; and with her Vitals blend
 His Fires : For much she dreads th' ambiguous Race ;
 And double-talking *Tyrians* ; *Juno's* Rage

Torments

Ver. 775. *Fond.*] *Charus* strictly signifies *below'd* ; but here it certainly means *loving*. The Relations of Father and Son being so near, and so reciprocal ; the Transposition is elegant.

Ver. 779. *Grecian Helen's Dress, &c.*] There is something very entertaining in the particular Description of These Presents, as to their Richness, and Antiquity, and the Persons to whom they belonged. We have

the same in the 5th and 7th Books.

Ver. 789. *Forms new Designs ; that Cupid chang'd in Shape, &c.*] Here opens a new Plot ; and a very fine one it is. *Virgil* makes use of the Relation which *Æneas* has to *Venus* and *Cupid*, by introducing a most beautiful Machine ; upon which the Passion of *Dido* turns ; and than which Nothing can be more entertaining.

Torments her ; and with Night her Care returns.
 To winged *Love* she therefore Thus applies. 795
 My Son, my Strength, my mighty Pow'r alone ;
 My Son, who dost *Typhaan* Bolts defy
 Of *Jove* Supreme ; suppliant to Thee I fly,
 Thy Deity implore. How round the Seas
 Your Brother is by *Juno*'s Malice tofs'd, 800
 You know ; and oft have join'd your Tears with mine.
 Him now *Phœnician Dido* entertains,
 And sooths with Speeches bland ; and much I fear
 What *Juno*'s Hospitality designs :
 She in so great a Juncture will not rest. 805
 Wherefore I have contriv'd to countermine
 Their Projects, and involve the Queen in Flames ;
 That by no Pow'r she may be chang'd, but love
Æneas with a Fondness like my own.
 This how thou may'st effect, receive my Thoughts. 810
 The Royal Boy, my chief Concern, prepares
 To go to *Carthage* at his Father's Call,
 Bearing the Presents rescu'd from the Sea,
 And Flames of *Troy* : Him lull'd to Sleep I'll hide
 On high *Cythera*, or th' *Idalian* Hill, 815
 In sacred Privacy ; lest he should know
 Our Fraud, or intervening mar the Plot.
 Thou for one Night, no more, assume his Looks,
 And

Ver. 673. Orig. [Res est] *Nota tibi.*

Ver. 818. *Tu, for one Night, no more, assume his Looks.*

*Tu faciem illius noſtem, non amplius, unam
 Falle dolo ---*

Fallere for *simulate*, in This place is very particular ; yet *Transpoſing* of Ideas which are
natural, and *easy*, and therefore *akin* to each other ; of which
elegant, This depends upon the *Nè qua* [ratione] *ſcire*, &c.

And take, thyself a Boy, his boyish Form.
That, when amidst the Royal Feasts, and Wine, 820
Dido shall hug thee on her Lap, and print
Sweet Kisses; unperceiv'd thou may'st inspire
Thy Flame, and slide the Poison to his Heart.

The God, complying with his Mother's Will,
Throws off his Wings; and, joyful, trips along 825
In young *Iulus* Step. Him *Venus* lulls
With dewy Sleep, and on her Bosom hush'd
Carries him to *Idalia's* lofty Groves;
Where blooming *Jessamine* around him breathes
With Flow'rs, in fragrant Shade. Now *Cupid* goes 830
Obsequious,

Ver. 826, 827. --- Lulls ---
With dewy Sleep, &c.] The
Original gives us another In-
stance of the same Kind with
the preceding. *Ascanio* -----
quietem irrigat: i. e. infundit
quietem irriguam.

Ver. 829. Where blooming
Jessamine, &c.] *Amaracus*
sounds well in Latin: But
Sweet-Marjoram would sound
ill in English; and so I have
changed it to *Jessamine*.

Ver. 830. With Flow'rs in
fragrant Shade, &c.] *Ruæus*

renders *dulci* joined with *um-
bra* by *grata*; in considera-
tion, I suppose, that *Shade* has
no *smell* in it. But Those must
be ill acquainted with the Ge-
nius of Poetry, who do not
know that one of it's greatest
Elegancies consists in transfer-
ring Ideas from one Adjunct to
another. The Flowers yielded
both Shape and Sweetness: And
tho' the *Shade* was not *perfum-
ed*; the *Air*, joined with it,
was. Thus in the second Book,
Ver. 255.

--- Tacitæ per amica silentia lunæ.

The Moon, tho' always silent
herself, (see the Remark upon
That Place) contributed nothing
to the Silence of other things;
'Twas the Absence of the Sun,
not the Presence of the Moon,
which was the Cause of That:
For the night would have been
as silent, tho' the Moon had

not shone. But because the
Shining of the Moon, and the
Silence of the Night concurred;
the Qualities are elegantly trans-
posed in That manner. More
full to our purpose is That in
this First Book, Ver. 359. of
the Original, 425. of this Trans-
lation:

Crudeles

Obsequious, with his Guide *Achates* pleas'd,
And bears the Royal Presents to the Court.

There when he came; upon the golden Couch,
Sumptuous with Tapestry, the Queen had plac'd
Herself, and in the Middle chose her Seat. 835

Now Prince *Æneas*, and the *Trojan* Youth
Advance; and feast, on crimson Beds repos'd.
Th' Attendants wait with Water for the Hands,
Distribute Bread from Canisters, and hold
Soft Towels. Fifty Handmaids wait within, 840
Dispose the Banquet in long order rang'd,
And burn rich Incense to the Household-Gods.

An hundred Maids besides, as many Youths,
Of equal Age, attend; who pile the Boards
With Dishes, and the Cups and Goblets place. 845
Nor less the *Tyrians* croud the joyful Court,
Invited on embroider'd Beds to feast.

The Presents of *Æneas* all admire;
Admire *Iulus* in the God disguis'd,
His glowing Looks, and well dissembled Words, 850
The Robe, and Veil with saffron Foliage wrought.
Chiefly th' unhappy Queen, to future Rage

Devoted,

Crudeles aras -----

The *Altars* were not *cruel*; But there was *Cruelty* committed before them. This is not properly the *Metonymia Adjuncti*; but might, I think, make another Species of That Trope, and be not unfitly called *Metonymia Transpositi*. This Elegancy is founded upon the Pleasure of Change, and Variety, the Shifting of Ideas, and Comparing them with each

other: Which is always agreeable to the Mind; for Reasons which I have elsewhere, and more than once, mentioned. Ver. 705. Orig. *Cereremque [è] canistris &c.* Next Ver. *Quinquaginta intus [sunt] famula quibus, &c.*

Ver. 852. Chiefly th' unhappy Queen to future Rage, &c.] How exquisite is the Elegancy, and Energy of These Expressions!

--- P. 81

Devoted, with insatiate Fondness burns,
 And passionately gazes ; with the Boy,
 And with his Presents, equally inflam'd. 855
 He, having hung upon Æneas' Neck,
 And satisfy'd his fancy'd Father's Love,
 Goes to the Queen : She fixes all her Sight,
 And Soul upon him ; sometimes on her Lap
 Fonds him ; nor thinks how great a God she bears. 860
 He, mindful of his Mother, by Degrees
 Begins t' expunge *Sichæus* from her Breast ;
 And with a living Flame to prepossess
 Her Heart, long listless, and unus'd to Love.

The Banquet pausing, and the Meat remov'd ; 865
 Large massy Bowls they place, and crown the Wine.
 Loud Noise succeeds ; and thro' the ample Courts
 They roll the Sound : In Sconces Tapers hang
 Lighted from gilded Roofs ; and Night retires, 869
 O'erpower'd with blazing Flambeaus. Here the Queen
 Calls for a Goblet, rough with Gems, and Gold,
 (Which *Belus* us'd, and all the Kings from Him)
 And fills it up with Wine ; then through the Court
 Silence commands : O *Jove*, (for Thou art said
 To fix the Laws of Hospitality) 875

Grant

----*Pessi devota futura*

Expleri mentem nequit, ardescitque tuendo, &c.

----*Hæc oculis, hæc pectore toto*

Hæret-----

----*Paulatim abolere Sichæum*

Incipit, ac vivo tentat prævertere amore

Jam dudum residet animos, desuetaque corda.

Ver. 863. --- *A living Flame* [Not *amore vehementi* ; as Some
to prepossess, &c.] *Vivo amore* : would have it. *Prævertere*, i. e.
 That is, no doubt, with the with respect to any Design of
 Love of a living Man, instead *Juno's*. Ver. 734. Orig. *A*
 of a dead one, as *Sichæus* was ; *Belo soliti* [sunt implere.]

Grant that This Day auspicious may be prov'd
 To both the Colonies of *Tyre*, and *Troy* ;
 And by our late Posterity be known.
 May *Bacchus*, God of Mirth, and *Juno* kind,
 Be present here : And you my *Tyrians* join, 880
 Well pleas'd, to celebrate the solemn Feast.

This said, she for Libation spills the Wine
 Upon the Board : and first with gentle Touch
 Salutes the Cup : which, hast'ning him, she gives
 To *Bitias* : He with speed the frothy Bowl 885
 Drinks off, and swills himself with the full Gold.
 Then all the Lords ; When curl'd *Iopas* tun'd
 His golden Lyre, and sung what *Atlas* taught ;
 The wand'ring Moon, the Labours of the Sun ;
 Whence Men, and Beasts, whence Rain, and Light'nings
 come ;

The Constellations of the Northern Cars, 891
Arcturus, and the show'ry *Hyades* :
 Why Suns, in Winter, haste so swift to tinge
 Themselves in Ocean ; and what Cause retards
 The sluggish Nights. The *Tyrians* loud Acclaim 895
 Redouble ;

Ver. 882. *Wine.*] Orig. *lati-*
cum honorum : literally the Ho-
 nour of Liquors ; i. e. the best of
 'em. Next Ver. *Primaque li-*
bato [co] *summo tenuis attigit*
[vinum in patera reliquum]
ore. Next Ver. *Increpitans* ;
 blaming [his Slowness.]

Ver. 889. *The wand'ring Moon,*
the Labours of the Sun, &c.]
 To put so much Natural Phi-
 losophy into a Song, may seem
 strange to a mere Modern. Yet
 how much more grand and no-

ble is it, than a silly Story of
Cbloris and *Phyllis* ; and such
 like frothy Trifles, which are
 the Subjects of Songs in our
 Times ! By the way ; how pret-
 ty would have been an *Opera*,
 or a *Masquerade* ; to entertain
Aeneas, and his Friends, upon
 This Occasion ! What Pity it
 is, the *Ancients* were not so
polite, and *judicious*, as *We* are !

Ver. 894, 895. *What Cause*
retards The sluggish Nights.]
 This may be understood either

Redouble ; and the *Trojan* Guests concur.
 Mean-while th' unhappy Queen with various Talk
 Protracts the Night ; and, deeply drinking Love,
 Of *Priam* much, of *Hector* much enquires :

Now

of the Winter-Nights, or of the Summer Nights. If of the Winter, *tardis* must signify *slow* in going off ; if of the Summer, *slow* in coming on. I am for This last : because, being compared with the preceding Words *Solis Hyberni*, it makes an Opposition between the two Seasons ; which the other does not.

Ver. 899. *Of Priam much, of Hector much enquires, &c.* It is natural to desire to hear Those talk, whom we love ; especially to talk of Themselves, and of their own Adventures ;

and yet more especially, when Those Adventures are uncommon and extraordinary. And therefore the following Narrative in the Person of *Aeneas*, which is the entire Subject of the 2d and 3d Books, is most naturally introduced. Then there is something surprizingly pleasant in the Poet's Manner of representing it. He first tells us in his own Person, that she asked several particular random Questions about This, and That, and Another thing :

*Nec non & vario noctem sermone trahat
 Infelix Dido, longumque bibebat amorem ;
 Multa super Priamo rogatans, super Hectore multa ;
 Nunc, quibus Aurora venisset filius armis ;
 Nunc, quales Diomedis equi ; nunc, quantus Achilles.*

But the next Words are general ; and are Hers, not the Poet's.

*Imo age & à prima dic, hospes, origine nobis
 Infidias, inquit, Danaum, &c.*

The sudden Change of Persons from the Poet to the Queen ; the natural sliding in of That *Imo age, &c.* and stealing the *inquit* into the second Line, as it were out of the way, and in a Place where we can scarce observe it ; The passing from Those scattered particular Questions, to the general Request in Form and Solemnity, preparatory to the noble Narrative which

follows upon it ; the Art of the Poet being here like That of Musicians, who sport themselves with little warbling Essays and Flourishes, while they are preparing to begin a rand and full Consort : And lastly, the Concluding of the Book with That Request, and so leaving the Mind of the Reader in the most earnest Expectation ; are all of them Circumstances marvel-
 lously

Now with what Arms *Aurora's* Offspring came; 900
Now of *Achilles*, now of *Diomedes's* Steeds.

Nay

lously beautiful: And the more they are considered, the more beautiful they will appear.

And here I shall take Occasion to consider the admirable Address of *Virgil*, in ending, and beginning, the several Books of his Poem.

In Dramatic Poetry, few Things are more considerable, or shew greater Art and Judgment, than ending Acts at proper Periods, and beginning them with proper Connections. And what Acts are to a Tragedy, Books are to an Epic Poem. There are Two ways of concluding them, quite different from each other, yet both excellent in their Kinds. They agree in This, that both leave an Impression of something very important upon the Mind of the Reader: But the one entirely concludes a considerable

Action, or Narration, the next Book beginning with a Transition to something perfectly new; The other breaks off in the Middle, and leaves the Mind in a longing Expectation to know how the Thread of the Narrative proceeds; which accordingly the Beginning of the next Book continues by an immediate Connection. Of This latter Kind is the Conclusion of the First, and the Beginning of the Second Book, in This incomparable Poem. The last Words of the First are the Queen's Request to *Aeneas* to relate the History of his Adventures; like That of *Alicinus* To *Ulysses*, at the Conclusion of the Eighth *Odyssee*. We are therefore impatient to hear his Story; And so the Second Book begins like the Ninth *Odyssee*: Only how mean an Opening is

Τὸν δ' ἀπαμειβόμενος προσέφη πολυμήτης Ὀδυσσεύς

in comparison of That noble one

Conticuere omnes, intentique ora tenebant, &c.

It ends with his Expulsion from *Troy*, after the utter ruin of that City.

Cessi, & sublato montem genitorum petivi.

And the Third opens with the Consequence of That Expulsion, as a

Postquam res Asia, &c.

This Book ends with his Travels, and the Poet's resuming the Thread of the Narration in his own Person.

Sic pater Æneas intentis omnibus unus, &c.
Conticuit tandem factoque hic sine quievit.

The

Nay come, she said, and tell us, Princely Guest ;
Ev'n from the first Original relate

The Fourth Book (the Scene while listening to the Hero's
still continuing at Carthage) Narrative ; and begins with
returns to the Passion of the These admirable Lines,
Queen, who had been all this

*At Regina, gravi jamdudum saucia cura,
Vulnis alit venis, & caeco carpitur igni.*

And so the Fury of her Love which concludes with her
is the Subject of That Book ; Death.

----- Omnis & una
Dilapsus calor, atque in ventos vita recessit.

Then we long to know what Transition to Him, not with-
became of Æneas ; and there- out an elegant Retrospect to
fore the Next begins with a the foregoing Book.

*Interea medium Æneas jam classe tenebat
Certus iter, fluctusque atros Aquilone secabat ;
Mœnia respiciens, quæ jam infelicitis Eliæ
Collucent flammis -----*

This Book is ended with the of Palinurus ; and the Com-
important Incident of the Death plaint of the Hero upon it,

*O nimium cælo & pelago confise sereno,
Nudus in ignotâ, Palinure, jacebis arenâ.*

And the first Words of the Next, by an immediate Connection,
are

Sic fatur lacrimans ;

like That of Homer at the Beginning of the Seventh Iliad ;

ὦ πόσις καὶ πῦρ, ὅτι νῦν ἐξέσσυτο Φαίδιμος Ἑκτορ.

The main Subject of This Sixth full Period, with his Re-ascent,
Book being Æneas's Descent and Visiting his Friends ;
into Hell ; it concludes at a

Ancora de prora jacitur : stant littore puppes.

Yet as full a Period as it was ; takes Occasion to begin the Se-
the Poet having mentioned the venth by a Connection with it.
Harbour of Cajeta, from thence

Tu

The Grecian Wiles ; the Fortunes of your Friends ;
And your own Travels : For sev'n Summers now 905
Have seen you wand'ring o'er all Lands, and Seas,

*Tu quoque litteribus nſtris, Æneia nutrix,
Æternam moriens famam, Cajeta, deſiſti.*

This Book, containing the O-ces : and more particularly with
pening of the War, concludes the Deſcription of Camilla ;
with the aſſembling of the For-

-----*Lyciam ut gerat ipſa pharetram,
Et paſſoralem præfixa cuſp de myrtum.*

Then in how Warlike a manner does the Next open with

*Ut belli ſignum Laurenti Turnus ab arce
Extulit, & rauco ſrepuerunt cornua cantu, &c.*

And how ſtrongly and fully | ble Lines, concluding the De-
does it end with 'Thoſe inimita- | ſcription of Æneas's Shield ;

*Talia, per clypeum Vulcani, dona parentis,
Miratur, rerumque ignarus imagine gaudet,
Attollens humero famamque & fata nepotum !*

And the Ninth begins with a Transition to the other Side.

Atque ea diverſa penitus dum parte geruntur, &c.

In This Book Turnus, having ſhewn prodigious Valour,

Incluſus muris, ſiſtilique aggere ſeptus,

(as he himſelf afterwards ex- | Difficulty he eſcapes it ; and
preſſes it) is in all imaginable | his Eſcape and the Book con-
Danger. At laſt with great | clude together :

Et lætum ſociis ablutâ cæde remiſit.

At the Opening of the Next, | Heaven ; and the Synod of the
the Scene ſhifts from Earth to | Gods appears.

*Panditur interea domus omnipotentis Olympi,
Conciliumque vocat diuûm pater atque hominum rex ;*

It concludes full, with the Death of Mœxentius in That noble Verſe,

Udantique animam diffundit in arma cruore.

And the Next begins with the | wards the Conclusion of it, we
Deſcription of a Trophy in Ho- | are in the moſt earneſt Expec-
nour of That Victory. To- | tation ; the two Armies being
juſt

just ready to engage in a Battle, | Fire when we read Those Ver-
 tile, which, in all appearance, | ses;
 must be decisive. We are on

*Sic ambo ad muros rapidi, totoque feruntur
 Agmine, nec longis inter se passibus absunt:
 At simul Æneas fumantes pulvere campos
 Prospexit longe, Laurentiaque agmina vidit,
 Et sævum Ænean agnovit Turnus in armis,
 Adventumque pedum, statusque audvit equorum:*

We are one Fire, I say, with | Battle: But the Night parts
 the Expectation of a decisive | Them, and disappoints Us;

Confidunt castris ante urbem, & mœnia vallant.

And so we impatiently long for | Affairs of Turnus, and his brave
 the Twelfth and Last Book; | Resolution;
 which begins with the distressed |

*Turnus ut infractos, adverso Marte Latinos
 Defecisse videt, sua nunc promissa repesci,
 Se signari oculis; ultro implacabilis ardet,
 Attollitque animos----*

And this Book, and the whole | immortal Poem ends with the
 | Death of That Hero.

Vitæque cum gemitu fugit indignata sub umbras.

How full and noble an Ending | Supplement, shall be considered
 That is, and how ridiculous to | in it's proper Place.
 add any thing to it by way of |

The End of the first Book.

VIRGIL'S ÆNEIS.

BOOK the SECOND.

HAD not the Destruction of *Troy* been already known, in general, to the Queen, and the rest of the Assembly, the Preface to This Narration would have been improper: Because it would have anticipated the Event, and consequently the Pleasure of Surprise. But as the Hero was about to relate the *Manner*, and particular *Circumstances* of the Thing, which were unknown to his Auditors, rather than the *Thing it self*, which they very well knew; nothing could have been more natural, and yet more artful, than This Introduction. Which, tho' short, contains a great Variety of Beauties. As attentive as the Auditors were before he had spoke, That

Infandum, Regina, jubes renovare dolorem

must double their Attention: The solemn Air of Sadness, in the Opening of the Narrative, fills the Mind with an agreeable Horror: And we are more particularly concerned in the Adventures of the Person speaking, when he adds,

Quæque

---- *Quæque ipse miserrima vidi,
Et quorum pars magna fui.*

His having been not only a Spectator of the Calamity, but one of the principal Actors and Sufferers in it, is a Circumstance which more deeply engages his Hearers in his Interests. And then, when we read

----- *Quis talia fando
Myrmidonum, Dolopumve, aut duri miles Ulyssæi
Temperet à lacrimis?*

Who indeed can refrain from Tears? For what can be more moving and pathetic? The next Words,

*Et jam nox humida cælo
Præcipitat, suadentque cadentia sidera somnos,*

contain a good Reason to excuse *Æneas* from the Task desired of him; But I much mistake, if That was the only Reason why the Poet inserted them: The Idea of the Night-Scene adds very much to the Solemnity and Awfulness of the Relation. Indeed the whole Disposition of the Scene, and the concomitant Circumstances, is admirable in every respect. A great Prince, driven by a Storm to a strange Coast, entertained by a great Queen, in a numerous Assembly of Princes, and Nobility, with Guards and Attendants, supposed to be listening at a Distance, after a magnificent Banquet, in the large Hall of a stately Palace, hung round with Tapers and Flambeaus, in the Dead of Night, relates to her, at her Request, such a surprizing History

History of Wars, Distresses, and Travels, as was never before heard of.

Sed si tantus Amor casus cognoscere nostros, &c.

To lay the greater Obligation upon her, notwithstanding all These Difficulties, He complies with her Request, only again repeating the Uneasiness he laboured under, just before he begins ; which still more heightens the Distress :

*Quanquam animus meminisse horret, luctuque
refugit ;
Incipiam.*

Nor does *Virgil* here offend against That Rule of *Horace*, which condemns pompous Preambles and great Promises ; nor incur the Censure of

Quid dignum tanto feret hic promissor hiatu ?

That relates to the Beginning of the Poem in the Person of the Author himself, (and accordingly *Virgil* opens His in the most plain, and simple manner) but not to every particular Relation in the Person of Another, during the Course and Progress of the Poem : In which such a formal Proemium may be sometimes not only proper, but exceeding beautiful ; especially in the Instance of Grief, which is always apt to aggravate the Distress which is the Object of it.

ALL

ALL silent, list'ning fate; When Thus the Prince
Æneas from the lofty Couch began.
 What you command, Great Queen, is to renew
 Unutterable Woes; How *Greece* o'erturn'd
 The Pow'r, and Realm deplorable of *Troy*: 5
 Woes, which myself beheld; of which myself
 Was one great Part. In op'ning such a Scene,
 What *Myrmidon*, what Soldier in the Camp
 Of dire *Ulysses*, could refrain from Tears?
 And now the dewy Night is hast'ning swift 10
 From Heav'n; and setting Stars persuade to Sleep.
 But if you have such strong Desire to learn
 Our great Misfortunes, and in brief to hear
 Of *Troy's* last Pangs in Ruin: Tho' my Mind
 Dreads the Remembrance, and shrinks back with Grief;
 I will begin. The Leaders of the *Greeks* 16

Har-

Ver. 15. *Dreads the Remembrance, and shrinks back with Grief, &c.* *Luſtuque refugit.* Perhaps it would not be amiſs to render it *from Grief*; tho' I prefer the other. The *Conſtruction* will admit of either; But That which I have choſen is the better *Senſe*, if not the better *Latin*. Either *refugit* may be in conjunction with *horret*; *refugitque* (refuſes) *meminiſſe*, *præ luctu*: or be uſed neutrally by itſelf. *Horret meminiſſe, refugitque præ, or à luctu*: For in either Senſe the Prepoſition may be underſtood, as well as expreſſed. Tho' the Poets take (and ought to be allowed) the Privilege of uſing

the Tenſes with great Freedom; yet in *This place* the Preter Tenſe for the Preſent ſeems very harſh: But *Virgil's* Authority ought to over-rule us.

Ver. 16. *I will begin. The Leaders, &c.* *De La Cérda* ſays, the full Stop at *Incipiam* in the Beginning of a Verſe, and the Beginning of the Narrative in the next Foot of the ſame expreſſes *Haste*, and *Readineſs* in *Æneas*, after having made his Apology. But it gives me a quite different Idea. It ſeems more ſolemn and noble, than if the Introduction had concluded at the End of one Verſe, and the Narrative begun

Harraſs'd with War, and by the Fates repulſ'd,
 So many rolling Years, an Horſe erect
 Of Mountain-Bulk, by *Pallas*' Art divine,
 And joint the Ribs with Fir : This they pretend 20
 A Vow for their Return ; That Fame they ſpread.
 Here in the hollow Sides ſome choſen Troops
 They ſecretly incloſe ; and all the Womb,

And

gun another. If the Reader asks me my Reason ; I confeſs I cannot well tell him : But That may be no Reason againſt my Remark : Some Beauties are the more ſo, for not being capable of Explanation. I feel it, tho' I cannot account for it. I am ſo far from conceiving This to expreſs Haſte ; that after *Incipiam*, I imagine him to make a long Pauſe : Then ſlowly, and with a *Sigb*, to proceed. *Fraſſi bello*, &c.

In this noble Epiſode *Virgil* judiciously omits Thoſe Parts of the Trojan War which had been treated of by *Homer* : and relates only the Deſtruction of *Troy*, which had not been deſcribed (tho' intimated) by That Poet, who concludes his *Iliad* with the Death and Funeral of *Hector*. The Hint of the Wooden Horſe indeed is taken from the 8th Book of his *Odſſey* : But That is all ; and the particular Management even of That is

not *Homer*'s however it may be *Piſander*'s : From whom (if we will believe *Macrobius*) almoſt every Thing in this Second Book is borrowed. I ſay, if we will believe *Macrobius* ; for I confeſs I do not : Becauſe he ſays much the ſame of the Fourth Book, with regard to the *Argonautica* of *Apollonius Rhodius*. Now by good Luck *Apollonius*'s Poem is ſtill extant ; though *Piſander*'s are loſt. And it only appears, that as *Medea* loves her Gueſt *Jaſon*, ſo *Dido* loves her Gueſt *Æneas* ; and that the Latin Poet has copy'd a few particular Verſes from the Greek ; Upon ſome of which *Stephanus* remarks in his Preface to his Edition of *Apollonius* : And it may well be a Queſtion whether ſome even of Thoſe be copy'd, or not. For Example, I can very well conceive that *Virgil* might have ſaid,

*At Regina gravi jamdudum ſaucia cura ;
 Vulnus alit vanis, & cæco carpitur igni ;*

If *Apollonius* had never ſaid,

βέλος δ' ἐνεδάϊστο κοῦρῃ
 Νέπλεν ὑπὸ κραδίῃ κυρὶ ἔμμελλον

The

BOOK 2. VIRGIL's ÆNEIS. 73

And roomy Caverns with arm'd Soldiers fill.
 In Sight lies *Tenedos*, an Isle renown'd 25
 By Fame, and rich, while *Priam's* Kingdom stood ;
 Now but a Bay, and faithless Port for Ships.
 Here in the unregarded Shore, retir'd
 They hide themselves ; We strait suppose them gone,
 And for *Mycenæ* sail'd before the Wind. 30
 Therefore all *Troy* from long Restraint is freed ;
 Open are flung the Gates ; and pleasant 'twas
 To walk abroad, and view the *Doric* Camps,
 The Posts abandon'd, and forsaken Shore.

Here

The Latin is far enough from body must pretend to write any
 being a *Translation* of the Greek : thing of his own, because ano-
 It is somewhat like it indeed : ther has writ before him. Thus
 But if That be sufficient to again the Sense of
 make a Man a Plagiarist ; No-

Incipit effari, mediæque in voce resistit.

is expressed by *Apollonius* in three Verses, and a half ; which I need not transcribe. For the rest ; *Virgil's* Episode does not so much resemble That in *Apollonius*, as it does That of *Ulysses* and *Calypso* in *Homer* : And how exact a Resemblance That is, I have observed in my Preface. [Scaglier in the Sixth Book of his *Pectica*, *De La Cerda*, and *Ruæus* in their Arguments to the Fourth *Æneid*, may be consulted upon This head.] And yet *Macrobis* says that *Virgil* formed almost all his Fourth Book from the Fourth of *Apollonius*. [Saturnal. Lib. v. Cap. 17.] Just as true, it is, I suppose, that he took his Second from *Pisander*, almost Word for Word. [Saturnal.

Lib. v. Cap. 2.] There are indeed several Other Passages in the *Argonautica* which *Virgil* seems to have imitated, (and if he did, has vastly exceeded) in other parts of the *Æneis* as well as in the fourth Book. But what is That to the whole Scheme, and Design of a long, and noble Episode ?

Ver. 22. *Chosen troops.*] Orig. *Delecta-sortiti*. *Servius* observes that *deligere*, and *sortiri* are contrary to one another. And solves it rightly enough, I think, by saying ; that they chose out a certain Number ; and then Those so chosen cast lots among themselves who should be the Persons out of that Number.

Ver. 32. *Open are flung the Gates ; and pleasant 'twas, &c.*
 D 2 This

Here lay the *Dolopes*, *Achilles* there ; 35
 Here rode the Fleet, and there the Troops engag'd.
 Part, at *Minerwa's* fatal Gift amaz'd,
 Admire the Steed's prodigious Size ; And first
 (Whether by Fraud, or so the Fate of *Troy*
 Requir'd) *Thymetes* moves to have it drawn 40
 Within the Walls, and plac'd upon the Tow'r.
 But *Capys*, and the more experienc'd Heads,
 Persuade to plunge into the Sea, or burn,
 The *Grecian* Treach'ry, and suspected Gifts ;
 At least to pierce the Timber, and explore 45
 It's hollow Womb. The fickle Multitude
 Vote Contradictions, and in Parts divide.
 First, before all, surrounded with a Croud,
Laocoon, chafing, from the lofty Fort 49
 Runs down, and Thus from far ; What Frenzy blinds
 My

This is Human Nature in Per-
 fection. Nothing could be more
 proper in the Writer ; or more
 pleasant to the Reader.

Ver. 39. *Woe'ther by Fraud,*

Et molem morantur equi, primusque Thymetes
(Sive dolo, seu jam Troja sic fata ferebant)
Duci intra muros hortatur, & arce locari.
At Capys, &c.

This, to my Apprehension, puts
 a quite different, and far bet-
 ter, face upon the whole Passage.
 Ver. 36. Orig. *Pelago* for *in*
Pelagus.

Ver. 43. Or *burn.*] *Subjec-*
tique urere, &c. instead of *que*,
 I would read *ve*. For they
 could not sling it into the Sea,
 and burn it too. Not but that
 I believe there are other In-

&c.] I have a strong Fancy that
 the Verses in the Original are
 wrong placed ; and that *Virgil*
 wrote them Thus :

stances of this Way of Ex-
 pressing. If so ; *que* however
 must be put for *aut*. In *He-*
brew the same Particle expresses
 Both ; and the Context must
 determine which is meant.

Ver. 50. *Runs down ; and*
Thus from far ; What Frenzy
blinds, &c.] The Propriety and
 Elegancy of This short Speech,
 is very observable. That,

My wretched Countrymen? Think you the Foes
Are gone? And Grecian Gifts can be sincere?
Thus is *Ulysses* known? or in This Wood
Greeks are inclos'd; Or this Machine is form'd
Against our Ramparts, to inspect the Town, 55
And from above invade; or some Design
There lies conceal'd: Ye *Trojans*, credit not
This Pile; Whate'er it be, I dread the *Greeks*,
Ev'n when They come with Presents in their Hands.

Thus having spoke, against the crooked Sides, 60
And jointed Belly, with prodigious Strength,
He whirl'd his mighty Spear: That quiv'ring flood;
A grumbling Sound came from within, and all
The

----*Sic actus Ulysses?*

is grown into a Kind of Pro-
verb: A sure Sign that it is just
and natural.

Ver. 55. *To inspect the Town,*
And from above invade, &c.]
To inspect, or overlook, &c. when
applied to inanimate Things,
signifies no more than to stand
above, &c. But how could This
Machine assault the Town, un-
less *Greeks* were inclosed in it;
and so what Difference is there
in This Distinction, *Aut hoc*
inclusi, &c. Aut hæc in nostros,
&c? I answer, the *Greeks*, sup-
posing they were not inclosed in
the Horse, (tho' not appearing)
might not be far off, as indeed
they were not: And so *Lascron*
supposes; *Creditis avectas [esse]*
hostes? They might soon return
therefore, and play their Engine
against the City; either by way
of battering or of throwing
fire. *Ventura ubi* is a parti-
cular Expression: It means *ex-*
pugnatura urbem.

Ver. 56. *Or some Design, &c.]*
Error is here used for *Deceit*;
the Effect for the Cause: It
being the Business of Deceit in
one Man to produce Error in
another.

Ver. 60. *The crooked Sides,*
&c.] In latus, inque feni, &c.
The Word *Ferus* is now used
only for Wild Beasts, but it was
otherwise in *Virgil's* time. Nay,
he uses it, Book 7. ver. 409.
when he is describing a tame
Beast as such, and in Opposition
to a Wild one:

Peribatque forum, parque in fente laquear.

The hollow Caverns rattled at the Stroke.

And had not Fate, and our misguided Minds

65

Conspir'd ; by his Advice our Steel had hewn

The Grecian Lurking Dens : Thou, *Troy*, hadst Now

Been standing ; and great *Priam's* Tow'rs entire.

Mean-while the *Trojan* Shepherds, shouting, drag'd

A Youth, with pinion'd Arms, before the King : 70

Who with Design had fall'n into their Hands,

Unknown ; to manage the concerted Plot,

And open to the *Greeks* the Gates of *Troy* :

Bold

Ver. 64. *The hollow Caverns rattled at the Stroke.*] *Hollow Caverns*, in *English*, sounds not amiss ; But *cava*, and *caverna*, in *Latin*, may seem too near akin to be joined together as Adjective and Substantive. But we may be sure *Virgil* knew the Relation between them, as well as we ; and doubtless had an elegant Design in joining them. This Repetition of the same Syllables expresses the long trembling of the Wood, and the gradual Propagation and long Continuance of the reverberated Sound, and Motion. This whole Description of whirling the Spear against the Horse is indeed most noble and beautiful : Particularly, That *gentisque dedere*, jumps, and rebounds against the Tongue, as one repeats it. Ver. 66. *facda-*re, i. e. to ruin, destroy. So *Æneid*. iii. 241. Orig.

Ver. 70. *A Youth with pinion'd Arms before the King.*] Here comes *Sineon* upon the

Stage ; and the Plot which is to be managed by his Conduct. In describing his Art, *Virgil* has given sufficient Proof of his own. I believe it may with Truth be affirmed, that there is not one single Instance in any Author, ancient, or modern, which exceeds, or even equals it. This may appear from a Detail of Particulars.

Ver. 72. *To manage the concerted Plot.*] *Hoc ipsum ut strueret*. And Ver. 75. *Either to meet Success, or &c.*] *Seu versare dolos*, &c. Both Expressions signify putting the Plot in Execution. *Strueret*, for *Astrueret*, or *Confirmaret* : For as to *Designing*, or *Contriving*, (another Sense of *struo*) That was done already. For the same reason *versare dolos* cannot signify turning and revolving the Fraud in his Mind, as it does Book IV. *dolos in pectore versat* : but *versute exequi*, or *perficere*. Some read it *versare dolo*, *subaudi Trojans*. But

•••••

Bold to attempt, and on both sides prepar'd,
 Either to meet Success, or certain Death. 75
 Eager of such a fight, the Trojan Youth
 Flock round; and strive to make the Wretch their Sport.
 Now hear the Grecian Wiles; and from the Guilt
 Of One, learn All.

For in the Middle as he stood to View, 80
 Confounded, and disarm'd; and all around
 Survey'd the Trojan Troops; What Land, he cry'd,
 Or Seas can now receive me? And what now
 To wretched me remains? Who have no place
 Among the Greeks; The Trojans too incens'd 85
 Demand to flake their Vengeance with my Blood.

By such pathetick Groans our Minds were chang'd
 All Fury ceas'd: We urge him to declare

His

even if Trojans were expressed; the Expression would appear a strange one.

Ver. 74. *Bold to attempt, and on both sides prepar'd, &c.* 'Tis a Mistake to think that Cunning always supposes Cowardise. There is as much Courage required in a good Spy, as in a good General. Ulysses shewed as much of it in the Business of stealing the Palladium, as Achilles in the Channel of Scamander.

Ver. 77. *To make the Wretch their Sport*] *Illudere* in This Place may signify more than I have rendered; tho' it is not necessary it should. It sometimes implies doing Mischief, especially in a sporting manner: As *illudunt pestes*: ca-

præque sequaces Illudunt, Georg. I. and II: Thus the Word *illudere* in Greek is often used: And a Hebrew Servant to mock me, (i. e. to abuse me) is not the only Expression of This Kind in the Holy Scriptures. Here in *Virgil* the Word *illudere* may signify (and I believe it does) that the Captive was insulted by the insolent Soldiers, not only with Taunts, and Scoffs, but with Justles, and Blows, &c.

Ver. 79. -----One learn all.] *Ab uno* [for *unus illorum*] *crimine disce omnes* [illos.]

Ver. 82. *What Land, he cry'd, &c.*] We rarely suspect Those whom we heartily pity. *Simon* therefore, by the first Words he speaks, endeavours

His Birth, and Country ; what Intelligence
He brought ; what Hope in Bonds he entertain'd. 90

Reliev'd from Fear, at length he thus proceeds.
All Things, O King, with Truth I will confess ;
Nor will deny my self to be a *Greek*.

This first ; For cruel Fortune, tho' she makes
Sinon a Wretch, shall never make him False. 95

If e'er the Name and Glory most renown'd
Of *Palamede* by Fame has reach'd your Ears ;
Whom guiltless, and by forgery accus'd,
Because he spoke against the War, the *Greeks*
Condemn'd to Death, and now lament him dead : 100

Me, a close Friend to Him, and near in Blood,
My wealthless Father hither sent in Arms,
From my first youth. While he in safety stood,
And prudent Counsels flourish'd in the State ;
I too some share of Name and Credit bore. 105

But when by false *Ulysses'* envious Spight

(Things

to move Compassion ; and he does it most cunningly in That abrupt manner, and by Way of Exclamation : Which is less suspicious than the Formality of a Set-Speech.

Ver. 93. *Nor will deny my self to be a Greek, &c.* This frank Confession at the Beginning gives him an Air of Sincerity ; which was most likely to gain Credit to all he should afterwards deliver. His pretended Zeal for Truth, joined with his Misfortunes, in the next two Lines,

---- *Nec si miserum fortuna Sinonem
Finxit, vanum etiam, mendacemque improba finget,*

is very emphatical ; and the Antithesis between *miserum*, and *mendacem*, very affecting.

Ver. 96. *If e'er the Name, and Glory,* &c. His pretending to doubt whether they had ever heard of what he was sure they knew as well as himself ; and his telling That known Fact concerning *Palamede's* Death, together with the Falshood which he tacks to it,

Uli me comitem, &c.

(Things not unknown I speak) he left the World ;
 Afflicted, I consum'd my Days in Grief,
 And fullen Privacy, and inly mourn'd
 With Indignation for my guiltless Friend. 110
 Nor cou'd refrain (Fool that I was) from Talk ;
 And if a fit Occasion e'er was found,
 If e'er with Conquest I return to Greece,
 I vow'd Revenge ; and with provoking Words
 Exasp'rated his Malice. Hence my first 115
 Of Ills : *Ulysses* scares me with new Crimes,
 Scatters ambiguous Rumours thro' the Croud,

And

is exceedingly artificial. For a Lye is never so glibly swallow'd, as when it has Truth for its Vehicle. *Fando aliquid, i. e. aliquâ famâ. Si forte tuas, &c. Illi me comitem, &c. If you have heard, &c. I was his Companion.* Why was he not so, whether they had heard of it, or not? Yes, doubtless. But the Sense is, If You have ever heard, &c. *I will tell You that, &c.* 'Tis an Ellipsis us'd continually even in common Discourse; and as good in English, as in Latin.

Ver. 112, and 114. *And if a fit Occasion, &c. I vow'd Revenge, &c.* *Promisi me ultorem, si qua fors tulisset, i. e. either passa fuisset, or tulisset occasionem: not promisi me ultorem, si fors tulisset me, i. e. retulisset, or reduxisset in patriam* (which is expressed in the next Verse, *Si patrios, &c.*) as *Ruæus* interprets it. The Catachresis in *Promisi ultorem* is very elegant; and yet so na-

tural, that it is used in common Conversation, and among the common People. *I'll be even with you, I promise you,* is a known Threat among the Vulgar. Of the same Nature on the other Side is That of *Horace*; *Multa & pulchra minantem*: Threatning for Promising.

Ver. 115. *Hence my first -- Of Ills, &c.* *Prima mali labes.* It is true, *labes* often signifies *Ruin*, or *Destruction*: But I think it cannot here; as Some would have it. The *Ruin* of *Evil*, or *Mischief*, is bad Sense. *Spot*, or *Blemish*, *i. e.* (as Some interpret it) *Beginning*, or *Original* of *Mischief*; Or (which I rather think) *Imputation* of *Guilt*: must be the Signification.

Ver. 116. *Scares me with new Crimes.* *Criminibus, i. e. certainly Criminationibus*: But I think *Crimes* may by the same Figure be as elegantly thus used in English, as *Crimina* in Latin.

Ver.

And conscious seeks fit Engines for my Fall.
 Nor rested ; 'till by Calchas' Ministry —
 But why do I This nauseous Tale in vain
 Revolve ? Or why delay ? Since all the Greeks
 You equally regard ; Enough is said :
 Now take my Life ; 'Tis what Ulysses wants,

120

And

Ver. 118. *Fit Engines for my Fall.*] *Quærere arma* ; i. e. (say some) *deus*: his *Arts*, which he mustered together in his Mind. But I rather take it for the external *Means*, and *Instruments*, which he sought.

Ver. 120. *But why do I This nauseous Tale in vain, &c.*] The Art of breaking off in the middle of a Sentence, and interrupting himself with That Question, to add to the Impatience of his Hearers, and his bidding them take his Life to gratify their mortal Enemies, is admirable, for Reasons too plain to be insisted upon. I

take *ingrata* to be better, and more elegant Sense, as referred to the *Trojans*, than as referred to *Siôn* himself ; as Some would have it. *Why should I trouble You with This Tedious Story ? What have You to do with the Adventures of such a Wretch, as I am, whom You regard as a mortal Enemy ?* This is much more Emphatical than, *Why should I revive the Memory of my Misfortunes ?* This last indeed is scarce Sense ; for it was almost impossible they should be ever out of his Mind. And yet Mr. Dryden chuses This in his Translation:

But why ---- why dwell I on That anxious Thought ?

Ver. 121. *&c. Since all the Greeks, &c.*] In the Original it is, --- *Si omnes*, &c. But I believe the Sense is, *If you do, &c.* --- as you certainly do, &c. As the Word *If* is often used. The next Line I have rendered according to the true Meaning, as I apprehend it ; tho' not according to the exact Grammar of the Original. It being in effect the same to say, *Since you regard all the Greeks alike*, (*omnes uno ordine habetis Ælianos*) i. e. as *Enemies* ; and you have heard enough, i. e. by hearing that I

am a Greek ; *Idque* [quod dixi] *audire sat est* ; *Take my Life* ; as to say, *Since you regard, &c. you have heard enough* --- *Take my Life*. Only the latter seems more clear. *Ruæus* points it Thus: *idque audire sat est jamdudum ; sumite pœnas*. All Others Thus: *Idque audire sat est ; jamdudum sumite pœnas*. I am for the last ; tho' it is a very particular Expression : Something must be understood as suppressed : --- *Sumite pœnas jamdudum debitas*, or the like. This is not the only Place in which *Virgil*

also

And both th' *Atridae* would rejoice to hear.

Eager we burn t'enquire, and know the Cause, 125
Unskill'd in Villany, and *Grecian* Arts :

He trembling, and with guileful Heart proceeds.

Oft have the *Greeks* desir'd t' abandon *Troy*,

To raise their Siege, and quit the tedious War,

Fatigu'd: And would they had: But oft the Sea 130

Tempestuous kept them back; and Southern Winds

Deter'd them. Chiefly, when this Timber-Steed

Was built; loud Storms roll'd rattling thro' the Sky.

In deep Suspense *Eurypylus* we send,

Instructed to consult the *Delian* God: 135

He from the Shrines This dreadful Answer brings.

With Blood, ye *Greeks*, and with a Virgin slain

You sooth'd the Winds, when first you came to *Troy*;

With Blood you must procure a safe Return,

And

uses the Word *jamdudum* in a very singular manner. And doubtless there was an Elegancy in it, which we do not well understand. And the same may be said of many other Instances in the Use of *Adverbs*, *Conjunctions*, &c.

Ver. 124. *And both th' Atridae would rejoice to hear.* It is, I think, impossible to make the literal *English* of *magno mercentur*, would buy, or purchase with a vast Sum, look graceful in This Place. And therefore I am forced to recede from the Original; and substitute a much lower Idea in the room of it.

Ver. 127. *He trembling, &c.* Tho' he had before, in a great

measure, laid aside his Fear, [*Ille hæc deposita tandem firmidine*] yet the Relicks of it must still hang about him. Or perhaps, to increase their Pity, he counterfeited more Fear, than he really had.

Ver. 128. *Oft have the Greeks desir'd t' abandon Troy, &c.* This long formal Story has such a Mixture of Religion, and Prodigy, and Distress, which last is exceedingly heightened by the solemn Horror of an intended human Sacrifice; that Nothing could have been better calculated to amuse and confound the Understandings of Those who were already in great Amazement.

And by the Off'ring of a Grecian Life. 140
 Soon as This Message reach'd the vulgar Ears,
 Amazement seiz'd on all ; and chilling Dread
 Ran thro' their Veins ; whom *Phæbus* should demand,
 Who should be doom'd to Death. *Ulysses* here
 With Noise and Tumult to th' Assembly brings 145
 'The Prophet *Calchas*, urges him to tell
 The Meaning of the Gods ; And Many now
 Fatal to me presag'd the Villain's Plot,
 And silence saw th' Event. Ten days reserv'd,
 And mute he stands ; refusing with his Voice 150
 To sentence any, or expose to Death :
 'Till by *Ulysses*' Clamours scarce o'erpow'r'd,
 At last by Compact he the silence breaks,
 And Me declares the Victim : All assent ;
 And what each fear'd would light upon himself, 155
 All on the Ruin of one Wretch devolve.
 And now the fatal Day was come ; for me
 The holy Ceremonies are prepar'd,
 The season'd Cakes, and Fillets round my Head :
 Death, I confess, I scap'd, and broke my Bonds ; 160
 And

Ver. 144. *Who should be doom'd to Death, &c.*] *Cui fata parent.* A concise Expression : *Timor cucurrit per ossa* [subaud. *dubitantium*, or some such Word,] *cui* [subaud. *Oracula*] *parent fata*, or *mortem*. I have imitated the former Ellipsis in the Translation : Because I think it is elegant in any Language.

Ver. 148. ----- *The Villain's Plot.* In the 11th Book, Ver. 407. *Artificis scelus* is certainly an Hypallage for *Artifex sceleris* : And it may be so here, tho' it is not necessary it should.

Ver. 160. *Death, I confess, I scap'd, &c.*] The Modesty of the Man is wonderful ; as if it were a Crime to save his Life. But This again gives him a mighty Air of Sincerity and Innocence ; and prepares the

And in a muddy Lake among the Reeds
 Obscurely lurk'd by Night ; 'till they should hoise
 Their Sails, if haply such were their Design.
 And now to me, forlorn, no hope is left
 Of e'er beholding my sweet Native Soil, 165
 Or my dear Children, or my long'd-for Sire ;
 Whose forfeit Lives, perhaps, for my Escape,
 They will demand ; and expiate This Offence

By

the Way to That Compassion which he endeavours to move, or rather to encrease, in Those inimitable Lines, which follow.

Ver. 163 - - - *If haply such were their Design.*] To amuse the Trojans the more, and add Credit to his Story ; he pretends not to know what became of his Countrymen. The Words *si forte dedissent* may relate either to their Attempting to sail, or to their *Actually* sailing, Monsieur Segrain is for the former ; and Him I follow. Since their intended Victim was escaped, it might be doubtful whether they would venture to put to Sea ; tho' they had resolved it before.

Ver. 164. *And now to me forlorn no hope is left, &c.*] No Wonder the Trojans, who were ignorant of his Design, were moved by These Verses ; when 'tis scarce possible even

for Us who know the Villany of them, to read them without Tears. At least I speak for ' One ; I have cry'd over them many a time, when I was a School-Boy ; and am not ashamed to own that I am still exceedingly affected by them. I take it to be one of the most moving Passages that I ever met with. *Virgil*, to shew the Triumph of his Art, will soften us with the tenderest Compassion by the Mouth of One whom we know to be a perjured Villain. It is not indeed upon the account of Him, but of Human Nature in general : But still the Person thro' whom it was convey'd would have prejudiced us against it ; had not the Force of it been irresistible. No Hope of ever any more seeing his beloved Native Country, Children, Father :

*Nec mihi jam patriam antiquam spes ulla videndi,
 Nec dulces natos, exoptatumque parentem.*

That was distressful enough ; but little, in comparison of what follows : There was danger that Those dear Lives would be sacrificed in his Absence, and for his Sake.

By Their untimely Death. For which, by Heav'n,
 By all the Gods, who witness to the Truth, 170
 By all That Faith (if any such there be)
 Which yet remains untainted in the World,
 You suppliant I implore; commiserate
 Such mighty Woes, commiserate a Wretch
 Not meriting th' Afflictions he endures. 175

Mov'd by These Tears, we grant him Life; and first
 Priam himself commands him to be freed
 From his close Manacles, and cramping Chains.
 Then Thus in friendly Words; Whoe'er Thou art,
 Forget th' abandon'd Greeks; Thou shalt be Ours; 180
 And answer true to what I now demand.
 Why built they This prodigious Steed? What Aim?
 Who

*Quos illi fors ad pœnas ob nostra reposcent
 Effugia, & culpam hanc miserorum morte piabunt.*

Then, what can be more pa-Obtestation in the Apostrophe
 thetical, than That religious to the King?

*Quod te, per superos, & conscia numina verè,
 Per, si qua est, quæ restat adhuc mortalibus usquam
 Intemerata fides, oro, miserere laborum
 Tantorum, miserere animi non digna ferentis.*

The Speech ends there; and so
 it had need: For whatever had
 been added must have spoiled it.
 Nothing could leave so deep an
 Impression upon the Mind:
 Human Nature cannot be more
 sensibly touched, and human
 Art can go no further.

Ver. 169. For which, &c.]

Quod for propter quod: Per
 [intemeratam fidem] si qua
 est---intemerata fides. Animi
 for hominis.

Ver. 176. Mov'd by These

Tears, &c.] Our Language is
 not bold enough to admit a li-
 teral Translation of *His lacri-
 mis vitam damus*; But it is very
 elegant in the Original.

Ver. 177. --- Commands him
 to be freed, &c.] This, for
 commands that he should be freed,
 or commands others to free him,
 would certainly be unjustifiable
 in Prose: But I submit it to the
 Judgment of Others whether
 it may not be proper in Poetry.

Ver. 180. Orig. Quo molens
 hanc

Who is th' Inventer ? What religious Vow
Is this they make ? Or what Machine of War ?

He said ; The other furnish'd well with Fraud, 185

And Grecian Arts, upraises to the Stars

His Hands unmanacled ; and Thus replies.

You, ye eternal Fires, I here attest,

And your inviolable Deity ;

189

Ye Swords, and Altars, which I 'scap'd ; Ye Wreaths,

Which I, as Victim, wore : I now am free

To cancel all Engagements to the Greeks ;

To hate them, and disclose whate'er they hide ;

Oblig'd no longer by my Country's Laws.

Thou only keep thy Promise, and preserve,

195

O Troy, thy plighted Faith, Thy self preserv'd ;

As I speak Truth, and make thee large Amends.

The

banc &c. The common Dictionaries tell us *quo* is sometimes for *cur*. But it is not simply so : *Animo*, or *Consilio*, or some such Word must be understood. Ver. 157. *Graiorum sacrata jura : i. e. Juramenta Græcis data.*

Ver. 188. *You, ye eternal Fires, &c.* This solemn Perjury to those who knew it not

to be such, must have been extremely awful : And now it is discovered, it is enough to chill one's Blood with Horror. This Speech being the last and principal Part of Treachery which he has to act, he ushers it in with This Religious Preamble, with the no less solemn Renunciation of his Country,

Fas mihi Graiorum sacrata resolvete jura, &c.

and That grave Admonition to the Trojans to be true to their Promise.

Tu modo promissis maneat, &c.

Which are Circumstances incomparably adapted to gain Credit, and raise Attention : As is

likewise the formal Beginning of the Tale it self ;

Omnis Spes Danaum, &c.

This likewise the Trojans knew as well as he could tell them ; and therefore he artfully

begins with it for the Reason above-mentioned.

The only Hopes of Greece, since first the War
 Commenc'd, depended on *Minerua's* Aid.
 But since the Time, when *Tydeus'* impious Son, 200
 And *Ithacus*, Artificer of Frauds,
 Killing the Guards that watch'd the lofty Tow'r,
 Dar'd from your hallow'd Temple to purloin
Minerua's fatal Image, and presum'd
 With bloody Hands to touch her virgin Wreaths; 205
 Our ebbing Hopes ran back, our Strength decay'd;
 The Goddess in her Mind averse: Of which
 Signs by undoubted Prodigies she-gave.
 Scarce was her Statue lodg'd within the Camp;
 Her glaring Eye-balls flash'd with darted Flames, 210
 Salt Sweat bedew'd her Limbs; and (strange to tell)
 Thrice, leaping from the Ground, she clasp'd her Shield,
 And shook her Lance. Immediately the Seer
 Declares the Sea must be explor'd by Flight,
 And *Troy* would never fall by *Grecian* Pow'rs; 215
 Unless they bore fresh Auguries from Greece,

And

Ver. 203. *Dar'd from your hallow'd Temple, &c.*] The Story of Stealing the *Palladium* was well known; But what a Use entirely New does *Virgil* make of it! How judicious is the Fiction! how beautiful the Description! That *Minerua's* Image was stolen from them, the *Trojans* did not want to be inform'd: But what became of it afterwards, and what Effects it produced, they never heard before. Now then they are told by *Sidon*: Not that there is one Word of Truth

in what he says. And what could be more surprizing and entertaining in it self? Or more conducive to the Execution of the Design he aimed at?

Ver. 206. *Our ebbing Hopes, &c.*] *Ex illo fluere, & retro sublapsa referri* is extremely elegant; but will not admit of a close Translation.

Ver. 208. *Signs, &c.*] *Ea signa*: i. e. signa istius rei, viz. her Aversion. Next Verse but one *avertis*: i. e. intentis, coruscantibus ad minas, says *De La Cerda*.

And brought the Goddess back, who o'er the Main
 Was thither in their winding Ships convey'd,
 Now that they sail for Greece, they furnish Arms,
 And seek th' Alliance of the God ; Then o'er 220
 The Sea returning, sudden they will here
 Arrive : So Calchas has dispos'd the Scheme.
 In lieu of the Palladium, to appease
 Th' offended Goddess, and That Crime atone ;
 This Figure, warn'd by Oracles, they rear'd. 225
 Yet Calchas gave Command to build it huge
 With jointed Oak, and raise it to the Sky ;
 Lest it should find admittance thro' the Gates,
 And, drawn within the Walls of Troy, protect
 The People by their old religious Rites. 230
 For

Ver. 217. *And brought the Goddess back, &c.*] By *reducant* for Greece, &c.] *Et nunc quod patrias vento petiere Mycenæ, &c.* For *quod*, Ruæus renders *si* : I presume because *Simon* had in his former Speech expressed himself doubtful whether the Greeks were sailed, or not. But he might be doubtful of it, when he first fled from them ; and yet be satisfied of it since. These things may be supposed consistent with each other ; and That is sufficient. The elegant Use of the Particle *quod* in This, and many other places, is well known : And *That* in our Language, very well answers it in the same Sense.

Ver. 220. *And seek the Alliance of the Gods.*] For that is the Meaning of *Deos parant comites* : i. e. *operam dant ut Dii sint sibi comites* ; [et Auxiliatores.] Ver. 86. *Cæloque educere* ; i. e. *erigere usque ad cælum*.

Ver. 219. *Now that they sail*

For should you violate *Minerva's* Gift ;
 Then wide Destruction (rather may the Gods
 Turn the dire Omen on Himself) would fall
 On *Priam's* Empire, and the State of *Troy*.
 But should it by your Hands be drawn within 235
 Your City ; *Asia*, of it self, would come
 With pow'rful War to *Pelopoeian* Walls,
 And our Posterity Those Fates attend.

To such false Tales, and perjur'd *Sinon's* Art
 We yield full Credit ; by commanded Tears, 240
 And Frauds, ensnar'd : Whom neither *Diomede*,
 Nor fam'd *Larissa's* Hero could subdue,
 Nor ten Years Conflict, nor a thousand Ships.

Here a Portent more dismal strikes our Sight,
 And terrifies our unprovided Breasts. 245

La-

Ver. 231, 235. *For should you violate, &c.*--- But should it by your hands, &c.] Orig. *Had Tu, &c. But bad it, &c.* The Senie is the same. He neither commends them for not having done the one, nor advises them to do the other. He only lays Both before their Eyes, and tells them the Consequences of Each ; leaving the rest to their own Choice, and Judgment. This is the more persuasive, for not being in the firm of Persuasion. There is a certain Pride in Human Nature, which is flattered by being supposed to act of it's own Accord, and by it's own Prudence, rather than by Advice. Besides ; *Sinon* having, but a few minutes before, been an Enemy and a Captive, and

being still a Stranger ; it would more especially have ill became him to be an Adviser ; and therefore he cunningly insinuates what he would have them do, not directly prescribes it.

Ver. 240. *By commanded Tears, &c.*] I am entirely for *lacrimisque coactis*, rather than *coactis*, as Some read it. *Coactis* when apply'd to *lacrima*, is as proper here, as *jussæ* in *Martial*, or *expressæ* in *Terence* : Whereas a Man cannot be properly compelled by the Tears of another ; tho' he may be moved, and affected by them.

Ver. 244. *Here a Portent more direful, &c.*] Tho' it is said before that *Sinon's* Story was believed,----- *Credita res* ; yet it might be so only in a great measure, not absolutely and

Laocoon, Neptune's Priest by Lot assign'd,
 With all the Pomp of solemn Sacrifice
 A stately Bull before his Altars flew.
 When lo! from *Tenedos* thro' the calm Deep
 (With Horrour I relate) two dreadful Snakes, 250
 With Orbs immense, incumbent on the Main
 Together make to Shore: Whose Breasts erect
 Among the Floods, and bloody colour'd-Crests
 Stand high above the Waves: Their other Part,
 Prone on the Billows, sweeps behind; and twists 255
 Their

and entirely; or if it were a full Belief then, yet upon farther Consideration, they might have altered their Opinions. Take it which way you will; This amazing Incident is extremely well timed, and most properly introduced to confirm their Belief, and push them on to the immediate Execution of *Sinon's* Plot. And this very much contributes to salve the Reputation of the *Trojans*; who otherwise, notwithstanding the exquisite Art of *Sinon's* Speeches, and the plausible Stories he had told them, cannot well escape the Censure of great Weakness and Credulity. Nor can it indeed, even with This Excuse; unless we recur to the Degrees of Fate, which accordingly *Virgil* takes care in other places to mention. I am sensible that *improvidus* in the next Line directly signifies *improvident*, not *unprovided*; but the first supposes the last; and the last, I think,

is a better English Word in This place. Whoever is heedless of Misfortunes, is unprovided for them. Ver. 201. Orig. *Ductus*, i. e. *electus*.

Ver. 249. *When lo! from Tenedos, &c. Two dreadful Snakes, &c.* This is one of the finest and noblest Descriptions that ever was made. It is rarely, if at all, exceeded by *Virgil* himself, and equalled by no body else. To instance in Particulars here (as I have said upon another Occasion) would be to transcribe the Whole; which 'tis impossible to read, without the most agreeable Horror and Astonishment! There is an ancient Statue of *Laocoon* with the Snakes twisted round him; from whence *Virgil* is supposed to have taken This Description.

Ver. 255. *Prone on the Billows sweeps behind, &c.* *Pontum*----- *Pene legit*----- *Legit* for skims over it, or along it: As Book III. *Litteraque Epiri legit*.

Their spacious Backs in Spires : The frothy Sea
 Rears, as they swim. And now they gain'd the Land,
 (Their glaring Eyes disdain'd with Blood, and Fire)
 And lick'd their hissing Mouths with quiv'ring Tongues.
 Pale at the sight we fly : Their sinuous Trains 260
 They to *Laocoon* roll direct ; and first
 With dire Embrace about the little Limbs
 Of his two Sons both Serpents curling round,
 With cruel Fangs their tender Flesh devour.
 Himself, with Arms advancing to their Help, 265
 They next invade ; and with prodigious Folds
 Inclose him ; now twice wreath'd about his Waist ;
 Their scaly Backs twice round his Neck convolv'd :
 Their Heads and lofty Crests stand high in Air.
 He labours with his Hands to tear the Knots, 270
 (His Fillets with Black Gore, and Poison smear'd)
 And bellows hideously to Heav'n ; as when
 A Bull just wounded from the Altar flies,

And

ginus. I shall here, for the Body ; the Parts of which
 Ease of some Readers, take no- seem to follow and succeed one
 tice of a few more Expressions another, like Men marching
 purely Poetical in the follow- in a *Troop*. So in the Third
 ing Lines. Ver. 212. of the Original, *Agmine* is used to express
 the Motion of a Serpent's Verbes ;

*Cum medii nexus extremæque agmina caudæ
 Solvantur, tardosque trahit sinus ultimus orbes.*

Ver. 218, 219.---- *collo squamea* Wheels ; i. e. *Wheels* upon which
circum Terga dati ; circumdati it should slide. Ver. 237. *In-*
quoad terga, for circumdantes tendunt for *illigant, tie, or bind*
terga. Ver. 229. *Insinuat* for *se* round it.
insinuat, or insinuat. Scelus Ver. 272.---- *As when*---- *A*
expendisse for *sceleris pœnas* Bull just wounded, &c.] This
luisse. Ver. 235, 236. *Rota-* Simile may seem, at first sight,
rum lapsus ; the slidings of a little forced. But let it be
 con-

And with his Neck eludes th' uncertain Axe.
 But both the Serpents, sliding off, repair
 To the high Fane, and stern Tritonia's Tow'r ;
 There lurk secure, beneath the Goddess' Feet,
 And the round Concave of her bossy Shield.

275

A new surprize, and Fear, 'till now unknown,
 Runs thro' the trembling Breasts of All : And now
 They say Laocoon's Crime had well deserv'd
 His Fate ; who durst profane the sacred Wood,
 And hurl against it's Side his impious Spear.
 All cry to draw the Steed within the Town,
 And reconcile the Goddesses.

285

We break the Ramparts, and a Gap disclose ;
 All to the Work addressing : Twisted Cords
 About his Neck, and Wheels beneath his Feet
 They fix : The dire Machine ascends our Walls,
 Teeming with Arms ; Boys, and unmarried Girls
 Sing holy Metre round him, and rejoice
 To touch the Cords : He still with threat'ning Nod
 Slides on, and gains the Middle of the Town.

O

considered that Laocoon had upon This very Spot killed a Bull just before ; and the Priest being compared to the Sacrifice, the Ideas are local and personal, and therefore, one would think, proper. Nor is it necessary that the Things compared should answer each other in all Circumstances ; and so it cannot be reasonably objected, that there is no Resemblance between a Snake and an Axe, &c.

Ver. 289. The dire Machine ascends our Walls, &c.]

---- Scandit fatalis machina muros,
 Fata armis ----

And a little after ;

Illa subit, mediæque minans illabitur urbi :

Who does not see all This as well at read it ?

O *Ilium* ! O my Country ! Seat of Gods !
 And You, *Dardanian* Walls, renown'd in War ! 295
 Four Times ev'n in the Entrance fix'd he stood ;
 And four Times Armour clatter'd in his Womb.
 Yet thoughtless We push on ; and blindly place
 The fatal Monster on the sacred Tow'r.
 Then too, obsequious to the God's Command, 300
Cassandra open'd her prophetick Mouth,
 In vain, and fated ne'er to be believ'd.
 We miserable, doom'd to see That Day
 Our last, the sacred Turrets of the Gods
 With festal Boughs, o'er all the City, crown. 305
 Mean-while the Hemisphere rolls round, and Night
 Swift rushes from the Sea ; in dusky Shade

Involving

Ver. 297. ---- *Armour clatter'd in his Womb.*] as well as of the *Trojans*. As the latter were more than mad not to be alarmed at that Noise ; so the former, who were such cunning Plotters, should have taken care not to make any. It would have been easy to dispose their Arms and Armour in such a manner as to prevent their clashing in their Passage : But if This Incident itself be wrong, the Introduction to it I am sure is right :

O patria ! O divum domus Ilium, &c.

Nothing can be more proper and beautiful in This Place, than such an Apostrophe to the *Manes* of his Country in so moving and pathetic an Exclamation.

Ver. 301. *Cassandra open'd her prophetick Mouth, &c.*] An ordinary Writer, nay one very extraordinary Writer, would probably have told us what she said, and that in a long Speech too ; but *Virgil* knew better.

Ver. 306. *Mean-while the Hemisphere rolls round and Night, &c.*] There is certainly some-

Involving Earth, and Heav'n, and Grecian Frauds.
 The Trojans, scatter'd o'er the Walls, lie hush'd
 In Silence; Sleep relieves their weary Limbs. 310
 And now from Tenedos the Grecian Fleet
 To the known Shores, with well-appointed Ships,
 Sails,

something more imply'd in *Vertitur cælum*, than that it was changed from Light to Darkness: The Hemisphere turned or shifted; there being a new one every 12 Hours, the whole Revolution of the Globe being in 24. Thus Monsieur Segrain renders it, *Cependant le Ciel tourne*. I cannot imagine what *Ruæus* means, by his Interpretation of *ruit Oceano nox*; i. e. (says he) in *Oceanum*. For the Sun-setting, or (as it is fancied) falling into the Sea, the Night follows him thither. Just the contrary: The Earth being really compassed by the Ocean, the Ocean is by the Poets ingeniously supposed to be at the edge of our visible Horizon. And so both Day, and Night, are imagined to set in it, and rise from it. So here as the Day sets into the Western Ocean, the Night rises from the Eastern: According to That of Milton,

---- For the Sun
 Declin'd was hastning now with prone Career
 To th' Ocean Isles, and in th' ascending Scale
 Of Heav'n the Stars which usher Ev'ning rose.

Homer, and Ovid say the same; But it is needless to quote them. See *De La Cérda* upon the Place. And This very Passage Monsieur Segrain renders, *Et la nuit sort des flots*. But This is one of *Ruæus's* *Nosstrums*, among others: And Mr. Dryden follows it in his Translation.
 Ver. 308. Involving Earth,
 and Heav'n, &c.]

Involvens umbrâ magnâ terramque, polumque,

And what else?

Myrmidonumque dolos ----

Who would have expected That? And yet what can be more obvious, after 'tis said? What can be more surprizingly natural, than the Conjunction of Those Words and Ideas? We know Mr. Wycherly's ingenious Reflection upon Some who write *easy things*, i. e. such things as any body may easily write. But This is such easy Writing, as is of all things the most difficult; Or rather, the most uncommon: For a Genius,



Sails, by the friendly Silence of the Moon ;
 The Royal Deck distinguish'd by it's Lights.
 And now, protected by the partial Fates, 315
Sidon by stealth unlocks the *Greeks* inclos'd
 In Timber-Caverns : Them to open Air
 The Horse restores ; and from his hollow Wood
 The joyful Chiefs slide by a Rope let down ;
Tisandrus, *Sthenelus*, and dire *Ulysses*, 320
Athamas, *Thoas*, *Neoptolemus*
 Son of *Achilles*, and *Machaon* first,
 And *Menelaüs*, and the Architect
Epeüs, who the treach'rous Engine form'd. 324
 They seize the Town, immers'd in Sleep, and Wine ;
 Kill all the Sentries ; at the open'd Gates
 Receive their conscious Troops, and join their Friends.
 'Twas now the Season, when the first Repose,
 Sweet Gift of Gods, on weary Mortals creeps :
 Lo!

nius, like *Virgil*, may sometimes do it with great Facility. I say sometimes ; For very often it was otherwise even with Him : And what is now most easy in his Works was with much Time and Study made so.

Ver. 313. --- *The friendly Silence of the Moon.*] 'Tho' the Opinion of Those who by *Lunam silentem*, or *tacitam*, understand the Moon *not shining* is supported by the Authority Of *Pliny*, and Others : yet I agree with Those who take it, far more poetically, for the Silence of the Night joined with the Shining of the Moon. See the Note upon Ver. 830. of the First Book. *Scaliger* proves that *Trey* was taken when the Moon

was at the Full. See *Servius* (who mentions a Third Interpretation) and *De la Cerda* more at large.

Ver. 322. --- *And Machaon first.* Not first in *Quality* ; because here are many of his Superiors mentioned ; particularly *Menelaüs* himself. But He (say Commentators) was the first who came out of the Horse. Why then is he mentioned one of the last ? I confess I cannot tell : And the Word *primus* seems to be oddly inserted. But *Virgil's* Authority must not be questioned, unless the Case be very evident.

Ver. 328. --- 'Twas now the Season when the first Repose, &c.

Lo! in a Dream before my slumb'ring Eyes, 330
 The much afflicted *Hector* seem'd to stand,
 Profuse of Tears; drag'd with the Chariot's Wheels,
 As heretofore; besmear'd with bloody Dust;
 And thro' his swelling Feet transfix'd with Thongs.
 Ah me! How was he from That *Hector* chang'd, 335
 Who once return'd Triumphant in the Spoils
 Of great *Achilles*; or who flung his Fire
 Amidst the *Grecian* Vessels! Foul his Beard;
 His Hair all clung, and clotted with his Blood:
 And in his Body all the Wounds receiv'd 340
 Before his Native Walls. I first began,
 And weeping in These mournful Accents spoke.

O Thou, the Light, and certain Hope of *Troy*;
 How, *Hector*, hast thou been detain'd? From whence
 Com'st thou so long expected? How fatigu'd, 345
 After such various Labours of the State,
 And so much Slaughter of thy Countrymen,

Do

&c.] Some Verses by their Dulness incline a Man to Sleep; but these by their Elegancy. The sweet, smooth, and soft Flowing of them would lull us to the Sleep they describe; did not

Admiration keep us awake. For their Sound is their least Excellence: Every Word almost contains an Idea of a distinct Beauty: especially in that last Clause,

Dono Divum gratissima serpit:

How many Authors would have spent Ten Verses in saying less than is here said in Two? Ver. 272. Orig. *Perque pedes trajectus lora tumentes*: i. e. *Quæ circum plurima muros Accipit*, &c. The Order: *Quæ plurima accipit circum muros*. Ver. 330. Lo! in a Dream, before my slumbering Eyes, &c.

----- On my Soul,

'Tis mournful, wondrous mournful-----

Do we behold thee ? What unworthy Hand
Has soil'd thy Face serene ? Or why Those Wounds ?

He no Reply to my vain Questions gave : 350
But with a dismal Groan, Ah ! fly, he cry'd,
Fly, Goddess-born, and save thee from These Flames.
The Enemy has gain'd our Walls ; and *Troy*
Is tumbling from it's Height. Enough is done
For *Priam* and our Country : If any Hand 355
Could have sav'd *Troy*, by This she had been sav'd.
Her Gods, and her Religion she commends
To Thee ; take These as Partners of thy Fates ;
For these a City seek, which thou at last,
The Ocean having wander'd o'er, shalt build. 360

He said ; And brought the Garlands from their Shrines,
Great *Vesta's* Image, and th' eternal Fire.

Mean while, with Cries confus'd the Walls resound :
And tho' my Father's Palace, fenc'd with Trees,

Stood

Whoever considers the Character of <i>Hector</i> , the Heroic Virtue, as well as Heroic Bravery, the conjugal, filial, and paternal Piety of That excellent Prince, will be the more sensibly	touched with the unutterable <i>Pathos</i> of This Description ; with the Questions which <i>Æneas</i> asks, and with the no Reply which his Friend makes ;
---	---

*Ille nihil, nec me quærentem vana moratur :
Sed graviter gemitus imo de pectore ducens,
Heu ! fuge, vate Dea, teque his, ait, eripe flammis, &c.*

Such a Spirit of Sadness reigns thro' the Whole, as is only to be felt, but cannot be expressed. Then was there ever such a Visionary Scene to introduce such a Real one ? The dismal	Transition from the one to the other is inexpressibly affecting ; The Hero is waked from his frightful Dream by That which fulfils it : For immediately af-
---	---

Eternumque adytis effert penetralibus ignem,
it follows Thus ;

Ver. 363. Mean-while, with [Cries confus'd the Walls resound, &c.]

Diverso

Stood from the Hurry of the Town retir'd ; 365
 The Noise grows loud, and th' undistinguish'd Din
 Of clashing Arms rolls nearer. Rous'd from Sleep,
 I gain the Summit of the high-built House ;
 And stand with list'ning Ears. As when a Flame
 Invades a Field of Corn by driving Winds ; 370
 Or, rushing from the Hills, a rapid Flood
 Lays flat the Product of the Plains, lays flat
 The rising Crop, and Labours of the Plough,
 And with a sweeping Torrent whirls the Woods ;
 On a high Rock the doubtful Peasant stands 375
 Amaz'd, and in his Ear receives the Sound.
 Now all the Truth appear'd, and Grecian Faith
 Lay

*Diverso interea miscentur mœnia luctu ;
 Et magis atque magis (quanquam secreta parentis
 Anchisæ domus, arboribusque obteeta recessit,)
 Clauescunt sonitus ; armorumque ingruit horror.
 Excitior somno, &c.*

He might well be wak'd from themselves are almost enough
 Sleep by what is described in to wake a Man from a Le-
 Those Verses: for the Verses thargy. Especially That

Clauescunt sonitus ; armorumque ingruit horror,
 which has Drums and Trumpets in the Sound of it.

Ver. 569. *As when a Flame,* has cast them into One ; and ne-
 &c.] *Homer* in his Second, and ver did Fire and Water in Con-
 Eleventh *Iliad*, has a Compa- junction better strive for the
 rison of This Kind taken from Mastery, than *Homer's* and *Vir-*
 Fire ; and another in the Fourth *gil's* Similes with each other.
 taken from Water. But *Virgil* That Verse of *Homer*.

Τῶν δὲ γε τήλοσε δοῦπ' ἐν οὐρεσὶν ἔκλυε ποιμὴν,

has indeed a better Sound than *Ignorance*, and *Amazement* in the
 any one of *Virgil's*. But the Shepherd ; upon which the
 Greek Language may be thank- main Stress of the Comparison
 ed for That : *Virgil's* Descrip- turns.

tion, however, has a greater Ver. 377. *Now all the Truth*
 Variety of Circumstances ; par- appear'd, and *Grecian Faith*,
 ticularly Those of *Listening*, &c.] To take *Fides* Ironically,
 E 2 and

Lay plain to View : Now vanquish'd by the Fire
Deiphobus' wide stately Palace falls
 With noisy Ruin : Next *Ucalegon* 380
 Blazes aloft ; The broad *Sigéan* Sea
 Glares with the Conflagration : Loudly found
 The Trumpets Clangor, and the Cries of Men.
 Arms with mad Haste I snatch ; tho' little Hope
 There was from Arms : Yet eager glow'd my Mind 385
 To form a Body for the Fight, and rush
 Into the Citadel among my Friends :
 Anger and Rage precipitate my Soul,
 And glorious 'twas, I thought, to die in Arms.
 Lo ! *Pantheus*, from the *Grecian* Darts escap'd 390
Pantheus Otriades, *Apollo's* Priest,

Bears

and *Infidie* Literally, is a little harsh ; and I rather think the former of These Words is to be understood of the *Truth* of the *Thing*, and of *He*'s Intelligence. I have therefore expressed *That* in the first Word, and transferred the supposed *Irony* to the other ; For supposed it is by many, and those some of the best Interpreters : And That Sense is certainly the most *Elegant* in it self : But there is room to doubt of it's *Propriety* in *This* place for the Reason above mentioned.

Ver. 380. Next *Ucalegon*, &c.] *Ucalegon*, for his *House*, is elegant in the Original : And for the same Reason I think it may be so in a Translation. Whoever thinks otherwise, may, if he pleases, read *Ucalegon's*.

Ver. 384. Tho' little Hope---- here was from Arms.] *Nec*

[*sed rationis in armis*. There was but small Reason, or Cause for my taking Arms ; because the Case was almost desperate. Next Ver. *glomerare* [colligere] *manum* [i. e.] *manum* [militum] a Company, *bello*, i. e. *ad bellum*.

Ver. 387. Into the Citadel, &c.] Monsieur *Segrais* remarks upon the Piety of *Aeneas* in taking care of Religion in the first Place ; and so understands *Arcem* of the Temple. And That it may signify, but not That only : Here, as at the Capitol of *Rome*, the Temple was in the Citadel.

Ver. 390. Lo ! *Pantheus* from the *Grecian* Darts, &c.] The Sacredness and Helplessness of a Priest's Profession, the Utensils of Religion, his Gods, and his little Grandson, make up a most affecting Image in the midst of War, and Confusion.

Bears in his Hands the holy Utenfils,
 His little Grandfon, and his vanquish'd Gods,
 And runs, with pace distracted, to the Shore.
 What Posture, *Pantheus*, has the main Affair? 395
 What Castle do we seize? I scarce had spoke;
 When groaning he reply'd. Our last of Days,
 And *Troy's* inevitable Hour is come;
 We *Trojans* have been, *Ilium* once has been,
 And the long Glory of the *Dardan* Race: 400
 To *Argos* cruel *Jove* has all transferr'd,
 And *Greece* now domineers in flaming *Troy*.
 The lofty Steed in the mid City pours
 Arm'd Troops; and *Sinon* Conqu'ror scatters Fire,
 Insulting: Others thro' the open'd Gates 405
 Arrive by Thousands; a more num'rous Force
 Than ever yet from great *Mycenæ* came.
 Others with Arms the Passes of the Streets [drawn,
 Have seiz'd; Their Swords with glitt'ring Blades stand
 Thirst-

Ver. 395. *What Posture, Pantheus, has the main Affair?* expressive of Haste and Hurry! *Elegant Brevity!*

Quo res summa loco Pantheu? quam prendimus arcem?
Vix ea fatus eram; gemitu cum talia reddidit.

Then how dismal is That

Venit summa Dies!

And how delicate That

Fuimus Troes!

All the Commentators I have seen explain *quo loco* by *quo statu*, and *res summa* by the main chance, as we call it in English, and as it generally signifies. And I believe they are right: But I am not sure that Virgil did not mean, *Where*, or *in what place* is the Stress of Both.

Action? This very well agrees with the next Words; --- *Quam prendimus arcem?*

Ver. 409. *With glitt'ring Blades, &c.* *Corusco* here, as in many other Places, may signify either shining, or brandished. Here it may mean

Thirsting for Blood : The first Guards of the Gates 410
Scarce try the Fight, and blind Resistance make.

By *Pantheus*' Words, and by the Gods inflam'd,
I hurry swift into the Fires, and Arms ;
Where dire *Erinnys*, where the Tumult calls,
And the loud Noise ascending to the Sky. 415

Ripheus, and *Iphitus* renown'd in Arms,
And *Hypanis*, and *Dymas*, by the Moon,
Join me, and thick'ning gather to my Side.
And young *Choræbus*, *Mygdon*'s Son ; who came
By chance in Those unhappy Days to *Troy*, 420
With Love unbounded for *Cassandra* fir'd ;
And, as a Son-in-Law, Assistance brought
To *Priam*, and the *Trojans*: hapless Youth,
Who the Advice of his prophetick Spouse
Had not regarded, 425

Whom when I saw compacted, and resolv'd
For Fight ; I thus begin. Brave Youths, but brave
In vain, if you are fix'd to follow me
Daring the worst ; the Posture of Affairs
You see ; The Gods, by whom This Kingdom stood, 430
Have all withdrawn from their abandon'd Shrines,
And left their Altars : You would yet assist

The

Ver. 416. *Renown'd in Arms*,
&c.] Those who here read *an-*
nis instead of *armis*, prefer That
Reading, because *Virgil* after-
wards says---- *Iphitus ævo jam*
gravior : And I am against it
for That very Reason. Because it
is not *Virgil*'s manner to say a
thing twice, when to say it once
is sufficient.

Ver. 421. *With Love un-*
bounded for Cassandra fir'd.]

This Love-Adventure diverfi-
fies the Subject in a most agree-
able manner. *Sponsa* is used
not only for a *Wife*, but for
one intended to be so. And I
am forced to use *Spouse* in *Eng-*
lish in the same Sense, for want
of another Word. Ver. 347.
Orig. *Incipio super [de] his [re-*
bus.] Next Line ; *si vobis [me]*
audentem, &c.

The flaming City ; let us die, and rush
 Into the thickest Arms : To vanquish'd Men
 The only safety is to hope for None.

435

These Words and Rage to Courage : Thence like
 Wolves

Prouling in gloomy Shade, which Hunger blind
 Urges along, while their forsaken Whelps
 Expect them with dry Jaws ; thro' Darts, thro' Foes
 We march to certain Death, and take our way 440
 Thro' the mid City : Night with dusky Shade
 Involves us. Who the Horrour of That Night,
 The Ruins and Confusion can express ?
 Or equal such prodigious Woes with Tears ?
 Down falls the ancient City, which so long 445

Had

Ver. 436. *Thence like Wolves,* &c.] *Lupi ceu.* Homer exactly ; *καὶ οὕτως ὡς.* I own This Simile does not strike me : Nor can I imagine why Men of Courage and Virtue endeavouring to defend their Country, tho' by Night, should be compared to Wolves ravening for their Prey. There is nothing but the Dark-ness of the Night common to Both ; and That is a Circum-stance not considerable enough to support all the rest. This Com-parison seems more proper for the *Grecians* than for the *Trojans*.

Ver. 437, 438. *Which Hun-ger blind Urges along.*] Perhaps the Reader will be of Opinion, that whom in This place would have been better than *which*. We have certainly Authority from the best *English* Poets to apply That Relative to Beasts, and Birds. And in This Trans-lation I have sometimes done

it myself. *Urges along* is in- deed no Translation of *exegit* ; which here signifies *drove out*, i. e. from their Dens. But I could not well express it in *English*. *Cæcos*, i. e. blinded with their ravenous Appetite, and unapprehensive of Danger. I have transferred the Sense of it to the Hunger which so blinds them.

Ver. 440. *We march to cer- tain Death.*] *Certain*, as They thought ; tho' it proved other- wise to *Æneas*.

Ver. 442. *Who the Horrour of That Night, &c.*] This Sum- mary of Generals is very pro- perly brought in by That pathet- ical Question ; and because they *are* Generals, they are all com- prized in nine Verses which are extremely beautiful : But Particulars being more entertain- ing, the Poet immediately passes to *Them*.

Had proudly reign'd : Thro' Houses, thro' the Streets,
 And Temples, sluggish Carcasses, around,
 Lie, roll'd in Heaps : Nor do the *Trojans* bleed
 Alone ; The Vanquish'd in their Turn resume
 Their Courage ; and the conqu'ring *Grecians* fall. 450
 A Scene of Slaughter every where appears,
 And Terrour, and a thousand Shapes of Death.

First of the *Greeks*, surrounded with a Croud,
Androgeos meets us, thinking us his own
 Associate Troops ; and thus familiar speaks. 455
 Haste, Soldiers ; What Delay retards your Arms ?
 Others divide, and ravage burning *Troy* :
 Come you this Moment from your lofty Ships ?
 He said ; And strait (for Answer was not giv'n

So

Ver. 447. *Sluggish Carcasses*, &c.] *Inertia* is rendered by *Ruæus*, and some others, *inutilia* ; But undoubtedly it is to be taken in it's first, and plain, and yet far more poetical Sense, for *Sluggish* by being dead. A dead Body is not only motionless, but more *heavy* than when it was living. I therefore call such a Carcass *Sluggish*, as I would call a Lump of Lead so.

Ver. 449. *In their Turn*.] Orig. *Quondam* : for *interdum*, *aliquando*.

Ver. 453. *First of the Greeks surrounded with a Croud*, &c.] Here the Fighting begins ; I mean the Particulars of it : and continues 'till Verse 559. of the Original. The Whole is comprehended in no more

than 189 Verses ; and in them there is, I think, as great a Variety of extraordinary Incidents, as in any whole Book of *Homer's Battles*. The Error of *Androgeos* in supposing the *Trojans* to be his Friends : The latter disguising themselves with the Arms of their Enemies : Their Success upon it for some time ; The Attempt of *Choræbus* to rescue *Cassandra* ; The Slaughter of the *Trojans* from their Friends occasion'd by the Mistake of their Arms ; The Discovery of their Stratagem by the *Grecians*, and the Slaughter consequent upon it ; The Besieging and Taking of the Palace : and lastly the Death of *Priam*. All These Particulars illustrated by a great Number of beautiful Descriptions,

So friendly as he thought) he found himself 460
 Amidst his Foes : Surpriz'd with Fear he back
 Recoil'd, and with his Speech repress'd his Steps.
 Like One, who unawares in prickly Thorns
 Has trod upon a Snake ; and starting fled
 Him rousing all his Venom, and with Rage 465
 Heaving his speckled Neck. *Androgeos* so
 Shudd'ring withdrew. We forwards rushing press,
 And them, around inclos'd with clatt'ring Arms,
 Unknowing of the place, and struck with Fear
 We vanquish : Fortune crowns our first Attempt. 470
 Flush'd with new Fire, and proud of his Success,
Gboræbus Thus advis'd. O Friends, the Way
 To Conquest, which our first kind Fortune shews,
 Let us pursue ; and follow where she leads.
 Our Habit let us change ; and wear disguis'd 475
 The Grecian Shields and Helmets : Who would ask
 Whether 'twere Art, or Valour, in a Foe ?

Them-

tions, Similes, and Speeches ;
 and the Confusion, Horror,
 and Distress, heightened to a
 Degree inexpressible.

Ver. 460. *He found, &c.*] *Sensit*
medios delapsus, &c. Grecism :
 for *sensit se delapsus esse, &c.*

Ver. 463. *Like one, who un-*
awares, &c.] Nothing need be
 added to the Account which
 Mr. Pope has given of This
 beautiful Simile, in his Remark
 upon That of Homer [*Iliad* the
 Third] from whence it is taken,
 and much improved. The Hif-
 sing of the Verses by the fre-
 quent Repetition of the Letter S,
Imprævisum aspiris, &c. As be-
 fore, *Fit sensus spontante solo,*

&c. is a Matter of common Ob-
 servation, and was without doubt
 designed by the Poet. Ver. 385.
Orig. aspirat : i. e. favet. So
Ovid Metam. Cæpiis aspirate
meis.

Ver. 437. *Kind.*] *Quæque of-*
tendit se dextra ; The Sense is
 the same as if it were *dextram ;*
i. e. propitiam.

Ver. 477. *Whether 'twere Art*
or Valour in a Foe, &c.] Who
 indeed would ask such a Ques-
 tion ? And why therefore does
Æneas exclaim so vehemently
 against the Fraud of *Simon*, and
 the *Greeks* ? What did all the
 Contrivance of the Wooden-
 Horse, &c. amount to, more
 than

Themselves shall give us Arms. Thus having said,
 Himself puts on the bossy burnish'd Shield,
 And crested Helmet which *Androgeos* wore ; 480
 And buckles to his Side the *Grecian* Sword.
 The same does *Ripheus*, *Dymas* next, then all
 The Youth, exulting : With the recent Spoils
 Each arms himself : Among the *Greeks* we march,
 Mingled, with Gods not ours : In gloomy Shades 485
 Obscure, by various Skirmishes we fight ;
 And many of the *Greeks* we send to Hell.
 Some to their Ships retire, and flying seek
 The faithful Shores : While, seiz'd with Coward Fear,
 Others again ascend the monstrous Horse, 490
 And in the well-known Belly lurk conceal'd.

All human Confidence, alas ! is vain,
 When Heav'n opposes. From *Minerva's* Shrines,
 And Temple, lo ! the *Priameian* Maid,
Cassandra, with dishevel'd Hair is drag'd, 495
 Throwing in vain her glaring Eyes to Heav'n ;

Her

than a *Stratagem of War* ? I answer, it was joined with the most solemn Treachery, Lying and Perjury. Ver. 485. *With Gods not ours,* &c.] That is, either with unpropitious Gods ; As, on the Reverse,

----- *Ferunt sua flamina classem.*

in the Fifth Book : Or with the Gods who favoured the *Grecians* (as *Juno*, *Pallas*, &c.) engraven upon their Armour. Ver. 495. *Cassandra with dishevel'd Hair is drag'd,* &c.] This is a beautiful Image, if ever there was one in the World. Especially That
 Ver. 592. *All human,* &c.] *Nihil* [for non] *fas est quinquam*

----- *Ardentia lumina frustra ;*

and then the Repetition of *lumina* - na in the next Verse, with the Reason of it,

Lumina ; nam teneras arcebant vincula palmas :
Non tulit hanc speciem, &c.

Her Eyes; for Bonds confin'd her tender Hands.
 Enrag'd by Love to Madness, such a Sight
Choræbus could not bear; but desp'rate flings
 Himself into the Middle of the Foes: 500
 We follow all, into the thickest Arms
 Rushing. Here first from the high Temple's Top
 Our Friends with Darts o'erwhelm us; Thence ensues
 A dreadful Slaughter, by our Armour's Form,
 And by the Error of our *Grecian* Plumes. 505
 Then at the Rescue of the Royal Maid
 The *Greeks* enrag'd, invade us; *Ajax* fierce,
 Both the *Atrida*, all the *Dolopes*,
 Gath'ring from ev'ry Part. As when the Winds
 Adverse in Hurricane abrupt engage, 510
Notus, and *Zephyrus*, and *Eurus* swift
 Exulting with his Eastern Steeds: The Woods
 Roar loud; And *Nereus* with his Trident storms
 Foamy, and from the Bottom stirs the Deep.

Those

Ver. 497. *Confin'd her tender Hands.*] *Arcebant* for *coercebant*.

Ver. 501. *Arms.*] Either into *Theirs*; or with our own. The Former is the better. *Incurrimus armis* [hostium.]

Ver. 506. *Then at the Rescue of the Royal Maid, &c.*] *Tum Danaï gemitu, atque ereptæ virginis ira, &c.* What is the Meaning of this *gemitu*? None of the Commentators take any Notice of it; and yet I think it a Word very oddly inserted: *Ruæus*, in his Prose, renders it by *dolore*; but whether it be apply'd to *Cassandra* and the *Trojans*, or to the *Greeks*, He does

not tell us. For myself, I think it should rather be apply'd to the former: The *Greeks* were rally'd together first by the Cries of *Cassandra*, and the desperate *Trojans*, assisting her, and then more so by their own Rage at her Rescue.

Ver. 509. *As when the Winds, &c.*] This Simile is taken from the Ninth *Iliad*; and is very beautiful in both Poets: But *Virgil* (as usual) is most particular in the *material* and *finishing* Circumstances. Ver. 420. *Orig. si quos, for quoscunque.* I have several times remark'd upon other Instances of This Kind.

Those too, whom we by Stratagem dispers'd 515
 In Night obscure, and drove thro' all the Town,
 Appear ; They first discern our borrow'd Arms,
 And in our Speech the disagreeing Sounds.
 Strait Multitudes o'erpow'r us : And before
 Minerva's Altar, first Choraëbus falls, 520
 Kill'd by Peneleus ; Ripheus next, than whom
 No Trojan was more just and good ; tho' Heav'n
 Decreed not so : Dymas, and Hypanis,
 Stab'd by their Friends : Nor could thy Piety,
 O Pantheus, nor the consecrated Wreaths 525
 Of Phæbus, save thee from as hard a Fate.
 You, ye dear Ruins, and last Flames of Troy,
 I call to witness ; that I ne'er declin'd
 The Greeks, nor shrink'd from Dangers in your Fall :
 And had I been by Destiny decreed 530
 To die ; my Actions merited my Death.
 Thence Iphitus, and Pelias, with Myself,
 Were hurry'd : Iphitus infirm with Age,
 And Pelias halting by Ulysses' Wound.

Hence

Ver. 522, 523. *Tho' Heav'n*
 -----Decreed not so.] *Diis aliter*
vifum. i. e. by an Ellipsis, de-
 creed not that he should be suc-
 cessful. *Vifum*, for *placuit*.

Ver. 527. *You, ye dear Ruins,*
 &c.] As This solemn Protesta-
 tion is natural and affecting in
 itself ; so it is much better in
 the Middle of the Confusion,
 and Distress, than it would have
 been either at the Beginning, or
 the End. Because the Narra-
 tive is agreeably interrupted,
 and the Mind unexpectedly di-

verted by so sudden an Excla-
 mation. The full Import of
 the Word *Vices* in This Place, is
 very difficult, if not impossible,
 to be expressed in our Language.
 It means *mala vicissim illata* [à
Danais.] Ver. 106. *Ulysses'*
Wound.] *Vulnere Ulyssæi*, i. e.
Vulnere ab Ulyssæ dato. So
 Book xii. 51. *Nostro sequitur de*
Vulnere sanguis ; with many o-
 ther Instances. And 'tis as poe-
 tically elegant in *English* as in
Latin.

Hence the loud Noise to Priam's Royal Seat 535
 Calls us away : Here fierce the Battle burns ;
 So fierce, as if in other Parts no War
 Were heard, no other Slaughter thro' the Town.
 A Fight so obstinate we see ; and Crouds
 Of Greeks, beneath a Canopy of Shields, 540
 Thick

Ver. 535. Hence the loud Noise to Priam's Royal Seat, &c.] Here the Fight was such, he says, as if there had been no other over all the City : And the Description of it is such, as if there had been no other Description in all the Book. The changing of the Scene from the common Streets of the Town, to the King's Palace, both diversifies, and heightens the Image : And the extreme Obstinacy of the Fight on both Sides, the furious Attack on the one, and the desperate Defence on the other ; That noble Description of *Pyrrhus*, the Violence and Rage of his Assault, in which one trembles for good old King *Priam*, and the Court, at every Advance he makes ; The Breach made in the Walls, thro' which, as it is expressed in That fine Verse,

Apparet domus intus, & atria longa pateſcunt ;

The Distraction of the whole Court, especially of the Ladies, shrieking, and running from one Room to another, hugging and kissing the Pillars, &c. The farther widening of the Breach at

---- *labat arjete crebro*

Janua, & emoti procumbunt cardine postes ;

The Torrent of the Enemies rushing in, with That noble Simile,

Non ſic aggeribus ruptis cum ſpumeus amnes, &c.

The Royal Apartments, and Bed-Chambers crouded with plundering Soldiers, the magnificent Furniture huddled in heaps, and the whole Palace in Flames and Ruin ; All Theſe Circumſtances concur to give us ſuch a complicated Image of Horreur and Confuſion, as we can only admire ; but can never fully explain.

Ver. 536. The Battle, &c.] *Ingentem pugnam [cernimus.]*

That Word is expreſſ'd juſt afterwards ; And the Force of it affects This place.

Ver. 540. ---- Beneath a Canopy of Shields.] --- *Alia teſtudine.* Their Shields joined together, or linked in one another, in a convex Form, like the Shape of a Tortoiſe-Shell (therefore called *Teſtudo*) making as it were a Roof, or Canopy, to cover a great Body of Men.

Thick rushing to the Palace ; and the Gates
 By Siege assaulted. Scaling-Ladders hang
 Against the Walls : And by the Steps they strive
 To gain the Door ; With their left Hands oppose]
 Their Shields to Storms of Arrows, with their right 545
 Grasp at the Battlements. To Them adverse
 The *Trojans* tumble Roofs, and Turrets down ;
 Seeing the worst, and in the last Extremes
 Of Death, such Arms they use for their Defence ;
 Rolling down gilded Beams, the stately Pomp 550
 Of Royal Ancestors : With Swords unsheath'd
 Others stand thick below, and guard the Doors.
 Fresh with recruited Rage, we fly to save
 The Court, and re-inforce our fainting Friends.
 There was an unregarded Postern Door, 555
 Twixt *Priam's* Palaces contiguous plac'd,
 An Entry of a private Use ; through which
 Hapless *Andromache*, while *Troy* remain'd,
 (Such was her Custom) unattended went,
 To see the aged Royal Pair, and bring 560
 Her young *Astyanax* to his Grandfire's Arms.

Up

Ver. 543, 544. *Strive to gain the Doors.*] *Sub postes ipsos [portarum] nituntur [ascendere ad eas portas.]*

Ver. 560. *Aged Royal Pair.*] Orig. *Soceros : i. e. Socrum Priamum, & socrum Hecubam.*

Ver. 561. *Her young Astyanax to his Grandfire's Arms.*] This cool Image of natural Affection, brought in by the way, is very proper to vary the Scene of Warlike Fire and Fury. Mon-

sieur Segrais has another, and that a very judicious, and material Remark upon it ; viz. that the Addition of This pathological Circumstance takes off from the Littleness of such an Idea as an Entry and a Back-Door ; which is extremely artful in the Poet. The same he says concerning that Circumstance of the Tower afterwards mention'd, that from thence they had a Prospect of all the City, and of the Grecian Camp,

Up to the highest Battlements I go ;
 From whence the miserable Trojans flung
 Their unavailing Darts. There stood a Tow'r
 Tall, and conspicuous ; from the lofty Roof 565
 Rais'd to the Stars : From whence all Troy we view'd,
 The Grecian Navy, and the Grecian Camp.
 This we encompass round ; and with our Steel,
 Just where th' extremest Planks disjointed gave

Easiest

Camp, and Navy. And These he produces as Specimens of Virgil's Skill and Judgment in elevating little Things, and giving them an Heroic Turn, among many Instances of the like nature.

Ver. 565. *Tall, and conspicuous, &c.*]. Ruæus, and Monsieur Segrais render in *præcipiti flantem*, by *sloping*, or *leaning*. But the other Interpreters (whom I rather follow) take it to signify no more than *high*. And so That of Juvenal is understood : *Omne in præcipiti vitium stetit* ; i. e. it is come to it's greatest height : And that (as it appears from the Context) must be the Meaning. In the same Ver. *sub astra*. To say *under the Stars*, literally, is to say nothing, for every Thing on Earth is so. *Sub* therefore has here the Sense of *ad*, by way of Hyperbole : And so in other Places. And the diligent and attentive Readers will observe many Instances of This Kind in reading the Poets.

Ver. 569. *Just where th' extremest Planks, &c.*] Most Commentators take no notice of

summa as here apply'd to *Tabulata* ; and the rest leave it as obscure as they found it. In it's first and most usual Sense it signifies *uppermost*, or *high* : But That, I presume, is not the Meaning of it here ; because then only the topmost *Story* would have been thrown down, which does not so well agree with the Ruin here described. Sometimes it stands for *deep*, or *low* ; but never in *Virgil* : If it did in any other part of his Works, I should take it so here. But even in Him it frequently signifies the *extremest*, or most outward parts ; and so I understand it in This place. The outside Planks (towards the Bottom, or at least in the Middle, otherwise the Ruin could not have been so great) were disjointed ; and they took the Advantage of That to make a *farther* and *deeper* Irruption. Thus this Word is used Book 1. l. 741--*summo tenuis attigit ore*. And Book 12. l. 434. *Summaque per galeam, &c.* I am sensible that *Tabulatum*, strictly speaking, signifies not a *Plank*, but a *Floor*, *Loft*, or *Story* ; but a common

Easiest Access, we rend it from on high 570
 Push'd forward : Swift with Ruin, loud with Noise,
 It thunders down, and on the *Grecian* Troops
 With wide Destruction falls : But Others still
 Succeed them ; Nor do Stones, or any Kind
 Of Weapons cease to fly. 575
 In the first Portal, storming at the Door,
Pyrrhus exults ; with Arms, and brazen Light
 Refulgent. Like a Snake, in open Air ;
 Who all the Winter, fed with noxious Herbs,
 And swoln with Poison, lurk'd in Earth, and there 580
 Cast his old Skin ; now glitt'ring, new with Scales,
 And sleek in Youth, he rolls his slipp'ry Spires ;
 Erect against the Sun his burnish'd Breast
 Uprears, and darts his quiv'ring forky Tongue.
 With him his Squire *Automedon*, who drove 585
Achilles' Steeds, great *Periphas*, and all
 The *Scyrian* Youth advance ; and to the Top
 Hurl flaming Brands : In the first Ranks Himself,
 Grasping a Battle-Axe, the stubborn Doors

Bursts

common Synecdoche will save
 That : And since it is said that
 the Tower it self [*ca lapsa re-
 pente, &c.*] not the Top only,
 was tumbled down, I understand
summa in the Sense I mentioned.
 But if any Reader likes the o-
 ther Interpretation better [the
 uppermost Story] he is free to
 take it.

Ver. 578. *In open Air.*] O-
 rig. *In lucem*, subaud. *prodit*,
 or some such Word. *Ruens*
 makes no Grammar of it.

Ver. 579. *Fed with noxious
 Herbs, &c.*] It is doubtful,

(and Commentators are divided
 in their opinions upon it) whe-
 ther *mala gramina passus* is to
 be referred to his feeding in the
 Winter under ground ; or in the
 Summer above ground. I do
 not enough understand the Histo-
 ry of Animals, to determine
 This point : But as it may relate
 to Either in the Orig. so it
 may in my Translation. This
 is in all respects a most fine Si-
 mile : And beyond comparison
 superiour to That of the 22d
Iliad, from which it is taken.

Bursts thro', and from their massy Hinges rends 590
 The brazen Posts ; Now, having hewn the Beams,
 He splits their solid Timber, and a Gap
 Discloses wide. Th' interior Court appears ;
 Long Gall'ries, Priam's Rooms of State, and all
 Th' Imperial Pomp of ancient Kings they see, 595
 And Sentries standing at the Doors in Arms.

But with confus'd Laments, the inner Rooms,
 With Tumult, Noise, and wild Distraction, sound ;
 The echoing Palace rings with female Shrieks,
 And the shrill Clamour beats the golden Stars. 600
 From place to place the trembling Matrons run,
 Thro' the vast Court ; and cling, and hug, and kiss
 The Pillars : *Pyrrhus* with his Father's Fire
 Still pushes on ; Nor can the Bars, or Guards
 Sustain his Fury : To the Batt'ring Rams 605
 The Gate gives way ; And from their Hinges torn
 The solid Posts lie flat. A spacious Breach
 Is made ; The thronging *Greeks* break in ; then kill
 The first they meet ; and with arm'd Soldiers croud
 The rich Apartments. With less rapid Force 610
 A foamy River, when th' opposing Dams
 Are broken down, rolls rushing o'er the Plain,
 And sweeping whirls the Cattle with their Folds.

These

Ver. 600. ---- *Beats the golden Stars.*] ---- *Ferit aurea sidera clamor* : This Epithet seems to be a meer Expletive : And it is certainly an Idea which adds nothing to the Distress. There are some other (tho' but a few) Instances of the same Kind in *Virgil's* Works. I have nothing to say

for it, but that in Poetry every thing is excused by Variety.

Ver. 607. ----- *A spacious Breach* ---- *Is made* ----] *Fit via vi.* This is no *Pun*, as Some would have it to be : Because here is no Ambiguity. Here is a Likeness of Sound indeed ; and it sounds prettily.

These Eyes saw *Pyrrhus* raging, smear'd with Gore,
 And both th' *Atrida* in the Entrance storm ; 615
 Amidst an hundred Daughters saw the Queen ;
 And *Priam* on the Altars, with his Blood
 Pollute Those hallow'd Fires, which he himself
 Had consecrated. Fifty Bridal Rooms,
 (So great their Hopes of num'rous future Heirs) 620
 The Posts with Trophies, and Barbarick Gold
 Magnificent, lay smoaking on the Ground ;
 Where the Flames fail, the *Greeks* supply their place.

Perhaps for *Priam's* Fate you will enquire.
 He, when he saw the captive City's Fall, 625
 His Gates torn off their Hinges, and the Foe
 Within his Palace, Armour long disus'd,
 With vain Attempt, upon his Shoulders hangs,
 Trembling

Ver. 624. Perhaps for *Priam's* Fate you will enquire, &c. Yes doubtless, every Body must : And here is such an Answer to the Question as no Body but *Virgil* could have given us. To use the Words of *Ventidius* again, *Was ever Sight so moving ?* The awful Character of a great and good King ; His hoary Age, which increases both our Reverence for his Person, and our Pity for his Misfortunes ; His vain Attempt to die with Glory, by putting on Armour, when he was scarce able to stand under the weight of it ; The gentle Dissuasive of his Queen, and her receiving him to Her self and Daughters, for whom he was fit Company, being as helpless as Them-

selves ; The Murder of his Son before his Face ; That most pathetic Speech extorted from him by Grief, Anger, and Despair ; And his feeble Effort to wound, as well as provoke, his insulting Enemy ; The hot, rapid, and insolent Youth of *Pyrrhus*, opposed to the venerable, pious, and trembling Age of *Priam* ; The inhumane Butchering of the latter by the former, before the Altar, in the presence of his Queen, and Daughters, and in the Blood of his Son ; Are all Circumstances, which cannot well fail of drawing Tears not only from the Softness of a Woman, but from the Bravery and Generosity of a Hero.

Trembling with feeble Age ; and to his Side
 Girds an unprofitable Sword ; then flings 630
 Himself, resolv'd to die, among the Foes.
 Just in the Centre of the Court, beneath
 The open Sky, a spacious Altar stood ;
 Near it an ancient Laurel, hanging o'er
 The sacred Hearth, and cov'ring with it's Shade 635
 The Household-Gods: Here *Hecuba*, and all
 Her Daughters, like a Flock of trembling Doves
 Driv'n by a Tempest, vainly round the Shrines
 Clinging, embrac'd the Statues of the Gods.
 But when in youthful Arms she saw the King ; 640
 What desp'rate Rage, she cry'd, what Frenzy moves
 My wretched Husband to be harness'd Thus ?
 Or whither wouldst thou ? Not such Aid as Thine,
 Nor such Defenders does the Time require ;
 Not, tho' my *Hector's* self were here in Arms. 645
 But come ; This Altar shall protect us All :
 At

Ver. 630. *Girds.*] As *Cingitur* has here the same Sense as *induitur* ; it governs the same Case. Ver. 517. Orig. *tenebant* [ea.]

Ver. 645. *Not tho' my Hector's self, &c.*] The Sense here, though good at the bottom, is a little dark at first sight. It may be objected ; Would *Priam's* Help then have been more wanted, had *Hector* been alive ? No ; unless for this Reason only, that it would have been more likely to be *effectual*. The Meaning is ; Things are now

so desperate, that not only such Aid as Yours is of no Avail, but even *Hector's* were he living, would be so too : tho' Yours, in conjunction with His, might seem to promise a little more than it does now, and Your Attempt would be somewhat less extravagant. *De la Cerda* thinks there is some hidden Meaning in her saying *my Hector*, rather than *yours*, or *ours* ; as if He were the Son of some God : but I rather take it to be a fond, motherly Expression, and no more.

At least we will be joined in Death. This said,
 She to herself receiv'd the aged King,
 And plac'd him trembling in the sacred Seat.

When lo ! *Polites*, one of *Priam's* Sons, 650
 By slaught'ring *Pyrrhus* press'd, thro' Darts, thro' Foes,
 Gazing about, runs round the spacious Court,
 And wounded thro' the winding Cloysters flies.
 Him, ardent, threat'ning with a mortal Dart,
Pyrrhus pursues ; just ready with his Hand 655
 To seize him, and discharge the deadly Blow.
 At length, arriv'd before his Parents' Eyes,
 He fell ; and welt'ring in a Flood of Gore,
 Pour'd out his Soul. Here *Priam*, tho' beset
 With Death on ev'ry side, could not refrain ; 660
 But Thus indulg'd his Rage. For Crimes like These,
 So bold, and monstrous, may the righteous Gods
 (If Heav'n has any Justice, that regards
 Such Outrages) reward thee, as thy Deeds
 Deserve ; who thus hast forc'd me to behold 665
 The Murder of my Son, and with his Blood,
 Barbarian ! couldst pollute a Father's Sight.
 Not so *Achilles*, whom with lying Vaunt
 Thou call'st Thy Father ; he not so behav'd
 To *Priam* his Foe : But rev'rencing the Rights, 670
 And

Ver. 654. *Threat'ning with,*
 &c.] Orig. *Insequitur vulnera,*
 i. e. *telo vulnus infligetur.*

Ver. 655, 6. *Just ready*]--*deadly*
Blow.] For that is the meaning
 of *Jam jamque manu tenet, &*
premit hasta. Ver. 535. Orig.
At te &c. There is an Elegance
 in the Particle *at*, not to be
 express'd in English. Next

Verse, The Word *Pietas* some-
 times signifies *Mercy, Justice,*
 &c. or *Virtue* in general. So
Virgil elsewhere ; *pia numina.*
 Ver. 541. *In hoste* for *in hostem.*
 Ver. 545. *Conjecit*, is remark-
 able, as apply'd to the *old Man* :
 In a young one 'twould have
 been *contorsit.* Ibid. *repulsum* [est.]

And Faith of Suppliants, *Hector's* Corps restor'd
To Burial; and dismiss'd me to my Realms.

So spake the aged Sire; And feebly flung,
Without a Wound, an unperforming Dart:
Which, by the Target's sounding Brass repuls'd, 675
Hung on the Surface of it's bossy Orb.

To whom Thus *Pyrrhus*. Thou shalt then relate
Such Crimes; and bear This Message to my Sire
Achilles; Him remember to inform
Of my foul Deeds, and his degen'rate Boy: 680

Now die. Then drags him to the sacred Hearth,
Trembling, and sliding, on the slipp'ry Ground,
In his Son's Blood; and, twisting in his Hair
His Left hand, with his Right his glitt'ring Sword
Deep to the Hilt he plunges in his Side. 685

Such was the End of *Priam's* Fate; the last
Concluding Scene, which Destiny decreed
To *Asa's* Lord; once o'er so many Realms,
And Nations, Sov'reign Monarch; having seen
His *Troy* in Flames, and tumbling to the Ground: 690
Upon the Shore the Royal Body lies
Expos'd; the Head from off the Shoulders torn;
A Trunk dishonour'd, and without a Name,
Here Horror first surrounded me. Amaz'd

I stood;

Ver. 680. Foul.] *Tristia*: for in *latere*, or in *latus*. Ver.
i. e. *horrida*, *detestanda*, Ver. 555. *Tulit* for *abstulit*.
552. Orig. *Implicuitque comam* Ver. 694. Here Horror first
lævâ. I would rather read *Implicuitque comæ lævâ*; tho' the
lævâ. I would rather read *Implicuitque comæ lævâ*; tho' the
Other will do. Next Ver. *Ex-* surrounded me, &c.] What a
tulit: i. e. *evaginavit*. *Lateri* Turn is This? How different
are his Sentiments here from what
they were at Verse 314, Orig.

Arma amens capio, &c.

And afterwards,

I stood ; My Father's Image to my Mind 695
 It self presented ; when I saw the King,
 In Age his Equal, by a barb'rous Wound
 Expiring : To my Thoughts at once recurr'd
 My dear *Creüsa* left at home, my House
 Expos'd to Plunder, and th' impending Fate 700
 Of young *Iulus*. Round I look'd, to see
 What Force was near : All harrafs'd out were gone ;
 Some leaping to the Ground ; Some, spent and sick
 With Toil, had flung themselves into the Flames.
 Now I alone remain'd ; When in the Porch 705
 Of

*Talibus Otriadæ dictis, & numine divum
 In flammis, & in arma feror, &c.*

In the Heat and Hurry of the King, he is seized with Hor-
 War, he was all Fire, and rour ; which is incomparably
 Fury : But now after the utter expressed in that cool and dif-
 Ruin of his Country, and par- mal manner, all in slow Spon-
 ticularly the Death of the dées,

At me tum primum sævus circumstetit horror ;

and thinks it no Impeachment can now be the Object of his
 of his Courage that he is so : Thoughts. Then the Tran-
 Since This is the first time he sition from the Distress of his
 is so seized ; And, supposing Country in general to That of
 him to have the Sentiments of Himself and his Family in par-
 a Man, nothing but Horrour ticular, is no less remarkable ;

---- *Subiit cari genitoris imago,
 Ut regem æquævum, &c.*

His care (as Monsieur Segrain I know ; or as I had reason to
 judiciously observes) was for fear.
 his Religion in the first place, Ver. 705. Now I alone re-
 for his King and Country in the main'd ; when in the Porch,
 second, and for his Family, in &c.] What Contradiction there
 the third. It is hard to say, is in This Passage to That
 whether the Piety, and true which is related by *Deiphobus*
 rational Courage of the Hero, in the Sixth Book, I cannot
 or the Art of the Poet be more apprehend. Why should not He-
 considerable. len be in *Deiphobus*'s House at

Ver. 700. *Expos'd, &c.*] O-
 rig. *directa* : subaud. *for aught* This Temple at another ? For
 it

Of *Vesta's* Temple *Helen* I behold
Silent, and lurking in the sacred Seat.
The glaring Conflagration, as I rove,

And

it does not necessary follow, that, because she had endeavoured by betraying *Deiphobus* to oblige *Menelaüs*, he was therefore so obliged by her : And so she might afterwards be lurking in This Temple with Fear, and Consciousness of her Guilt. That *Menelaüs*, after the Burning of *Deiphobus's* Palace, did not stay to amuse himself with her Conversation, is most certain, as *Monsieur Segrais* observes ; because after That (which was the first Remarkable Incident of This dreadful Night,

---- jam *Deïphobi* dedit ampla ruinam
Vulcano superante domus ----)

We twice meet with *Menelaüs*, in the thickest of the Battle.

Et gemini Atridae ---- *geminisque in limine Atridas*.

Then as to the Propriety of This Passage, Mr. Dryden's Friend wrongs *Virgil* very much ; when he says that the Hero enters into an unmanly Deliberation to kill her in a Church *. For tho' she was in a Church ; it is no Consequence that he intended to kill her there : Why could not he drag her out of it first, and kill her afterwards ? According to the Practice of the Jews, and Others, to Those who had taken Sanctuary in Temples, but were not fit to be protected by them. Moreover it must be considered, that He himself foresees and answers the Objection relating to her Sex,

---- *etsi nullum memorabile nomen*
Fœminæ in pœna est. ----
Extinxisse nefas tamen ----
---- *cineres satiasse meorum*.

And after all, he only thinks of which too nothing could be more such a thing in the Heat of just ;
Rage and Resentment, than

Talia jactabam & furiata mente ferebar ;

But he might still have for- and Reflection. However, I
born it (tho' *Venus* had not ap- acknowledge These Objections
peared), upon cooler Thought have some weight : And be-
sides,

* *Life of Virgil*,

And throw my Eyes around, affords me Light.
 There She, the common Pest of Greece, and Troy, 710
 Fearing the Trojans for their City's Fall
 Incens'd, the just Resentments of the Greeks,
 And her abandon'd Husband's Rage, conceal'd
 Her self, and skulking on the Altars fate

The

sides, there are Expressions in Supervisors of *Virgil's Works*,
 These 22 Lines said to have which seem unworthy of That
 been expunged by *Tucca*, and great Poet.
Varius, who were appointed as

---- *Sceleratas sumere pœnas*

looks harsh, and unnatural : so should some others which
 And *sâdarit sanguine* seems im- follow ; because they have a
 proper ; (Because Sweat is a manifest Connexion with them,
 Moisture that issues from the and are not so much as Sense
 Body to which it belongs, not without them. And by These
 such a one as is poured upon I do not mean Those which
 it :) And perhaps the same Mr. *Addison* mentions in his
 may be said of *animum ultricis most ingenious Account of Ita-*
flammæ. But then if Those ly * : It is true,
 Verses ought to be retrenched ;

Non tibi Tyndaridis, &c. Culpatusve Paris ----

is more proper with them ; but of whom by the way he does
 it is not improper without them. not mention in the foregoing
 For *Æneas* might be well sup- Speech) tho' That Speech had
 posed to have such a Thought of never been spoken by him. But
Helen, and *Paris*, (the latter That

Nate, quis indomitas tantus dolor excitat iras ?
Quid furis ? &c.

would have been perfect Non- " Apparition of *Venus* comes in
 sense without That Speech, or " very properly to draw *Æneas*
 something of the same Kind " from the Sight of *Priam's*
 going before it. Neither do I " Murder, &c." I presume he
 perhaps rightly conceive Mr. means, to draw him away af-
Addison, when he says, " the ter he had seen *Priam's* Mur-
 der ;

BOOK 2. VIRGIL'S ÆNEIS. 119

The curst Incendiary. Within my Breast 715
 Glow'd furious Fires, inflam'd me to revenge
 My ruin'd Country, and due Punishment
 Inflict on Crimes. Shall then this Sorc'refs safe
 Visit *Mycenæ*, and her Native Soil?
 Shall she, a Queen in pompous Triumph ride, 720
 Her

der; for he *had* seen the whole Transaction, and largely described it, before These 22 Ver-

*Respicio, & quæ sit me circum copia lustro;
 Deservere omnes, &c.*

and as the *Grecian* General may reasonably be supposed to be surrounded with Numbers of his Friends, They being now entirely Conquerors, and the *Trojans* utterly subdued: *Æneas* might be supposed, without any Reflection upon his Courage, to be seized with Horror (as he says he was) at the Murder of the King; and so to leave "*Neoptolemus* triumphant, and "*Priam* unrevenged." Tho' I confess therefore the Machine of *Venus* would have come in properly There; yet, with the greatest Submission to the *English* Successor of *Virgil*, I do not think it was required, either to save the Honour of the Hero, or for any other purpose whatsoever.

Monsieur *Segrais* in his XIXth Remark upon This Book, takes a great deal of (in my Opinion) unnecessary pains to vindicate the Hero's Courage with regard to This, and other Incidents thro' This

whole Night. What he says is indeed sufficient, even notwithstanding his Concessions; which yet he ought not to have made. Because *Æneas* owns he saw the Rage of *Pyrrhus*, and the *Atridæ*, and the Death of *Priam*, and did not fight with the three first, and revenge the last; his Honour, forsooth, must be called in question. All These Objections proceed (as I have hinted before, and as Monsieur *Segrais* himself observes) from not distinguishing between true Courage, and Madness; between surprizing Adventures, and impossible ones; between an ancient *Æneas*, and a modern *Anadis de Gaul*. *Æneas* behaves himself with the utmost Intrepidity in all places wherever he comes, and his Posts are always the most important, and the most dangerous: But because he could not be conveniently in all places at once, his Courage must be reflected upon

Her Comfort, Parents, House, and Children see,
 Surrounded with our Captive *Trojan* Dames :
 While *Priam* by the Sword expires, *Troy* burns,
 The *Dardan* Shore so often sweats with Blood ?
 Not so : for tho' a Woman's Death affords 725
 No Glory, nor does Fame the Conquest crown ;
 At least the Praise of having eas'd the World
 Of such a Trait'refs shall be Mine ; I'll take
 Due Vengeance : 'Twill be some Relief, to glut
 My Rage, and with a Sacrifice so just 730
 The *Manes* of my Country to appease,
 Such Passions tossing in my Stormy Breast,
 I hurry forward : When to Sight reveal'd
 My heav'nly Parent, never seen before
 So clearly, to my Eyes her self presents, 736
 Confess'd

upon. Yes ; but he *saw* the Death of *Priam*, yet neither assisted him, nor revenged him. To the Latter I have said something already : But besides, as to Both ; He was upon the Top of the House, while *Priam* was in the open Court below : Would These Criticks have had him jump off the Battlements, and break his Neck, in order to come at the *Grecians*, and assist, or revenge the King ? For the Business below was soon over ; and a thousand things may be supposed to hinder him from coming time enough to do any service : All the Gates and Passages, except the Back-door aforesaid, if That may be excepted, being possessed by the *Grecians*. Yet notwithstanding This, and a great deal more which Monsieur *Segrais* alledges, and to which I refer the Reader, he in some measure yields the Point ; and therefore to soften the matter, and *pour nous conformer a nos mœurs*, renders *vidi* by *on vuid*. Had I been in his place, I would *bardiment*, and without any more ceremony, have said *Je vis* ; and rather have endeavoured in This Case to confirm the *French* Manners to *Virgil's*, than *Virgil's* to the *French*.
 Ver. 721. Her Comfort, Parents, &c.] *Conjugium* for *Conjugem* ; *Patres* for *Parentes*.
 Ver. 596. Orig. *Aspicies* : for *cogitabis*. *Thought* to the Mind is the same as *Sight* to the Body.

Confess'd a Goddess : Thro' the dusky Shades
 She shone in Light serene ; Such, and as great,
 As she appears in Heav'n. My Arm she grasp'd ;
 And, as she held me, from her rosy Mouth
 These Accents fell. What fierce Resentment boils 740
 Thy untam'd Rage, my Son, to such a height ?
 Why do'st thou storm ? Or whither is thy Care
 For Us withdrawn ? Will you not rather think,
 Where 'twas you left your aged Father, where
 Your Wife *Creüsa* ; whether yet She lives, 745
 And young *Ascanius* ? Whom the Grecian Troops
 All hover round ; And, did not my Concern
 Prevent, the fiery Tempest had e're this
 Consum'd them, or the hostile Sword devour'd.
 'Tis not *Indarian Helen*'s hated Form, 750
 Nor much blam'd *Paris* ; Heav'n, inclement Heav'n
 O'erturns This Realm, and levels Tow'ring *Troy*.
 Behold, (for I'll remove That dewy Mist,
 Which

Ver. 749. ---- *The hostile*
Sword devour'd.] For That I
 take to be the Meaning of the
 Word *hauserit* in This place ;
 according to the Scripture Ex-
 pression. *The Sword devoured*
more, &c. For other Signifi-
 cations of This Word, see the
 Note upon the 176 Ver. of the
 Fifth Book.

Ver. 751. *Heav'n, inclement*
Heav'n, &c.] *Divum inclemen-*
tia, Divum, &c. How much
 more Noble is 'That in some

Manuscripts, than *verum incle-*
mentia, &c. in others ? Ver. 603.
Has opes : i. e. hoc regnum.

Ver. 753. *Behold, (for I'll re-*
move that dewy Mist, &c.) I have
 elsewhere * cited This Passage
 as an Instance of the sublime
 Style. And I now add, that for
 the Perfection of Poetical Sub-
 limity both in Diction and Sen-
 timent, there is perhaps no-
 thing equal to them in the Hea-
 then World. What Ideas can
 be more amazingly Grand and

* *Præl. Pœt. p. 99, 100.*

Which dulls thy Sight, and dims thy mortal Eyes;
 Suspect not thou my Precepts, nor refuse, 755
 Diffiding, to obey thy Mother's Words:)
 Here, where you see That Rubbish, Heaps confus'd.
 Stones wrench'd from Stones, and thick redounding Smoke
 Blended with Clouds of Dust; great Neptune shakes
 The Walls, and with his massy Trident heaves 760
 The City from it's deep Foundations. There
 Relentless Juno, girt with Steel, has seiz'd
 The Scæan Gates; and, raging, from their Ships
 Calls her confed'rate Forces.
 Next, (That way bend thy Eyes) the lofty Tow'rs 765
 Tritonian Pallas has possess'd; There sits,
 With her dire Gorgon, in a beamy Cloud,
 Effulgent. Jove himself the Grecian Troops

With

Awful, than that of a Mortal and Majesty, even then actually
 having his Eyes opened by a employ'd in the Destruction of
 Divine Power, to see the Gods his Country!
 in all the Ensigns of Terrou

*Non tibi Tyndaridis facies inuisa Lacææ,
 Culpatusve Paris; Divûm inclementia, Divûm,
 Has evertit opes, sternitque à culmine Trojam.*

And how are Those Ideas con-ful Grandeur of These Verses,
 vey'd to the Mind by the dread-

*Hic, ubi disiectas moles, avulsæque saxis
 Saxa vides, mistoque undantem pulvere fumum;
 Neptunus muros, &c.*

And afterwards,

*Apparent dira facies, inimicæque Trojæ
 Numina magna Deum.*

I want Words to enlarge upon say the Reader would think the
 This Image; and if I had them Use even of a few of them en-
 in never so great plenty, I dare tirely superfluous.

With Courage, and new Strength supplies ; Himself
Excites the Gods against the *Dardan Arms*. 770

Escape by Flight, my Son, and end thy Toil ;
I always will be present to thy Aid,
And place thee safe within thy Father's Walls.
She said ; and in th' involving Shades retir'd :
The direful Shapes appear'd, and Foes to *Troy* 775
Forms of the awful Gods.

All *Ilion* now to me among the Fires
Seem'd to lie flat ; and from it's Bottom turn'd
Down falls *Neptunian Troy*. As when an Ash
Aged, and tall, is on the Mountains hewn 780
By Rusticks ; who in Emulation strive
With Strokes of Axes, and repeated Steel
To overturn it : Oft it nods, and shakes
It's leafy Top ; still tott'ring ; 'till at length,
Subdu'd by Wounds, it groans it's last, and torn 785
From the high Ridge with cumb'rous Ruin falls.
Conducted by the Godhead I descend ;

Dispatch'd

Ver. 777. *All Ilion now, to me, &c.*] My Note upon This Passage in the former Editions was erroneous ; and I here retract it. One of the Interpretations I gave (which was in my Version too) cannot be justify'd by Grammar. It was occasion'd by a mere Oversight ; with the Reason of which I shall not trouble the Reader.

Ver. 779. *As when an Ash, &c.*] I am not only of Mr. Pope's Opinion, that This Simile is improperly compared

with that in *Homer's Fourth Iliad*, by which the Fall of *Simoſius* is illustrated, there being very little Resemblance in the Circumstances ; but I think moreover, that for the same Reason the one was not at all taken from the other. This of *Virgil* is extremely beautiful : and so is That of *Homer*.

Ver. 787. *Conducted by the Godhead, &c.*] *Ducente Deo*. So, I think, all the Manuscripts and Editions have it ; and it is justified by the Authority of

Dispatch'd by her Protection, thro' the Flames,
And Foes : The Darts give way, the Flames retire.

But when I came within my Father's Walls ; 790
He, whom I first propos'd and first desir'd
Up the high Mountains to convey, refus'd,
After the Sack of *Troy*, to save his Life,
And suffer Exile. You, he cry'd whose Blood
Runs vigorous in youthful Veins, do You

795
Secure

Homer : And it is indeed more awful than *Dea* ; tho' That would have stood in the Verse as well.

Ver. 790. *But when I came within my Father's Walls, &c.* With what Variety has This Narration already entertained us ! And yet here is a new Scene opened ; which, with what follows in This Book alone, would be almost sufficient to furnish out a Book of an Heroic Poem, for any Poet but *Virg.* The Hero is now arrived at his Father's House : And as he has now nothing to do, but to provide for the Escape of Him,

and the rest of his Family ; one would think there should be no Difficulty in That, but from the Enemy. But quite otherwise : His Father, with the Obstinacy of a despairing Old Man (which is natural, and probable) absolutely refuses to use the Means of preserving his Life, or to survive the Ruin of his Country. This occasions a new Affliction, as severe as unexpected. Then That Speech of *Achilles* expressing so much Despondency ; and That of *Aeneas* in answer to it, expressing so much filial Piety.

*Mene offerre pedem, genitor, te posse relicto
Sperasti ? tantumque nefas patrio excidit ore ?*

so much Distress,

*Hoc erat, alma parens, quod me per tela, per ignes
Eripis, ut medius hostem in penetralibus, &c.*

and so much Courage,

Arma, Viri, ferte arma, &c.

are as pathetic, as any thing which follows can be more so, yet mentioned. If any Thing it is that of *Creusa*.

*Ecce autem complexa pedes in limine conjux
Hærebat, parvumque patri tendebat illud :
Si periturus abis, &c.*

..... *Conjux quondam tua dicta relinquit ?*

Secure yourselves by Flight.

Me did the Gods permit to live, This Seat

They would have left me : 'Tis enough, and more,

That I have seen one Ruin, and surviv'd

The Captive City. Thus, O Thus of Me 800

Take your Farewel ; and leave This lifeless Corps,

With my own Hand myself may find a Death :

The Foe will pity me, and hither come

For Spoils : The Ceremony of a Grave

Is easily dispens'd with : Long abhorr'd 805

By

In this most distressful Crisis, Propriety introduced ; For this
a Prodigy is with the utmost is

----*Dignus vindice nodus.*

And those shining Descriptions of the lambent Flame upon the Head of *Iulius*, the auspicious Thunder, and the Star shooting along the Sky, give a pleasing Turn to the whole ; and the Conviction of *Æchises* is most agreeably surprizing. But then the Loss of *Creusa* throws us back again into Lamentation and Woe : *Æneas* returns into the City, and with Him the Poet artfully returns to finish the Description of the Sack and Ruin of it, when we thought he could add no more upon That Subject, but had entirely dismissed it. Particularly the Circumstances, which the Hero relates of the Burning of his own Palace, and of the *Grecians* guarding the Spoils and the Captives, are new and engaging. But the Apparition of *Creusa's* Ghost, her Speech to her Husband, and their final

Parting, fill us with so much Terror, Pity, and melancholy Pleasure, as cannot be expressed.

Ver. 800, 801. Thus---lifeless Corps,] His Despair makes him speak of Himself, as if he were actually dead. *Sic & sic, positum affati discedite corpus*, i. e. *Discedite, affati* [me] *positum*, &c. laid out, as we say in English. *Affati* mean giving the last Farewel, or *Conclimation* ; as at Funerals, See *Æneid.* iii. 68. Orig.

Ver. 802. With my own Hand my self, &c.] Either kill myself, or provoke the Enemy to kill me. Thus it must be, if we understand it *manu mea*, as I do : Though some take it indefinitely, by the Hand of somebody or other. The Difference is not material ; and the Sense is in effect the same.

By Heav'n, and uselefs to the World, I drag
A wretched Being ; fince with Light'ning's Flafh
Jove blasted me, and fing'd me with his Fire.

He faid ; and in his Purpose Perfever'd :
We, on the other fide, diffolv'd in Tears, 810
My Wife *Creüfa*, young *Afcanius*, all
The Family, intreat him not to urge
The Ruin of himfelf, and Us ; nor fink
Beneath the Load of Fate. He ftill denies,
And obftinately refolute perfifts. 815

Again I rufh to Arms, and defp'rate wifh
My Death : For now what Fortune could I try ?
What Meafures take ? Could you, my Father, think
I would remove from hence, and leave You here ;
Thus could you wrong my Filial Piety ? 820

If

Ver. 807. *Light'ning's Flafh.*] *cumbere* ; as it may very well be,
Orig. *Fulminis ventis*. Because according to the Verfe : And
Wind is one Ingredient of *Light-* would That, and Authority
ning. See *Æneid*. viii. 430. permit, I would, as the beft
Orig. Ver. 652. Orig. *vertere*, Reading of all, make it *fuc-*
for *subvertere*, or *evertere*. *cumbere*. As it now ftands, it
Ver. 813. *Nor fink* --- *Beneath* is taken for a Metaphor from
the Load, &c.] *Fato urgenti* *falling upon a Sword*. Should
incumbere. Had I any Autho- we render it nearer to the Ori-
rity for it, I would read it *ec-* ginal,

----- *Nor fall*
Upon the Point of Fate ----

I believe it would not be al- per to render the Whole Thus ;
lowed in our Language. He perfifted in his Refolution,
Ver. 815. *Obftinately refolute* and would not ftir, nor be
perfifts.] *Sedibus hæret in iif-* dragged from the Place in which
dem. Many take *Sedibus* for he fate, or lay. *De la Cerda* is for
his fixed Purpose of Mind : Both. Ver. 654. Orig. *Speraffi*
And it is indeed fomewhat ana- for *expecaffi*. So it is often ufed.
logous to *sedet hoc animo*, a lit- Ver. 663. *obtruncat* for *potest*,
tle afterwards. But as This or *novit obtruncavit* ; included in
was before imply'd in the Word the fense of *obtruncavit*. Next
Incepto, it is at leaft as pro- Ver. *Hæc* for *Propter hæc*,
98

If Heav'n decrees that nothing shall remain
 Of so renown'd a City; and your Will
 Stands fix'd to add yourself, and all your Friends
 To falling *Troy*: The Means of such a Death
 Are obvious. Reeking fresh with *Priam's* Blood, 825
Pyrrhus will soon be here; who slew the Son
 Before his Father's Eyes, the Father's self
 Before his Altars. Was it then for This,
 Celestial Parent, that you brought me safe
 Thro' Flames, and Jav'lins; that I might behold 830
 Th' insulting Foe within our Palace-Walls,
Æscanius, and my Father, and my dear
Creüsa, butcher'd in each other's Blood?
 Arms, Arms, my Friends; Tho' vanquish'd, This last Day
 Calls us to Arms: Give me the *Greeks* again; 835
 Off; let me go: I'll see the Fight renew'd;
 This Day we'll never All die unreveng'd.

Once more I gird on Arms, refit my Shield
 To my left Hand, and rushing seek the Door.
 When lo! *Creüsa* in the Entrance clasp'd 840
 My Feet, there clinging close; and to his Sire
 Held out my young *Iulus*: If you go
 To die, take Us with you in all Extremes:
 Or if you yet have any Hope conceiv'd
 In taking Arms; defend This Mansion first; 845
 In which your Father, and your little Son
 Are left, and I who once was call'd your Wife.

Shrieking she spoke; and with her shrill Laments
 Fill'd

or hæc causa, erat quod, &c. Ver. 676. Orig. expertus: i. e.
 Next Ver. Eripis for eripisti; propter experientiam tuam in re
 and therefore in the next but militari.
 one, cernam for cernere.

Fill'd all the Palace : When a Prodigy
 Sudden, and wond'rous to relate, appear'd. 850
 For as before his weeping Parents Eyes
 He stood, between our Hands ; lo ! from the Head
 Of young *Iulus*, rose a glimm'ring Flame ;
 Harmless with gentle Touch it glided o'er
 His Hair, and lambent round his Temples fed. 855
 Trembling with Fear, we brush the burning Locks ;
 And Water bring, to quench the sacred Fire.
 But old *Anchises* joyful lifts his Eyes
 To Heav'n, and stretches out his suppliant Hands.
 Almighty *Jove*, if Thou by any Prayers 860
 Art mov'd, this once behold us ; and if aught
 Our Piety deserves, afford us now
 Thy Succour, and This Prodigy confirm.

He scarce had ended ; With a sudden Crash
 It thunder'd to the Left ; and thro' the Shades 865
 A falling Star from Heav'n with glaring Light
 Glided along, and drew a Trail of Flame.
 O'er the high Palace-Top we saw it run,
 And hide itself within th' *Idæan* Grove,
 Marking our Way ; th' indented Path shines bright, 870
 In a long Track ; and Sulphur smoaks around.

At

Ver. 852. *Lo ! from the Head*
Of young Iulus, &c.] For the
 Shape of This Cap, Hat, or
 Bonnet, supposed to be signified
 by *Apex*, see the Commenta-
 tors. Either of those Words
 would here sound ill in our
 Language.

Ver. 861. *This once, &c.]*
Hæc tantum. Either *hæc tem-*
porè, or *quoad hæc*, or *hæc peti-*
mus : But *tantum* being added

to it, the Sense is the same
 either way. Ver. 692. Orig. *Vix*
ea ---- subitoque ---- que for *cum*
 This and a Thousand such are
 Idioms of Poetry.

Ver. 870. *Marking our Way ;*
Th' indented Path, &c. *Sig-*
nantemque vias ; tum longo li-
mite sulcus, &c. All the An-
 notators interpret it as I have
 rendered it, *marking our Way ;*
 and That is certainly the best
 Sense :

At This o'erpow'r'd, *Anchises* rose, the Gods
 Invoking ; and ador'd the sacred Star.
 Now, now there's no Delay ; where-e'er you lead,
 I follow : You, our Country-Gods, preserve 875
 This House, preserve my Grandson : These Portents
 Are yours ; and *Troy* subsists involv'd in You.
 I yield, my Son ; no longer I refuse
 T' accompany your flight. He said ; and now
 The Fire more loudly roars ; and from the Walls 880
 The blazing Torrent nearer rolls the Flames.
 Haste then, my Father ; on my Shoulders lay
 Your aged Body ; I the Load will bear,
 Nor think That Labour hard : Whatever Chance
 Betides us ; Both shall share one common Fate, 885
 Escape together, or together fall.
Iulus close by me shall go ; my Wife
 Behind observe our Steps : You, Servants, mark
 My

Sense : Tho' it may be understood of it's own Way, or the Track in which it shot along. *Sulcus* here is the same with *igneæ rima* in the Eighth Book. A shooting Star, or any other Stream of Light in the Sky, seems to make a *Chink*, or *Furrow* in the Cloud, or Darknefs.

Ver. 872. *Rose.*] The Orig. *se tollit ad auras* must imply something more than *rising* ; viz. lifting his Hands and Eyes to Heaven. For what is said about *Augury*, see the Commentators.

Ver. 877. *And Troy subsists involv'd in You.*] *Vesireque in nomine Troia est.* If I greatly mistake not, This is a much more noble Expression than it is generally imagined to be.

Troy is in your Power, say Some ; depends upon your Favour and Protection, say Others ; is involv'd, or wrapped up in your Deity, say I. This indeed is true of the World in general, according to That of *St. Paul*, *In him we live, &c.* But it is here more particularly, and emphatically apply'd to *Troy* : Though outwardly it seems to be destroy'd ; yet it's Principle of Life and Being still subsists in You, who will not suffer it to be entirely extinguish'd, tho' it may be transferred to an other place. Ver. 707. Orig. *Imponere* is the imperative Passive. Ver. 713, 14. Orig. *Templum----desertæ Cereris : i. e. Templum desertum Cereris.*

My Words with Care. Without the City stands,
 On rising Ground, an old forsaken Fane 190
 Of *Ceres*, and an ancient *Cypres* near,
 By the Religion of our Ancestors
 Preserv'd for Ages : There from diff'rent Parts
 We all will meet in One. The holy Things
 Take you, my Father, and our Country-Gods; 895
 In me 'twere Guilt to touch them, just return'd
 Recent from so much Slaughter, and besmear'd
 With War ; 'till in the living Stream I wash
 The Blood away.
 Thus having said, a Lion's tawny Hide 900
 I o'er my Neck, and ample Shoulders throw,
 And take my Burthen : Young *Iulus* links
 His Hand in mine, and with unequal Steps
 Runs by his Father's Side : My Wife behind
 Follows : Thro' gloomy Shades we search our Way. 905
 And me, whom just before no missile Darts,
 Nor adverse Files of charging *Greeks* could move,
 Now ev'ry Breath of Air, each rustling Sound
 Alarms, solicitous for Him I led,

And

Ver. 894.---*The holy Things: Take you my Father.*] This Piety of *Aeneas* sufficiently shows that he would not have killed *Helen* in a Church. For if he would not touch the Sacred Utensils, because his Hands were bloody ; how much less would he have spilt Blood in a Temple ; which would have been a far greater Profanation ? Ver. 720, 721.

Orig. *Veste super, fulvique* ---- pelle, &c. This must be a Hendiad ; for *Vestis, quæ erat pellis*, &c. For his other Cloaths, and his Armour too were on *Before*.

Ver. 908. *Now ev'ry Breath of Air, &c.*] This is the Fear of a Hero, not of a Coward : And it is extremely moving. As is That which follows,

---- *Nate, exclamat, fuge, nate, propinquant ;
 Ardetes clypeos, atque æra micantia cerno.*

This, whether *real*, or only the Coinage of the old Man's Fears is really very affecting.

Ver. 735. Orig. *Male amicum : i. e. inimicum, or minus amicum,*

And Him I bore. Now near the Gates I came ; 910
 And thought all Dangers of the Way o'erpass'd ;
 When suddenly the Sound of trampling Feet
 Approach'd our Ears : And, looking thro' the Shades,
 My Father cry'd, Fly, fly, my Son ; They come ;
 I see their burnish'd Brags, and glaring Shields. 915
 Here some unfriendly Pow'r (I know not who)
 Bereft me of my Reason, and disturb'd
 My Mind : For as I shun'd the noted Streets,
 And sought By-ways, and Passages unknown ;
 I lost my dear *Creüsa* : Whether snatch'd 920
 By Fate, she stay'd, or straggled from the Way,
 Or quite fatigu'd fate down to ease her Toil,
 Is doubtful ; But she never was restor'd,
 Since that, to her unhappy Husband's Sight.
 Nor did I once look back, or recollect 925
 My Thoughts ; 'till to the antiquated Dome
 Of *Ceres*, and the sacred Seat we came :
 There when we view'd our Number, she alone
 Of all was wanting ; and deceiv'd her Friends,
 Her Son, and Husband. Raving with Distress, 93
 Whom did I not accuse, of Gods, and Men ?
 Or what more cruel did I ever see
 In sack'd, and burning *Troy* ? My Father, Son,
 And Country-Gods, committed to my Friends
 I leave, and hide them in a winding Vale. 935
 Back

Ver. 920. &c.---I lost--Whether, *Ruæus* Thus, tho' that is some-
 &c.] --- *Heu ! misero Coniux* --- what perplex'd too ; *Creüsa* sub-
 to redd'it nostris. *Ordo est* (says *stitit*, stay'd behind (i. e. was lost)
Servius) *Fato erepta Creüsa*, *fatone erepta* [I would add, sub-
substititne, erravitne via, &c. But *aud. est*] *misero [mihi] erravitne*
 'tis very harsh to transfer the *ne* *viâ, seu lassâ refedit. Incertum :*
 from *fato* to *substitit*. And besides, *nec post, &c. Ver. 742. Orig. an-*
 This does not clear That *nec* *tiquæ Cereris.* See the Note
post, &c. I rather take it with on Ver. 877. at the end,

Back to the City I repair, and shine
 In Steel ; resolv'd all Dangers to renew,
 Explore all *Troy*, and once more stake my Life.
 First to the Walls, and Gates, thro' which I came,
 In Darknefs I return ; with Care observe 940
 My former Steps, and round me throw my Eyes.
 Horrour, and ev'n the dismal Silence, frights
 My gloomy Thoughts. Thence Home I go, to see
 If haply she had thither back repair'd :
 Instead of Her, the thronging *Greeks* had seiz'd 945
 And fill'd the Palace : Strait devouring Flames
 To the high Roof are hurl'd ; a Storm of Fire
 Rages aloft, and thunders in the Sky.
 Next I revisit *Priam's* Royal Seat ;
 There, in the empty Halls of *Juno's* Fane, 950
Phœnix, and dire *Ulysses*, chosen Guards,
 Watch o'er the Prey. There *Trojan* Treasure snatch'd
 From burning Shrines, the Tables of the Gods,
 Goblets of massy Gold, and captive Robes 954
 Lie pil'd in Heaps ; Children, and trembling Dames,
 Rank'd in long Rows, stand round.
 Advent'rous thro' the Shades to send my Voice.
 I call aloud, and vainly fill the Streets
 With Repetition of *Creüsa's* Name.

Ver. 941. --- Round me throw my Eyes.] So I interpret, *lumine lustro*, with the best Commentators : Tho' some take it of the Conflagration. Those who think that only *Lumina* in the plural Number is referred to the Eyes, forget That of *Virgil* himself,

--- & aram

Suppliciter venerans demisso lumine Turnus.

Ver. 944. If haply she had shiver, &c.] *Si forte pedem, si forte tulisset.* That Repetition (expressive of Doubt and Uncertainty) is very elegant ; but cannot, I believe, be well translated. Ver. 761. Orig. *asyle*, i. e. Temple : Because Temples were Sanctuaries for Criminals.

Æn. 12. v. 220.

Thus as I search'd impatient o'er the Town, 960
 With endless Labour ; to my Eyes appear'd
 Her pensive Ghost, my dear *Creüsa's* Shade,
 A Form enlarg'd, and bigger than the Life.
 Aghast I stood ; uprose my Hair erect ; 964
 And to my Mouth my Speech with Horrour cleav'd.
 At length she spoke, and Thus reliev'd my Cares.
 Why, my dear Lord, do you so far indulge
 Your restless Toil ? Without the Pow'rs Divine
 These Things are not dispos'd ; nor is it giv'n
 To you to carry your *Creüsa* hence 970
 Companion of your Voyage ; 'Tis deny'd
 By Him, the Sov'reign Monarch of the Skies.
 You a long Exile shall explore, and plough
 A wide Extent of Ocean ; 'till at last
 At rich *Hesperia's* Shore you shall arrive, 975
 Where *Lydian Tyber's* gentle Train divides
 The fertile Glebe : There wish'd Success, for you,
 A Kingdom, and a Royal Confort wait.
 Lament no more your lov'd *Creüsa's* Loss :
 I never shall behold the proud Abodes 980
 Of *Myrmidons*, or *Dolopes* ; nor go
 A Captive Servant to the *Grecian* Dames ;
 A *Trojan* Princess born, and, as your Wife,
 Daughter to *Venus*.
 But the Majestick Mother of the Gods 985
 Detains me in these Coasts : Farewel ; and love

Your

Ver. 979. Lament no more,
 &c.] *Tu lacrimas dilectæ pelle*
Creüsæ, i. e. depone dolorem [con-
 ceptum ob] *dilectam Creüsam*.
 This is another Instance of the
 purely Poetical Style.

Ver. 985. But the majestick

Mother of the Gods Detains me
in these Coasts----*Cybele* chiefly
 worshipp'd in *Phrygia*, (there-
 fore *his detinet oris*) takes *Creüsa*
 into the Number of her Atten-
 dants, being after her Death
 made a Kind of a Goddess, or
 Nymph,

Your Son, our common Care. Thus having spoke,
 My weeping, and a thousand Things to say
 Desiring, she forsook, and vanish'd swift
 Into the yielding Air. I thrice assay'd 990
 About her Neck to throw my folding Arms:
 Thrice, vainly grasp'd at, from their Circle flew
 Th' unbody'd Fantom, light as fleeting Winds,
 And like a slipp'ry Dream. The Night now spent,
 To my Associates I at last return, 995
 And find a Conflux of new Followers there,
 Admiring at their Number; Matrons, Men,
 With Youth assembled, and prepar'd for Flight,
 (A wretched Vulgar!) From all Parts they came
 Furnish'd with Arms, and Courage, and prepar'd 1000
 To share my Fortune; to whatever Coasts
 My Conduct should transport them o'er the Seas.
 Now *Lucifer* on *Ida's* Top arose,
 And usher'd in the Day; the conqu'ring *Greeks*
 Possess'd the Passes of the Gates; And now 1005
 No Hope of Aid was left us: I retire,
 Bearing my Father, and ascend the Hill.

Nymph. The Amphibology between *Cybele*, and the *Earth*, and the *Soul*, and *Body* of *Creüsa*, seems not considerable enough to be insisted upon.

Ver. 996. *And find a Conflux of new Followers there, &c.* It was necessary that *Æneas* should have a considerable Force to attend him, besides his own Family: And to tell This in general, to slide it in by the bye, without a particular Account how they came thither,

which would have been needless, and tedious, is another Instance of *Virgil's* elegant and judicious Brevity.

Ver. 1000. *Arms.*] For I take *Arms* to be meant chiefly, tho' not only, by *opibus*. The Word besides other things, signifies any *Necessaries*, or *Conveniences*. As for *Wealth*; People in Their Condition cannot be suppos'd to have had much of That, Ver. 800. *Deducere*. [eos.]

The End of the second Book.

VIRGIL'S ÆNEIS.

BOOK the THIRD.

CURiosity being one of the most ruling Principles in the busy Soul of Man ; and Novelty, and Variety being the Food by which That Appetite is gratify'd : It is for this Reason that *Books of Travels* are so entertaining to the generality of Readers. And no Travels certainly can be more delightful than Those of *Æneas*, as described by *Virgil*. Tho' we know them to be purely imaginary, they give us greater Pleasure than others which we know to be real ; the Want of true Fact being more than compensated by the Beauty of the Fiction. And yet it is generally supposed that This Third Book is, of all the Twelve, the least read, and regarded. Monsieur *Segrais* conjectures that it owes This Disadvantage to its Situation, as much as to any thing else ; and indeed I believe it does so *more* than to any thing else ; being placed between the Hurry of War and Confusion in the Second Book, and the no less Hurry of outrageous Passions in the Fourth. For tho' a Variety of cooler Adventures, of Places, Persons, Voyages, and the like, be extremely agreeable ; yet the Minds of most Men rather chuse to be suddenly fired, than gradually

gradually warmed, into Pleasure: And That which is most rapid is most intense: Whether it be most durable, and, upon the whole, most eligible, may admit of a Question. However it be; This Book is *in it's Kind as beautiful*, as any one of the *Æneis*; and to *some Persons*, nay to *all* perhaps at *some times*, altogether as *delightful*. For it is impossible to determine which of them is the most Beautiful, or Delightful, absolutely speaking: 'Tis here, as 'tis every where else: There are different Species of Beauty, and Delight; And that not only to different Persons, but to the same Persons at different times. This Third Book is as perfect in It's Kind, as any of the rest in Theirs: And even the Kind it self is exceeding agreeable for the Reason above-mentioned. Nay it's very Situation, which makes it over-looked and slighted by Some, ought to make it loved, and admired by All. For what a grateful Vicissitude is it to the Mind, to pass from the Horror and Fury of War, to the more slow and cool Ideas of Voyages, and Countries, described in so charming a manner! And from Them again to the Rapidity of Passions in That Tragedy which succeeds! Not but that in This Book it self, we have not only the most consummate Elegancy, and Variety throughout; but very often the *Marvellous*, and the *Pathetical*. The Whole is extremely fine; and many Parts of it extremely surprising. Besides; Even the coldest and dryest Passages of it are so managed, as to be very entertaining. Even the Geography, and Names of Places are recited with such Brevity, and diversify'd with such Adjuncts and Circumstances; that we cannot read them without great Pleasure. As at Ver. 124. &c. of the Original,

Linquimus

*Linquimus Ortygiæ portus, pelagoque volamus ;
Bacchatamque jugis Naxon, viridemque Donyſam,
Olearon, niueamque Paron, ſparſasque per æquor
Cycladas, & crebris legimus freta conſita terris.*

Then again at Ver. 270, &c.

*Jam medio apparet fluctu nemoroſa Zacynthos,
Dulichiumque, Sameque, & Neritos ardua ſaxis :
Effugimus ſcopulos Ithacæ, Laertia regna,
Et terram altricem ſævi execramur Ulyſſis.
Mox & Leucatæ nimboſa cacumina montis,
Et formidatus nautis aperitur Apollo.*

With many other Places of the like nature. Nothing is inſiſted upon. We only ſail by the Coaſts in the Verſe ; as the Voyagers are ſuppoſed to do at Sea. But then more pleaſing are the various Views and Proſpects of Land, and Sea, Storms, and Calms, Day, and Night. As after That admirable Deſcription of the Tempeſt Ver. 196, &c.

Continuo venti volvunt mare, &c.

follows That Complication of natural Images at Ver. 203, &c.

*Tres adeo incertos cæca caligine ſoles
Erramus pelago, totidem ſine fidere noctes ;
Quarto terra die primum ſe attollere tandem
Viſa, aperire procul montes, ac volvere fumum.*

Than which laſt, eſpecially, nothing was ever more finely painted. Then who does not find himſelf in a Voyage, and in a clear ſtarry Night, tho' he knows
he

he is in his own House at Noon-day ; when he reads That at Ver. 513, &c.

*Haud segnis strato surgit Palinurus, & omnes
Explorat ventos, atque auribus aëra captat ;
Sidera cuncta notat tacito labentia cælo,
Arcturum, pluviasque Hyadas, geminosque Triones,
Armatumque auro circumspicit Oriona.*

But These are only incidental Ornaments ; the Fillings and Edgings of the great Historical, and Geographical Picture : The Places, and Facts, more particularly and largely describ'd, are every way remarkable. Such as are, the Arrival at *Thrace* ; The Myrtles distilling Blood, and the Speech of *Polydore* from the Bottom of the Tomb ; Which is of the *Marvellous* Kind, and than which nothing can be more full of Horrour : The short History of *Polydore*, which moves both *Terrour* and *Pity*, and the Funeral Ceremonies consequent upon it ; Their Arrival at *Delos* ; The ambiguous Oracle pronounced there ; The Errour of *Anchises* in expounding it's Sense ; And their Landing at *Crete* in pursuance of That Errour ; The Plague, and Famine there, and the Apparition of their Country-Gods to warn the Hero of their Mistake. The Adventure of the *Harpies* is another Instance of the *Marvellous* Kind ; and what indeed can be more Marvellous ? The Description of it is excellent ; And the whole Passage is full of Dread and Wonder. After the Terrour of which, their Arrival at *Actium*, and celebrating Sports, is a very agreeable Relief and Diversion to the Mind of the Reader. But upon their Landing at *Epirus*, what could be more astonishing, than for These Exiles to find *Troy* in *Greece*, their own Country in That of their Enemies !

Hic

*Hic incredibilis rerum fama occupat aures,
Priamiden Helenum Graias regnare per urbes :*

And afterwards more particularly in Those sweet Lines, which are to me some of the most elegant, and affecting I ever read !

*Procedo, & parvam Trojam, simulataque magnis,
Pergama, & arentem Xanthi cognomine rivum
Agnosco, Scææque amplector limina portæ.*

And the Account of That strange Event, given by *Andromache*, is amazing, and yet perfectly probable. The Meeting of Her and *Æneas* at the imaginary Tomb of *Hector*, is to the last degree both *Surprizing* and *Pathetical* ; of which, more in its proper Place. Then what a new Turn does the Poet give to our Thoughts, and how artfully does he shift the Scene, as it were, by taking This Opportunity to make his Heroe desire the Instruction of *Helenus* who, like *Anius* at *Delos* before, is a Priest, and Prophet, as well as a King ! And what a Variety of Matter does That Speech contain ! How much Geography, and Description ; especially Those noble ones of *Scylla* and *Charybdis*, and the *Cumæan Sibyl* ; How much History of the Past, and Prediction of the Future ; how much wise, and religious Advice ! After their Departure from hence, I take Notice of no Particulars, tho' many are worth Observation, 'till Ver. 554.

*Tum procul è fluctu Trinacria cernitur Ætna ;
Et gemitum ingentem pelagi, pulsataque saxa
Audimus longe, fractasque ad littora voces, &c.*

Than

Than which nothing is more noble ; 'till he resumes the Description of *Ætna*, and more fully prosecutes it in Those wonderful Lines, Ver. 571.

----*Horrificis juxta tonat Ætna ruinis,
Interdumq; atram prorumpit ad æthera nubem, &c.*

The Surprize of their accidentally meeting with *Achæmenides* upon That savage Coast, his Account of the *Cyclops*, the Appearance of *Polyphemus* himself, and Description of That Monster, are Circumstances which exceed any thing yet mentioned. From the Horrour of which we are agreeably relieved by their Escape from him, and the short Geographical Chart of their Coastings, and many more Countries by which they sailed, to the End of This incomparable Narrative. Monsieur *Segrais* says, This Book alone contains almost the Whole *Odyssée* of *Homer* : By which he undoubtedly means almost *as much* Matter as the *Odyssée*. For it contains but little of *the same*. And here I cannot forbear acknowledging that the *Odyssée*, with regard to its *Subject* and *Matter*, is to me more delightful than the *Iliad* ; tho' certainly not so sprightly, and fiery, nor, all things considered, so good a Poem. The Travels, Storms, Grotts, Enchantments, and Romantick Adventures of the One, strike me more than the everlasting Rage, and Fighting of the Other. In short, This Third Book of the *Æneis* contains such a Variety of Facts, and Places, of Grief, and Joy, of Terrour, and Admiration, that nothing ever more verify'd That of *Horace* expressing the irresistible Magic of Poetry ;

----*Meum qui pectus inani ter angit,
Irritat, mulcet, falsis terroribus implet,
Ut magus, & modo me Thebis, modo ponit Athenis,
And*

And This will farther appear from a closer Research into some more particular Beauties ; which will however be very much shortned by the cursory Remarks which we have already made upon the general ones.

WHEN *Asia's* State, by Heav'n's severe Decree,
And *Priam's* guiltless Realm was laid in Dust ;
Proud *Ilion* fall'n, and all *Neptunian* *Troy*
Smoking in Ruins : Warn'd by Oracles
To seek long Exile, and deserted Coasts, 5
Beneath *Antandros'* Walls, and *Ida's* Rocks
We

Ver. 1. *When Asia's State,* &c.] Here seems at first Sight to be a Repetition of synonymous Expressions, and something of Tautology, contrary to *Virgil's* manner. But *si propius stes*, if you consider it more closely, it will appear to be otherwise. *Res Asiae* is general ; *Priami gentem* more particular, with the Addition of the emphatical Word *Immeritam*. *Troja* and *Ilum* indeed are synonymous : But such a Variation of Phrase is allowed to the Poets ; provided they be diversified with New Ideas, as they are here : *Superbum* is emphatical ; *humo fumat* is more than *cecidit* ; *omnis* is still more strong, and expressive : *Neptunia* is added ; because *Troy* was both built, and demolished by *Neptune*.
Ver. 5. *Long Exile, and deserted Coasts.* Some take *diversa* joined with *exilia* to signify the Dispersion of the *Trojans* to several Parts of the World. But That cannot be ; because they all went to the same Place. *Diversa* therefore must be *diversa à patria nostra*, i. e. *remota*. *Deserted Coasts* : i. e. either formerly deserted by *Dardanus*, whose Posterity are now going to repossess them ; according to that of the Oracle afterwards,

---- *Antiquam exquirite matrem :*

Or deserted by their own Inhabitants ; as afterwards,

*Fama volat, pulsum regnis cecisse paternis
Idomenæa ducem, desertaque littora Cretæ,
Hoste vacare domos, sedesque astare reliquas.*

But

We build our Fleet, and muster all our Force ;
 Uncertain which way Fate would call, and where
 Fix'd Mansions would be given us. Scarce begun
 Was the first Summer; When *Anchises* gave 10
 Command to hoise our Sails, and yield to Fate.
 Weeping I leave my Country-Shores, the Ports,
 And Fields where *Troy* had stood ; and exil'd launch
 Into the Deep ; with all our Crew, my Son,
 Our Country-Deities, and mightier Gods. 15

Sacred to *Mars* there lies a spacious Realm,
 Till'd by the *Thracians*, and in former Times
 Govern'd by stern *Lycurgus* ; once to *Troy*
 (While Fortune was) an hospitable Coast,
 And Their protecting Gods ally'd to Ours. 20
 Here I arrive ; and on the winding Shore
 Found my first Walls, by inauspicious Fates
 Attempting ; and the new Inhabitants.

From

But then This latter Sense must
 have been grounded upon their
 Mistake of the Oracles, by
 which they were directed to
Italy : which was not abandoned
 by it's own Inhabitants.

Ver. 7. *We build our Fleet.*
 Notwithstanding it was in a retired
 and private Place that
 they built their Fleet, and under
 the Covert of Woods and

Mountains; the *Grecians* must
 have been supposed to have discovered
 them, had not the Decrees of Fate,
 and a peculiar Providence protected them.
 Ver. 9. Orig. *Et* has the force of
continuo. See the Note on Georg.
 i. 259.

Ver. 12. *Weeping I leave my
 Country Shores, &c.]*

*Littora tum patriæ lacrimans, portusque relinquo,
 Et campos ubi Troja fuit : feror exul in altum,
 Cum sociis, nateque, penatibus, & magnis Diis.*

What can be more moving than the two first of those Lines ; more majestick than the last ; and more emphatical than all three? I leave the Particulars to the Consideration of the Reader.

From my own Name *Æneadæ* I call.
 To my Celestial Parent, and the Gods 25
 Conducters of my Enterprize, I paid
 Religious Rites, and offer'd on the Shore
 A shining Bull to Heav'n's Almighty King.
 Near me, by chance, there stood a rising Ground,
 And on it's Top a Grove of Cornel-Shrubs, 30
 And Myrtle, horrid with thick pointed Spears.
 Thither I went; and striving from the Mold
 To pluck the branching Greens, with Boughs to shade
 The new-built Altars, a portentous Sight
 Dreadful and wond'rous to relate I saw. 35
 For from That Plant, which first uprooted came,
 Torn from the Soil, black Drops of Blood distill'd,
 And stain'd the Ground with Gore; Me Horror chills
 Shudd'ring, and Fear congeals my curdling Blood.
 Again another Shrub I strive to rend 40
 From Earth, t' explore the secret Cause: Again
 Blood follows from the Bark. Much in my Thoughts
 Revolving, I implore the Rural Nymphs,
 And *Mars*, who o'er the *Getic* Fields presides,
 The Omen to avert, and grant Success. 45
 But when a third time more intent I strove,
 Tugging, with Knees close press'd against the Sand;
 (Shall I proceed, or stop?) a dismal Groan,
 Resounding from the bottom of the Tomb,
 Was heard; and to my Ears with Horror came 50
 These

Ver. 36. *For from that Plant,*
 &c.] *Nam quæ prima --- arbor --*
buic, &c. for Huic arbori quæ &c.
 There are innumerable Instances
 of This elegant Transposition,
 in Prose, as well as Verse.
 VOL. II.

Ver. 40. *Again another, &c.*
 Orig. *Insequor* for *pargo*. Ver. 56.
 Orig. *Quid non mortalia pectora*
cogis [facere.] Or [ad] *quid*.
 Ver. 61 *Pellucum bospirium; for*
terram pollutam [diro] Loquitur
 G

These Accents. Why, *Æneas*, dost thou tear
 My wretched Corps? Ah! spare me; nor pollute
 Thy pious Hands with Guilt: *Troy* gave me Birth,
 No Foreigner to Thee; Nor does This Blood
 Flow from the Roots, and senseless Fibres: Fly, 55
 Ah! fly These cruel Coasts, This greedy Shore.
 For I am *Polydore*; an Iron Crop
 Of Darts o'erwhelms me here transfix'd, and springs
 In vegetable Jav'lins. Stun'd with Fear
 I stood; up rose my Hair; and to my Mouth 60
 My Speech with Terror cleav'd. This *Polydore*
 The most unhappy *Priam* had long since,
 In secret, with a pond'rous Mass of Gold,
 Sent, to be nourish'd by the *Thracian* King;
 When now, diffiding in his Arms, he saw 65
 His City by the Foe beleagu'rd round.
 The *Thracian* King, when all the *Trojan* Pow'rs
 Were crush'd, and Heav'n had our distress'd Affairs
 Abandon'd, closing with the Victor's Arms,
 And *Agamemnon*'s happier Fortune, breaks 70
 All Faith, kills *Polydore*, and to his Wealth
 Succeeds by Murder: To what dire Extremes
 Wilt not Thou, execrable Thirst of Gold,
 Urge mortal Breasts? Recover'd of my Fright,
 First to my Father, then to all our Chief 75
 Selected Lords, the Prodigy I tell;
 And ask their Resolution; All agree
 Unanimous, to leave the barb'rous Coasts,
 Polluted with inhospitable Crimes,
 And spread our swelling Canvass to the Winds. 80
 Therefore to *Polydore* we first perform

His

His Obsequies ; A lofty Pile of Earth
 Is rais'd ; And Altars to the *Manes* built,
 Mournful with fun'ral Wreaths, and gloomy Boughs
 Of Cypress ; with their Tresses scatter'd loose 85
 (Such is th' accustom'd Rite) the *Trojan* Dames
 Stand round ; We offer Jars of tepid Milk,
 And frothing Bowls of consecrated Blood ;
 Within the Grave compose his Soul to Rest,
 Invoke him loud, and take our last Farewel. 90
 Then soon as we might trust the Ocean's Face
 With safety, and the Winds had smooth'd it's Waves,
Auster's soft Gales inviting to the Deep ;
 Our Crew their Vessels launch, and fill the Shore ;
 We leave the Port ; and Land, and Towns retire. 95
 A sacred Island in mid Sea there lies,
 And now inhabited ; above the rest
 Lov'd by *Ægæan Neptune*, and the Goddess
 The Mother of the *Nereids* ; which of old
 Unfix'd and wand'ring round the Coasts and Shores,
 Pious

Ver. 87. *Stand round, &c.*] I shall not dispute it with him :
 It is not expressed in the Original, whether they stood still, My Translation answers it either way.
 or walked. *Ruæus* (without Ver. 90. *Invoke.*] *Cicero*
 giving any Reason for it) sup- [eum] i. e. invocando, cancla-
 plies it by *eunt*. But, as it mando. Awake him, as it
 appears from *De La Cerda*, were. *Supremum* is Adverbial.
 and Others, their Custom was Farewel. They cry'd *vale*.
 to stand round, in That mourn- Ver. 92. *Smooth'd.*] i. e. suf-
 ful Posture, like *Mutes* at our fer'd them to be smooth. Ver.
 modern Funerals. He indeed 86, 87. Orig. *Altera Trojæ*
 rather thinks This Passage is Pergama : i. e. altera Pergama,
 meant of Statues, built upon sive alteram Trojam. Ver. 92
 Those Occasions. Though I Orig. For the *Tripes, Curtina*,
 am not of that Opinion ; yet &c. see *Ruæus*.

Pious *Apollo* with high *Mycone*, 101
 And *Gya'ros* bound, gave it to be unmov'd
 With firm Foundations, and defy the Winds.
 Here I arrive ; This hospitable Coast
 In it's safe Harbour, to relieve our Toils, 105
 Receives us. At our Landing, we adore
Apollo's City : *Anius* meets us here,
 At once the King of Men, and Priest of Heav'n,
Apollo's Priest ; with consecrated Wreaths,
 And holy Laurel crown'd. He knows, and owns 110
 His ancient Friend *Anchises* : Hands we join
 In Amity, and to his Court proceed.
 In the God's Temple built with aged Stone
 I worship : Settled Mansions to us give,
Thymbraan God ; Give us, fatigu'd with Toil, 115
 Sure Walls, a race, a lasting City : Save
 This other *Troy*, These Relicks of the *Greeks*,
 And merciless *Achilles*. Heav'nly Pow'r,
 Whom do we follow ? Whither shape our Course ?
 Where fix our Seat, by thy Command ? Indulge 120
 Some Augury, and slide into our Breasts.

I scarce had spoke ; All seem'd to tremble round,
 The Doors, the Laurel of the God, and all
 The Mount : The *Tripes* groan'd, and open flew
 The most retir'd Apartments. Prone we bend 125
 To Earth ; and to our Ears These Accents came.
 Ye hardy *Trojans*, The same Land which first
 Gave Birth to your Forefathers, shall again
 Receive you in it's fertile Bosom ; Seek
 Your ancient Mother : Here th' *Æneian* Line, 130
 All Years to come, shall rule with Sov'reign Sway,
 And

And his Sons Sons, and all their future Race.

Thus *Phæbus* : Strait a mix'd, tumultuous Joy
Arises : All enquire what Walls were meant,
Which way the God directed us to steer 135

Our wand'ring Course, and whither to return.

My Father then revolving in his Mind

Ancient Records, Thus speaks : Ye Nobles, hear,

And learn your Hopes. The Isle of mighty *Jove*,
Crete, in the Middle of the Ocean lies : 140

There is th' *Idæan* Mountain, and the first

Originals of our Race. The Natives there

Possess'd an hundred Cities, wealthy Realms :

Hence our great Sire (if I remember right,)

Teucus first landed on the *Phrygian* Coasts ; 145
And

Ver. 137. *My Father then revolving in his Mind, &c.*] *Ruæus* justly observes, (and He, I think, is the only Commentator who does so) that here is a Mistake in the Son, as well as in the Father : Or rather, He should have said, a strange *Forgetfulness* in the one, as well as *Mistake* in the other. How happens it that *Æneas* does not remind *Anchises* of what was foretold him by *Creusa's* Ghost, at the Conclusion of the second Book ; that he should come to *Hesperia*, and the Banks of *Tyber*, and that there he should receive the Crown of all his Labours ? Had the old Gentleman's Memory

been thus refreshed, he must have set himself to reconcile This Oracle with That Prediction ; and so would have endeavoured to find the Original of *Troy* in *Hesperia*, not in *Crete*. The Hint of This Objection is given me by the Commentator above-mentioned : But he does not give me so much as the Hint of an Answer. All that can be said, is, that their Minds, which were before in a Hurry of Doubt and Perplexity, were so puzzled and confounded with This ambiguous Oracle ; that they might now be reasonably supposed to forget That other Prediction.

And for his Kingdom chose a Place : As yet
Ilium was not, nor stood the *Trojan* Tow'rs ;
 Th' Inhabitants in lowly Vallies liv'd.
 Hence *Cybele*, the Mother of the Gods,
 Protectress : Hence the *Corybantian* Brass, 150
 And *Ida's* Grove ; Hence Silence was observ'd
 In sacred Rites ; And Lions harness'd drew
 Her Sov'reign Chariot. Let us then obey
 The Gods' Commands, and follow where they lead ;
 Appease the Winds, and seek the *Gnosian* Coasts. 155
 Nor is the Distance great ; let *Jove* assist,
 The third Day lands us on the *Cretian* Shores.

He said ; and paid the Gods their Honours due ;
 A Bull to *Neptune* ; and a Bull to Thee,
 Beauteous *Apollo* ; to the stormy Pow'r 160
 A fable Ewe ; a white one to the smooth
 Propitious *Zephyrs*. Fame reporting flies,
 That, exil'd from his Realms, the *Grecian* Chief
Idomeneus had left the Coasts of *Crete* ;
 And now the Towns, abandon'd by our Foes, 165
 Stood empty. We forsake *Ortygia's* Ports,
 And fly upon the Sea ; Then sail along
 By *Naxos*, fam'd for *Bacchanalian* Hills,
Olearos, *Donyja* ever green,
 And snowy *Paros*, and the *Cyclades* 170
 Dispers'd

Ver. 150. *Protectress.*] *Cul-*
trix : so Book I. Ver. 20. *Post-*
habita coluisse *Samos*. For the
 various Readings of This Place,
 see the Editors : The Sense
 is the same in all of them.

Ver. 154. Orig. *Arceque at-*
tollere tectis. Tectis (says *Ruæus*)
 i. e. [alto] *fastigio*. I rather
 take it ; for the Protection of their
 Houses.

Dispers'd among the Waves, and Seas thick fown
 With various little Ifles. A Noife confus'd
 Of Sailors rifes; All exhort to ftand
 For *Crete*, and feek th' Original of *Troy*.
 A Gale, behind our Stern freſh ſpringing, ſpeeds 175
 Our Voyage: On the ancient Coaſts of *Crete*
 At length we ſafe arrive. With eager haſte
 I lay Foundations of the long'd-for Town,
 Call it *Pergamia*, and exhort our Friends,
 Pleas'd with their Colony's new Name, to love 180
 Their Homes, and rear a Fortrefs for Defence.
 Scarce did our Veſſels, drawn within the Port,
 Reſt on dry Land; The Youth to Nuptial Rites
 Themſelves apply'd, and till'd the new-found Soil;
 Laws I affign'd them, and their fix'd Abodes. 185
 When ſuddenly a dire malignant Plague
 From Air infected, and the mortal Year
 Seizes their Blood, and blaſts the Trees and Corn.
 They render their ſweet Souls, or faintly drag
 Their Bodies; *Sirius* burns the barren Fields; 190
 The Paſtures wither; and the ſickly Grain
 Denies us Food. My Father gives Advice
 Again to paſs the Ocean, and return
 To *Phæbus*, and *Ortygia's* ſacred Dome,
 T' implore the Favour of the God, to ask 195
 What End our Toils ſhall find: by his Command
 Whence we ſhould ſeek Relief, or whither ſteer.
 T'was Night; and Sleep poſſeſs'd the weary World.
 Th'

Ver. 181. For Defence.] *Ar-* bant for *reddebant*: as *Geor.*
conque attollere teſtis i. e. in tu- III. 498. Had I Authority, I
telam reſtorum. would read it ſo; for *linquebant*
 Ver. 189. Render.] *Lingue-* is odd enough.

Th' Effigies of our Trojan Country-Gods,
 Whom from amidst the Fires of ruin'd Troy 200
 I rescu'd, in my Sleep appear'd to stand
 Before my Eyes ; discover'd by the Light,
 Where the full Moon profusely pour'd her Beams
 Thro' the inserted Windows : Then they spoke,
 And with such Words as These reliev'd my Cares. 205
 What *Phæbus* at *Ortygia* would unfold,
 Thither should you repair, he here reveals
 Unask'd ; and Us to your Apartment sends.
 We, who accompany from ruin'd Troy

You,

Ver. 202, 204. Discover'd
 by the light, &c.] Thro' the in-
 serted Windows, &c.] *De La*
Cerda seems to contradict him-
 self, when he says the Heroe
 believed what he saw to be real,
 from the Splendour which al-
 ways accompanies the Deities;
 and so applies *multo mani-*
festi lumine to These Gods
 themselves, as if it had been
 diffused from their own Per-

sons : And yet adds in the next
 Words, *This Light was from*
the Moon, &c. Doubtless it
 was so ; and from the Moon
 only. Otherwise *Virgil* would
 speak this very bad sense ; *They*
were discovered by their own
Light, by the Light of the
Moon. Besides ; Tho' what is
 said of *Virgil* in the Second
 Book

----- *Pura per noctem in luce resulsit,*

may well be apply'd to *Her,*
 and the rest of the *Magni Dii,*
 the greater Gods and God-
 desses ; yet it is too illustrious
 a Glory and Majesty for Those
 inferior Deities, of whom the
 Poet is now speaking. As to
 the Difficulties in the Word
insertas apply'd to *fenestras* ;
Insertas for *Inseratas*, accord-
 ing to *Servius*, seems very
 harsh ; And *per insertas fenest-*
ras, for *insertim per fenestras*,
 according to *De La Cerda*, is
 more forced and unnatural than
 the other. And therefore I take
 it with *Turnebus* in its plain,

literal Sense ; in which there
 is no Difficulty at all. For
 what can be more proper, than
fenestra inserta parieti ? In-
 serted, in *English*, I confess, is
 no very good Word, when thus
 apply'd. But I am forced to
 make use of it for want of a
 better : Because indeed I know
 no other ; no other, at least,
 that is fit to be inserted in a
 Verse : For put in, fixed in,
 or set in, would be very flat ;
 even if it would express the
 Sense : as indeed I know no
 Word in our Language that
 does.

You, and your Arms, and pass the swelling Deep 210
 Under your Conduct, we to Heav'n will raise
 Your future Progeny, and Empire give ;
 For mighty Nations seek you mighty Walls,
 Nor e'er decline your Travel's tedious Toil.
 Your Mansion must be chang'd : The *Delian* God 215
 Assign'd you not These Coasts, the Shores of *Crete*.
 There is a Place, by *Greeks Hesperia* call'd,
 An ancient Land, renown'd in Arms, and rich
 In fertil Glebe : The *Oenotrians* once possess'd,
 And till'd the Soil ; The Moderns now, 'tis said, 220
 Have from their Chief the Land *Italia* nam'd.
 This is your destin'd Seat ; Hence *Dardanus*,
Iäsus hence ; And from That Prince our Race
 Descended : Rise, and to your aged Sire
 With Joy relate These certain Tidings ; Seek 225
 'The Realms of *Coritus*, *Ausonian* Realms ;
 Great *Jove* denies you the *Diæan* Fields.

Admonish'd thus by Vision of the Gods,
 (Nor was it common Sleep ; for plain I saw
 Their Looks, their Forms, and Fillets of their Hair ;
 Then all my Limbs a clammy Sweat bedew'd :) 231
 Eager

Ver. 229. *Nor was it common Sleep, &c.* | *Nec Sopor illud erat, &c.* The Word *common* is not in the Original ; but the Sense of it is. Were not *Sopor* distinct from *Somnus*, or some Word understood to be joined with it ; This Verse would be a Contradiction to what is said before,

---*Visi ante oculos astare jacentis*
In somnis.

Somnus indeed often signifies a Slumber, or a Middle between sleeping and waking ; but *Sopor* a perfect and confirmed Sleep. But tho' *Dreams* are commonly said to be in *Slumber*, rather than in *Sleep* ; nay tho' a Man, when he dreams, is for That very Reason said not to be fast asleep ; and so This answers

Eager I spring from Bed, and lift to Heav'n
My Hands with Pray'r, and on the holy Hearths
Offer pure Gifts. The Sacrifice perform'd;

Anchises joyful I acquaint, and all

235

In order tell. He, recollecting, owns

The

swers That Objection concerning the seeming Inconsistency between Those two Verses; yet it does not account for a far greater Difficulty in This Passage. Because tho' it makes a sufficient Distinction between *slumbering* and *sleeping*; yet it makes none between *slumbering* and *waking*; between a *Dream* and a *real Apparition*; and so still here seems to be a *confused Mixture* of *Both*. There is indeed the same Difficulty in other Passages; particularly in the Seventh Book. *Alecto* comes to *Turnus*, as he lies in his Bed: Her Apparition is real; and He, one would think, is aware; For they hold a Dialogue with one another: And yet afterwards it follows,

Olli somnum ingens rupit pavor ----

Fear roused him from his Sleep. And so here *Æneas* knows and distinguishes the real Shapes and Habits of the Gods, discovered too by the Moon shining in at the Window; and yet all this while he is asleep, at least in a slumber. What can be the meaning of This? In both Places we have an Apparition, and no Apparition; a Dream, and no Dream: but a Medley of Imagination and Reality jumbled together; so that one would think the Poet was not well awake, when he wrote it. This is the Difficulty: And the Commentators are so far from helping me to an Answer; that none of them takes the least notice of the Objection. As to the Place we are now considering; The Solution, I think, must be, that it was strictly a Dream; and that among other things he dreamt he saw them by the Light of the Moon thro' the Window. For why could he not dream of That, as well as of any thing else? But it was not a *mere Dream*, meaning an *ordinary*, or a *common one*; but something *Preternatural*, and *Divine super-added* to it: And That is the Sense of *nec Sopor illuderat*: It was not *Sleep*, but a *Divine Revelation* that made the Impression. By this therefore he says he was not in a *common Sleep*, or *Dream*; not that he was *awake*. For even afterwards he does not say he *really* saw them, but that he *seemed* perfectly to know, and distinguish them;

---Sed coram agnoscere vultus,

Nelataque somas, presentiaque ora videbar :.

Signifying

The double Parents, and ambiguous Race,
And his new Errour in the ancient Realms.

Then Thus: My Son, long exercis'd by Fate,
The Fate of *Troy*; To me these strange Events 240

None, but *Cassandra*, ever did foretel.

Now (I remember well) she oft pronounc'd
Those Kingdoms due to us; and often nam'd

Hesperia, and the Coasts of *Italy*. 244

But who would Then have thought the *Trojan* Race
Should ever at *Hesperia*'s Shores arrive?

Or whom could Then by her prophetick Voice

Cassandra

Signifying the *Strength* and *Clearness* of the *Impression* made upon him; which argued it not to be Human Fancy, but a Divine Revelation. For tho' Apparitions, and even Divine Dreams are sometimes distinct, yet sometimes they may fall in with one another; and One may dream of an Apparition, as well as of any thing else: so clearly, and strongly too, that the Dream may be equivalent to Reality: and that both as to the *Impression* it self, and the *Consequences* of it. Nay it may be Reality; i. e. a real Impulse upon the *Mind*, tho' not upon the *Senses*. Thus in the First Book:

*Ipsa sed in somnis inbumati venit Imago
Conjugis, ora modis attollens pallida niris.*

And in the Second,

*In somnis ecce ante oculos mæstissimus Hector
Visus adesse mihi, largosque effundere flatus.*

And we know how important were the Consequences of *Sicceus*'s Warning to *Dido* in the one; and of *Hector*'s to *Æneas* in the other. And true, as well as fabulous, History gives us Instances of the like nature. That Passage in the Seventh Book indeed must require another Interpretation. The Apparition of *Alesta* was certainly real; because we have an Account of many of her Transactions before, of her going to *Turnus* first in the Form of *Calybe*, and afterwards resuming her own Shape. He therefore is not quite asleep; but gives her That careless drowsy Answer, between Sleeping and Waking. Then she rouses him with a vengeance; and so *somnum ingent rupit pavor* --- i. e. He is now quite awake, or more fully awake; whereas he was half asleep

Cassandra move ? To *Phæbus* let us yield ;
 And better Measures, thus advis'd, pursue.
 He said ; we all with joyful Haste obey : 250
 We leave a few behind ; This Seat forsake ;
 Unfurl ; and with our Vessels plough the Deep.

Now on the full extended Main, the Land
 No more appear'd ; but all was Sea, and Sky ;
 A dusky Cloud hung gather'd o'er my Head, 255
 Bringing on Night, and Storm ; Upon the Waves
 Lay horrid Darknefs ; Boist'rous Winds confound
 The rolling Sea, and mighty Billows rise.
 We, scatter'd o'er the boundless Deep, are toss'd ;
 Tempests involve the Day ; A Night of Rain 260
 Obscures the Heav'ns : Repeated Light'nings flash
 From bursting Clouds. We devious from our Course
 Are driv'n ; and wander o'er the darken'd Waves.
 In the mid Sea, ev'n *Palinure* declares
 Himself unable to distinguish Day 265

From

asleep before : His *somnus* implying no more than *Drowsiness* or *Slumbering*. An ingenious Gentleman has proposed to me another way of salving all this Difficulty at once : Which is to read Ver. 151. Orig. *Insomnis*, in one Word, instead of *In somnis*, in two. The Hero was *Insomnis*, restless ; and did not sleep at all : And so all is clear without any more ado. The Conjecture is certainly very pretty : But there are so many Places in *Virgil*, in which these Visions are express'd by *In somnis* ; and the Account I have given, does, I think, so fully clear the whole Matter ; that I chuse to adhere to the common Reading. It is inconceivable to me

that the Poet should five or six times express himself by *In somnis* upon these Occasions ; and once only, upon the very same Occasion, expressed himself by one Word made up of the same Letters, to a Sense directly contrary. For in all those other Places, it cannot be read *Insomnis*, (one Word ;) the Sense and Grammar not admitting it. Ver. 184. Orig. *Nunc repeto [illam,] &c.*

Ver. 251. *We leave a few behind, &c.* I understand This of Those who were dead by the Pestilence : For to what purpose any of the Living should be left behind, is not to be imagined. Suppose them to have been never so useless, or insignificant ; it would have been barbarous

BOOK 3. VIRGIL'S ÆNEIS. 155

From Night, or know what Course we should pursue.
Three Days entire, uncertain of the Sun,
Darkling we rove ; as many starless Nights :
On the fourth Morn scarce rising Land appears,
And distant Mountains op'ning roll the Smoke. 270
The Sails hang slack ; our Crew with lab'ring Oars
Dash the curl'd Foam, and sweep the briny Waves.

The Islands *Strophades* receive me first
Sav'd from the Tempest ; *Strophades* the Greeks
Have nam'd them ; Islands in th' *Ionian* Sea, 275
Which dire *Celæno*, and her Sister *Plagues*
The other *Harpies* haunt ; excluded Now
From *Phineus*' Court, and forc'd by Fear to leave
Their former Banquets. Monsters more abhorr'd,
And Pests more execrable, by the Wrath 280
Of Gods, ne'er issu'd from the *Stygian* Lake.

Bodies of Birds with female Faces join'd ;
A filthy Flux of Entrails ; Hands with Claws
Hooky ; and Visages for ever pale
With Hunger. 285

When, hither driv'n, we anchor'd in the Port ;
Herds of Fat Kine we saw, and browsing Goats,
Without a Keeper, straying o'er the Fields.
We rush among them with our Steel, invite
The Gods, and *Jove* himself to share the Prey ; 290
Then

barbarous to leave them in a native Case : But our Language will not admit of That elegant Boldness.
Ver. 290. *To share the Prey.*
201. Orig. *negat* [*se posse*] *In prædam, partemque ; i. e. in partem prædæ : in eâ dicitur.*
discernere.

Ver. 280, 281. ---- By the Wrath of Gods, &c.] They
are themselves in the Original
called *ira deum* in the Nomi-
Many Instances there are of
This Figure in the ancient Writ-
ings ; and in none more than
in the Holy Scriptures.

Then spread our Tables on the winding Shore,
 And there repos'd on plenteous Banquets feast.
 When on a sudden from the Mountains Tops,
 With horrible Descent, the *Harpies* come,
 And shake their clatt'ring Wings; They snatch the Meat
 Rav'nous, and all with tainting Touch defile: 296
 An odious Scream, and noisom Stench, at once
 Offend us. In a long Recess, beneath
 An hollow Rock, fenc'd all around with Trees,
 And gloomy Shade, a second time we spread 300
 Our Tables, and on Altars lay the Fire.
 A second time the Brood with hooky Claws,
 And noisy Pinions, from their Coverts flock,
 And from a diff'rent Quarter of the Sky;
 And poison all our Feast. I then command 305
 The Soldiers to betake them to their Arms,
 And wage a War with that detested Race.
 Just as commanded, they obey; conceal
 Their Swords along the Grass, and hide their Shields.
 Soon as descending with a Noise they came 310
 Down to the crooked Shores, *Misenus* gave
 The Trumpet's Signal from a lofty Rock;
 Our Friends invade them, and new Battle try
 With Those Sea-birds accurst: Upon their Plumes,
 And Bodies, no Impression they receive, 315
 Invulnerable; but beneath the Stars
 Spread their swift Flight, and leave the loathsom Print.
 Of their foul Feet, and the half-eaten Prey.
 On a high Cliff alone *Celæno* fate,

Unlucky

Ver. 304. From a different, [*Prælia tentant* ---- *Fædare* i. e.
 Sec.] *Ex diverso cæli*; i. e. ex di- tentant *prælia* [& tentant] *fa-*
 versa parte. dars, i. e. perdere. See Note

Ver. 313. New battle try. on B. II. 66.

Unlucky Prophetess ; and Thus she spoke. 320

War too, ye Offspring of *Laomedon*,
For slaughter'd Cattle, would you offer War ?
And drive the harmless *Harpies* from their Realms ?
Hear then, and in your Minds imprint my Words.
What *Jove* to *Phæbus*, *Phæbus* taught to Me, 325
The eldest Fury, I to You unfold.

For *Italy* you sail, and court the Winds ;
At *Italy* you shall arrive, and there
Enter the Port : But never with it's Walls
Your fatal, promis'd City shall inclose ; 330
'Till Famine dire, and Vengeance for our Wrongs
Force you for Food your Dishes to devour.

This said ; with out-stretch'd Pinions back she flew
Into the Wood. Our Friends with sudden Fear 334
Are struck ; Their Courage sinks, their Blood congeals :
And now no more of Arms ; With Pray'rs, and Vows
They sue for Peace ; whate'er Those Forms should prove,
Whether dire Goddeses, or Birds obscene.
But old *Anchises*, stretching from the Shore
His Hands, invokes the mighty Gods, devoting 340
Their Honours due : Ye Gods, forbid these Threats,
Avert such Ills, and save a pious Race.
He then commands to cut the twisted Cords,

And

Ver. 332. *Force you for Food* | *Scaliger* ; And it appears from
your Dishes to devour.] This | This Place compared with That
seeming odd Passage is taken | in the Seventh Book ; where the
from History. *Strabo* relates it | Mystery is unravelled. Ver. 260.
at large in his Twelfth Book ; | Orig. *Nec jam amplius armis*
as he is quoted by *De La Cerda*. | [uti] sed precibus -- exposcere ---
The ingenious and pleasant Use | Ver. 326. *passis*, i. e. *expansis* :
which *Virgil* has made of it by | 'Tis from *pando*, not from *patior*.
eloathing and diversifying it with | Ver. 275. *Apollo* ; for *Templum*.
Fiction, is much admired by | *Apollinis*

And loose from Shore ; the Southern Blasts extend
 Our Sails ; We fly upon the foaming Deep ; 345
 Which way foe'er our Pilot and the Winds
 Direct our Course. And now amidst the Sea,
 Woody *Zacynthos* to our Sight appears ;
Dulichium, *Same*, *Neritos* with Rooks
 Lofty : We fly the Cliffs of *Ithaca*, 350
Laertian Realms ; and curse the native Soil
 Of dire *Ulysses*. Next the cloudy Tops
 Of Mount *Leucate* rise, and *Phæbus*' Fane
 Dreaded by Mariners : We thither turn
 Fatigu'd ; and to the little Town proceed. 355
 Our Anchors from the Prow are cast ; The Sterns
 Stand resting on the Shore. Beyond our hopes
 Arriving here, we sacrifice to *Jove* ;
 And with the promis'd Fires his Altars blaze.
 We celebrate upon the *Ælian* Coasts 360
 The *Trojan* Games ; Our Friends along the Shore
 With *Trojan* Wrestling exercise their Limbs
 Naked, in slipp'ry Oil : They pleas'd reflect
 On having pass'd so many *Grecian* Towns,
 And steer'd the middle Course among our Foes, 365
 Meanwhile

Apollinis. These Tropes are Frequent in Poetry.

Ver. 359. *And with the promis'd, &c.* *Votisque incendimus aras*. Kindle the *Altars*, for kindle *Fires* upon them. With *Vows* ; i. e. with the *Offerings* we had vow'd or promis'd. See Ver. 294. Orig. 340. Transl. For That Expression *Lustramusque Jovi*, see *Rueus*.

Ver. 360. ----- We celebrate upon the *Actian* Coasts. The *Tro-*

jan Games, &c.] *Nobilissimus Actium Promontorium ludis, &c.* says *Rueus* : And it may be true ; But I rather take it by way of Hypallage. *celebramus ludos litoribus*, &c. especially since the Change is so easy, and natural, Tho' the literal Sense is here sufficient ; yet doubtless *Virgil* had a *Proleptical* View to the Sports afterwards instituted by *Augustus* in Memory of his Victory at *Actium*.

Meanwhile the Sun rolls round the circling Year ;
 And icy Winter, harsh with Northern Winds,
 Roughens the Sea : A Shield of hollow Brass,
 Which mighty *Abas* bore, upon the Posts
 Adverse I fix ; and This Inscription leave : 370
These Arms Æneas from the conqu'ring Greeks.
 I then command our Crew to leave the Port,
 And ply their Oars ; With emulation fir'd
 They dash the Sea, and sweep the briny Waves.
 We soon lose Sight of high *Phæacia's* Tow'rs, 375
 And coasting skim along *Epirus's* Shores ;
 Enter *Chaonia's* Harbour ; and ascend
Butbrotus, lofty City. There a Fame
 Of Things incredible surpriz'd our Ears ;
 That *Trojan Helenus* o'er *Grecian Towns* 380
 Reign'd King, succeeding *Pyrrhus* ; and possess'd
 His Queen, and Throne : and that *Andromache*
 Again was Consort to a *Trojan Lord*.
 Amaz'd I burn with strong Desire, to greet
 My Friend, and certain hear the strange Event. 385
 I leave our Crew, our Navy, and the Port.
 It chanc'd that then before the City's Walls,
 Close.

Ver. 371. *These Arms, &c.*] *den from us, by losing Sight of*
Æneas hæc [fixit] arma de Da- them. Ver. 292. *Portu* for *Por-*
nais Victoribus [relata.] I have tui. Ver. 296. *Conjugio*, for
 retain'd the Ellipsis in my Tran- *Conjuge*. Ver. 297. *Cessisse* for
 slation ; according to the *Mode* *datam fuisse*.
of Motto's, and Inscriptions. Ver. 384. *Desire to, &c.*] *Is-*
 Ver. 291. Orig. *Abcondimus* ; *censum [est] pectus amore compell-*
 bide them : i. e. make them bid- *lare* : i. e. cupiditate compellandi.

Ver. 387. *It chanc'd that then before the City's Walls,*
Close in a Grove, near fancy'd Simois' Stream,
Andromache the mournful Off'rings paid, &c.]

The

Cloſe in a Grove, near fancy'd *Simois*' Stream,
Andromache the mournful Off'rings paid,
 And ſolemn Sacrifice at *Hector*'s Tomb,
 His empty Tomb; which, with two Altars built

390

On

The Account which *Andromache* afterwards gives of her own, and *Helene*'s Adventures, of *Pyrrhus*, *Hernione*, and *Oreſtes*, all compris'd in twelve Lines, appeared ſo conſiderable to *Monſieur Racine*; that a Part of it only has given him the Plan of an excellent Tragedy; which is very well fitted for our Theatre under the Title of *The Diſtreſſed Mother*. But what Scene is there in That, or almoſt any other Tragedy, at once ſo moving and ſurprizing, and therefore ſo truly tragical, as This wonderful Meeting of *Aeneas* and *Andromache*? She is, as it were, a Foreigner in her own Kingdom; and, tho' a Wife, is performing the Office of a Widow. It is at ſome diſtance

from the City, in a Wood, near a River, where ſhe is paying the Funeral Ceremonies to the Memory of *Hector* her firſt Husband. This is an Image of the ſooleſt Sadneſs; and the ſudden Turn from This to the Surprize which follows, is to the laſt degree affecting; and will be ſo, as long as Human Nature and *Virgil*'s Works are in Being. For while her Soul is in this melancholy Situation; ſhe ſees a Prince of her own Country and Family, whom ſhe thought long ſince dead, advancing towards her. Had ſhe even thought he had been living, ſhe could ſcarce have expected to ſee him any where; but leaſt of all There: What then is the Effect of This ſtrange Rencountre?

*Ut me conſpexit venientem, & Troia circum
 Arma amens vidit, &c.*

She doubts whether it be He, or ſhe dies for a time: At laſt half his Gholt; ſhe faints, ſhe ſinks, recovering,

*Verane te facies? &c.
 Nate Dea, vivisne? aut ſi lux alma receſſit,
 Hector ubi eſt? ----*

This is Nature indeed; This is eſpecially is incomparably proportion and pathetic.

*----Dixit, lacrimasque effudit, & omnem
 Implevit clamore locum----*

The Hero, almoſt as much amazed as her ſelf, answers with the ſame natural Abruptneſs, and Perturbation ----

*----Vix pauca furenti
 Subjicio, & raris turbatus vocibus biſco.
 Vivo equidem, &c.*

But

On the green Turf, th' Incentives of her Grief,
She consecrated ; and with Tears invok'd
His *Mantus*. Me as soon as she beheld

Advancing

But then after *Hectoris Andromache Pyrrhin' connubia servas* ? because That was a Question which affected her Honour ; she modestly casts her Eyes to the Ground, and replies with a low Voice ; not answering his Question directly ; but breaking out into That passionate Exclamation :

O felix una ante alias Priamēia Virgo, &c.

O happy She, That Priamēian Maid, &c.

Meaning *Polyxena*, who was sacrificed by the *Grecians* at the Tomb of *Achilles*, to appease the Ghost of That Hero : And so goes on with the Narration above-mentioned ; from which Monsieur *Racine* takes his Tragedy. After which, how moving and natural is That Transition to *Æneas*, his Affairs, and his Family, in Those short Questions ;

Sed tibi qui cursum venti, &c. ----

Quid Puer Ascanius ? &c. ----

And then after Those Words

Talia fundebat lacrimans, longosque ciebat

Incessum fletus ----

The pompous Entry of *Heleneus*, as it were still in a Tragedy, makes a new Scene, and most agreeably varies the Representation.

---- Cum sese à maenibus Heros

Priamides multis Helenus comitantibus affert :

He conducts them to the City, and in his Discourse all the way thither

---- Multum lacrimas verba inter singula fundit.

Mr. *Dryden* calls them *Tears of Joy* : but they have certainly a Mixture of Joy, and Grief ; Joy, upon the unexpected Visit of his dearest Friends ; and Grief, upon the Revival of the Ideas of their Distress, and the Ruin of his Country. The Parting of These dear Friends is no less pathetic, than their Meeting :

*Vade, ait, o felix nati pietate ; quid ultra
Provebor ? & fando surgentes demoror Austros ?*

Nec minus Andromache digressu maesta supremo, &c.

Accipe

Advancing towards her, and round me saw 395
 The *Trojan* Arms ; confounded, and amaz'd,
 She stiffen'd at the Sight, and fainting fell :
 After long time, at length scarce, fault'ring, spoke.
 Your true Appearance ? Come you, Goddess born,
 Real, t' inform me ? Live you ? Or if dead, 400
 Where's *Hector* ? Drown'd in Tears she spoke, and fill'd
 The Place with Shrieks. To her o'erpower'd, with pain
 I speak, and in few Words perplex'd reply.
 I live indeed ; and thro' all Perils drag
 My Being ; Doubt it not ; for all you see 405
 Is real.
 You, torn alas ! from such a Lord, what Chance
 Befalls ? O else what Fortune more deserv'd ?

And

*Accipe & hæc, &c. ----**---- Cape dona extrema tuorum :**O mibi sola mei super Ælyanaëtis imago !**Sic oculos, sic ille manus ----**Hos ego digrediens lacrimis affabar obortis ;**Vivite felices, &c. ----**---- Nos alia ex aliis in fata vocamur ;**Vobis parta quies ----*

That Man, surely can have no
 Idea of Friendship, nor of Hu-
 man Nature it self, who is not
 sensibly touched with This whole
 Passage ; which is to me one of
 the most affecting in all the
Æneis.

Ver. 395. *Round me.*] In the
 first Edition I had render'd it
 round her : Understanding *Troia*
circum Arma amens vidit, of
Æneas's Fleet, and Army, not
 of himself: The Words confi-
 der'd by themselves naturally
 raise That Idea ; and so *De La*

Cerda understands them. But
 This cannot be ; since *Æneas*
 says Ver. 300. He left his
 Friends, &c. in the Harbour ;
 and so is now alone.

Ver. 399. *Your true, &c.*]
 [Tune] *vera facies, verus nun-*
cius, affert te mibi ? This El-
 lipsis again ought to be retain'd
 in a Translation ; because it ex-
 presses Surprise, and Amaze-
 ment. Ver. 314. *varis turba-*
tus vocibus bisco, is extremely
 elegant and emphatical. Espe-
 cially That *bisco* : He is in al-
 most

BOOK 3. VIRGIL's *ÆNEIS*. 163

And are You then, *Hector's Andromache*,
Become the Spouse of *Pyrrhus*? Prone to Earth 410
She bent her Eyes, and with low Voice reply'd.

O! happy She, That *Priamæian* Maid,
Happy above the rest! who, doom'd to die
Beneath *Troy's* Walls, before an hostile Tomb,
Fell by no Lot to any Victor's Share; 415
Nor e'er ascended, as a Captive Queen,
His lordly Bed. I, tofs'd thro' various Seas,
Far from my ruin'd Country, have endur'd
The haughty *Achillæan* Race, and bore
A Son in Servitude to That proud Youth; 420
Who afterwards, preferring in his Choice
Grecian Hermione, a *Spartan* Bride,
Transmitted me a Captive, to the Bed
Of Captive *Helenus*. But him, inflam'd
With Love, and Vengeance for his ravish'd Bride, 425
And wild with Guilt, *Orestes* unawares
Surpriz'd, and at his Country-Altars flew.
By *Pyrrhus'* Death the Kingdoms fell in part
Assign'd to *Helenus*; who all the Realms
From *Trojan Chaon's* Name *Chaonia* call'd, 430
And on These Mountains built the *Trojan* Tow'rs.
But You what Winds, what Fates have hither driv'n?
What God has brought you to our Coasts unknown?
How fares the young *Ascanius*? Does he live?

Does

most as great Confusion as She; and can but just *biscere*, open his Mouth to speak.

Ver. 409. *Hector's Andromache*.] *Ruæus* interprets it, and comments upon it; as if it were, O *Andromache*, *Servas*

Connubia Hectoris, Pyrrhine, i. e. an Pyrrhi? And *Pierius* says some ancient Manuscripts have it *Pyrrhi an*. But, no doubt, the far better Sense is *Hectoris* [olim Uxor] *Andromache, Pyrrhin'*, &c.

Does he yet live, and breathe this vital Air ? 435
Whom you, when *Troy*——

Does yet the Boy with Grief remember aught
Of his lost Mother ? Does he, fir'd with Deeds
Of manly Virtue, copy out his Sire
Æneas, and his Uncle *Hector's* Fame ? 440

Weeping she spoke ; and long Laments in vain
Protracted : When the *Priameian* Prince,
Helenus, from the Town attended came,
With numerous Retinue. Soon he knows,
And owns his Friends, and joyful to his Walls 445
Conducts them ; interrupting, all the Way,
His Speech with mingled Tears. I go, and view
His little *Troy*, Resemblance of the Great ;
View the dry Banks of new-nam'd *Xanthus'* Stream,
And hug the Lintels of the *Scæan* Gate. 450

Nor less the *Trojans* share the friendly Town :
Them in large stately Rooms the King receives ;
In the mid Court they feast with Bowls of Wine,
With massy Plate, and Banquets serv'd in Gold.
And now two Days were pass'd ; the Winds invite 455
Our Canvass, and extend the swelling Sails ;
Thus to the Prophet I address my Pray'r.

Trojan Interpreter of Heav'n, whose Skill
The sacred Oracle of *Phæbus* knows,
His *Tripes*, and his Laurel-Wreath, the Stars, 460
The Tongues of Birds, and Omens of their Flight ;
Instruct me : For the Gods propitious all
My Voyage taught ; and all their sacred Shrines
Persuaded me to seek th' *Italian* Coasts,
And find the Realms reserv'd for me by Fate. 465

Only

Only *Celæno*, Harpy dire, predicts
 Strange Prodigy ; and (horrible to tell !)
 Denounces vengeful Wrath, and Famine, Plague
 Obscene. What Perils must I first escape?
 And by what means surmount such mighty Toils? 470

Here *Helenus*, performing first the Rite
 Accustom'd, sacrificing Oxen slain,
 Implores the Favour of the Gods, unbinds
 The Fillets of his consecrated Head ;
 And me solicitous, in deep suspense 475
 With holy Awe of Oracles, he leads

Strait to thy Dome, O *Phæbus* ; Then the Priest
 Divine Thus opens his prophetick Mouth.

O Goddess-born, (For that you stem the Deep
 Under the Conduct of the mightier Pow'rs, 480
 Is manifest ; So stands the Purpose fix'd
 Of *Jove*, and such the Scheme of Fate's Decree :)
 Few, among many, Things I will disclose ;
 That safe you may explore These foreign Seas,
 And in th' *Ausonian* Harbour safe arrive : 485

The Fates permit not *Helenus* to know
 The rest ; and *Juno*'s Pow'r forbids to speak.
 First, from th' *Italian* Ports, which you so near
 Imagine, ignorant, a long Extent
 Of Ocean, and a Voyage difficult 490
 Divide

Ver. 475, 476. Suspense with
 holy Awe, &c.] Multo suspensum numine ; --- Suspensum (i. e. dubitantem, timentem) ob multam reverentiam Nominis [fatidici.]
 Ver. 376. Orig. Fata fortitur ; volvitque vices ; is vertitur ordo. i. e. Fata sorte disponit, & currere facit vicissitudines fortuna ; ea series rerum volvitur.
 Ver. 377. Hospita : Either vicina ; or quæ te hospitio excipiant ; or (which I rather chuse) peregrina.
 Ver. 489. Imagine, ignorant. &c.] Italiam, quam tu ----- Vicinosque [cujus] ----- portus.
 Ver.

Divide you : First *Trinacrian* Waves must bend
 Your Oars; *Ausonian* Seas must be explor'd,
 Th' *Infernal* Lakes, *Æëan* *Circe's* Isle ;
 E're you on Land secure can found your Walls.
 The Sign I will foretel ; Keep you in Mind 495
 What I disclose. When anxious for your Fate
 You shall beneath the Willows, on the Shore,
 Fast by the secret River's gliding Stream,
 Find a white Sow, and round her Teats her Young
 Of the same Colour, lying on the Ground, 500
 Thirty in Number ; That shall be the Place
 To found your City ; there your certain Rest
 From Toils. Nor you the future Famine fear,
 Nor Dishes for your Food : The Fates will find
 A Way ; and *Phæbus*, when invoc'd, assist. 505
 But these near Borders of th' *Italian* Coasts,
 Which next to Us by our Sea's Tide is wash'd,
 Avoid : The Cities by the hostile *Greeks*
 Are all inhabited. The *Locrians* here,
Narician Colony, have built their Walls ; 510
 And with an armed Force *Salentum's* Fields
Lyctian *Idomeneus* has there possess'd ;
 Here *Philoctetes*, *Melibæan* Chief,
 Little *Petilia* with a Wall secures.

But

Ver. 383. Orig. *Via ignia*, strictly speaking, an unpassable Passage, is a Contradiction. It can mean no more than *perdifficilis*. Ver. 384. *lentandus* ; i. e. *curvandus*, *flexendus* : the *Oar* being *lentus*, tough, and so made for bending, not breaking.

Ver. 501. Thirty in number.] *Triginta capitum factus*. i. e. *prolem triginta natorum*, for *triginta natos*. Thus *Caput* for *Homo*.

Ver. 514. Little *Petilia* with a Wall secures.] *Subnixa*, for *munita*, or *defensa*, is, I confess, an unusual Construction : But it is worse to suppose the City to be built upon a Wall, or propped, and supported by one ; as we must do if we take *subnixa* in it's proper Signification, for *suffulta*. Ver. 405. Orig. *Velare* Imperative Passive [quoad] *comat*.

But when your Ships rest wafted o'er the Main ; 515
 And you on Altars rais'd along the Shore
 Pay your vow'd Off'rings ; with a purple Veil
 Cover your Head : lest any hostile Face
 Appearing, should disturb the solemn Rites,
 The holy Fires, and Honour of the Gods. 520
 This Form in Sacrificing let your Friends
 With you observe ; and let your future Race
 Pious in this Religion persevere.

But when the Wind shall to Sicilia's Coast
 Direct your Course, and strait Pelorus shew 525
 It's narrow Passage ; by a Circuit wide
 Veer to the Left, the Left to Land and Sea ;

Avoid

Ver. 518. *Left any hostile Face, &c.*] It is not to be supposed that the Covering of their Faces could secure them from Danger, if any Enemy should approach : But they were rather to abide That Danger, than suffer their Devotions to be disturbed by such a Sight.

Ver. 525, ---- 6. *And strait Pelorus shew It's narrow Passage* ----- *Et angusti rarefcent claustra Pelori.* The Sense must be as I have rendred it, according to the Bent of his Voyage, and the Geography of the

Places : Tho' one would think the Word *rarefcent* should signify the direct contrary ; so as to imply, not opening, and shewing itself, but rather lessening, and gradually vanishing to the Sight. *Rarefcent* therefore does not imply that the Passage appears narrower at their Approach to it, That being impossible ; but that it then appears, tho' narrow and slender, whereas before it did not appear at all. Mr. Dryden, following my Lord Lauderdale, translates it Thus :

And proud Pelorus opens a wider way :

Wider than what ? No Streight can well be narrower ; Only upon one's Approach it is found to be a Passage, whereas at a Distance it seemed to be None ; Italy and Sicily appearing to be continuous. Why he calls it *proud pelorus*, I cannot guess ; unless instead of *angusti* He read *angusti* ; which would be a sin-

gular Word in This Place, and is just the Reverse of Virgil's Meaning. Ver. 416. Orig. *Protinus* generally relates to Time ; but Here to Place. All of a Piece. Ver. 419. *Littore diductas* : i. e. *distinctas suo quasque littore*. Ver. 422. in *abruptum* [spatium] i. e. *præcipitium*.

Avoid the Right of Both. These Lands, 'tis said,
 (So great the Changes made by Tract of Time)
 With Ruin vast, and mighty Force convuls'd 530
 Asunder broke : When Both were join'd in one
 Continuous, intermediate came the Sea
 With Rage impetuous ; and with rushing Waves
 Tore all *Hesperia* from *Sicilia*'s Shores,
 And by a narrow Frith the Fields and Towns 535
 Divided. *Scylla* guards the Right, the Left
 Implacable *Charybdis* ; which, with Gulf
 Voracious, thrice sucks in the broken Tides ;
 Then spouts them high, disgorg'd, into the Air,
 Alternate, and with Billows beats the Stars. 540
 But *Scylla*, with dark Caverns round inclos'd,
 Uprears her Head, and draws among her Rocks
 The Vessels: Human is her upper Part,
 A Virgin's beauteous Face, and beauteous Breast ;
 Her nether Shape a monstrous *Priest*, join'd 545
 To Tails of Dolphins, and the Wombs of Wolves.
 'Tis better to survey *Trinacria*'s Bounds,
 And coast *Pachynus*, and with Voyage wide
 To steer a winding Course ; then once to see
 In her vast Cave huge *Scylla*'s hideous Form, 550
 And Rocks rebellowing with cerulean Dogs.
 Besides ;

Ver. 546. To Tails, &c.] *Delphinum caudas commissas*, i. e. *habens --- caudas commissas* (i. e. *conjunctas*) *utero*, &c.

Ver. 551. And Rocks rebellowing with cerulean Dogs.] *Cerulean* is no *English* Word, strictly speaking : But, I think, I am not the first by whom it has been used. However it be ;

the Word *Cæruleus* has such a Variety of Significations, and at the same time such a delicate Sound, that it seems very allowable to introduce it into our Poetry. The Unlearned are to understand that it sometimes signifies *Bluish*, *Azure*, or *Sky-coloured*, sometimes *Sea-green*, sometimes *Grey*, sometimes

Besides ; If *Helenus* has any Skill,
 If any Faith, and if *Apollo* right
 Inspires his Prophet ; One thing, Goddess born,
 One thing, above the rest, I will advise, 555
 And oft repeat it : With religious Pray'r
 First *Juno's* Deity adore ; to Her
 Pay willing Sacrifices, and with Vows
 Suppliant o'erpow'r the mighty Queen of Heav'n ;
 So, leaving *Sicily*, you shall at last 560
 In Safety land upon th' *Ausonian* Shore.
 When thither brought, you shall at *Cumæ's* Walls
 Arrive, and entring see th' *Avernian* Lake,
 The Lake Divine, resounding in the Woods ;
 A Prophetess you shall behold, with Rage 565
 Enthusiastick, who beneath a Rock
 Discloses Fate ; and Characters, and Verse
 Commits to Leaves. Whatever Lines on Leaves
 The Virgin writes, she into Order just
 Ranges, and lays them in her Grot secluse ; 570
 They in their Places rest unmov'd : But when,
 The Door turn'd on it's Hinge, a Blast of Wind
 Disturbs their Site ; she never is concern'd

To

times *Dusky*, or *Black*, as Ver. 64 of This Third Book, *Cæruleis mæstæ vittis*. To Latinize licentiously in our Poetry is insufferable : but to do it sparingly, and with Caution, adds to the Strength and Beauty of our Language. I do not remember any other Instances of This Kind in 'This Translation, but the Words *Interfus'd*, and *Obtort*. I think I

have Authority for the First, tho' I know not where : And if I have none for the Last, yet I hope it may be admitted, for the Reason above-mentioned ; and moreover because there is, I believe, no genuine *English* Word which will express it's Meaning. Ver. 440. *Trinacriâ* [in] *finis* --- *mettre* ; i. e. *admettre*.

To catch them flying in her hollow Rock ;
 Never recalls them to their former Cells, 575
 And marshals them no more: The Votaries
 Depart untaught, and curse the *Sibyl's* Cave.
 Here let no Loss sustain'd by your Delay,
 However great, deter you ; Tho' your Friends'
 Impatient murmur, and the prosp'rous Gales 580
 Invite your swelling Canvass ; yet address
 The holy Priestests, and with suppliant Pray'r
 Intreat her to reveal your Fate by Speech,
 By vocal Accents. She th' Inhabitants
 Of *Italy*, and all your future Wars 585
 Will teach, and how to suffer, or escape
 Your ev'ry Labour ; She, adorn'd, will speed
 Your Voyage. These are all the Things, which Fate
 Permits my Voice t' inform you : Go, and raise
 Great *Troy*, by deathless Actions, to the Stars. 590
 Thus when the friendly Prophet had advanc'd ;
 He gives Command to carry to our Ships
 Presents of polish'd Iv'ry, pond'rous Gold,
 And *Dodonean* Cauldrons, massy Plate,
 A Coat of Mail compact with Hooks, and all 595
 With triple Tissue wrought ; a Helmet's Cone
 With nodding Crest, the Helmet *Pyrrhus* wore :
 My Father too with Presents he adorns,

Adds

Ver. 578. *No Loss, &c.*] *Ne qua moræ fuerint dispendia tant:* Let no Inconveniences of Staying be so considerable [in your Judgment, as to hinder you from staying to consult the *Sibyl*, &c.] *Non sint tanti--Quin adeus vatem.* Ver. 456.

Ver. 580. *Impatient, &c.*] *Nil curfus, &c. vocet.* This is a

strange Passage. *De La Cerda* takes *Curfus* for *nautæ currere cupientes*. And that's the best I can make of it. Ver. 461. Orig. *Quæ --- te --- moneri. Moneo*, like *duceo*, &c. governs a double Accusative in the Active. and a single one in the Passive, *Moneo te hoc : Ego hoc moneor.*

Adds Steeds, and Pilots ;

Refits our Oars, supplies our Crew with Arms. 600

Mean-while *Anchises* bids refit our Ships

With Sails, and not delay the willing Winds.

Him with much Honour Thus the Royal Priest

Bespeaks. *Anchises*, favour'd with the Bed

Of *Venus*, Darling of the Gods, and twice 605

Rescu'd from ruin'd *Troy* ; Before your Eyes

Behold *Ausonia* ; make it with your Sails ;

Yet still your Navy must pass by Those Coasts ;

Far distant is That Part of *Italy*,

Which by *Apollo* is disclos'd : Go, blest 610

In your Son's Piety ; Why speak I more ?

And with my Words delay the rising Winds ?

Nor less *Andromache*, with said Farewel,

Brings to *Ascanius* Robes all wrought in Gold

With various Colours, and a *Phrygian* Cloak ; 915

Loads him with rich embroider'd Vestments, nought

Inferiour in her Presents : Then she speaks.

Thou too, dear Youth, These Labours of my Hands

Receive, which long may testify the Love

Of *Hector's* Wife *Andromache* ; Accept 620

These, the last Presents which thy Friends can give :

O Thou ! the sole, surviving Image left

Of my *Asryanax* ! Just so he look'd !

Such were his Gestures ! such his Eyes, and Hands !

And

Ver. 608. *Those Coasts.*] the Commentators) *non cedit*
Hanc [partem *Italiae*.] Ver. 481. *bonori Heleni* ; or *Heleno* honore.
 Orig. *Provebor* : i. e. *progredivor* The Presents which She gave
 [oratione meâ.] to *Ascanius* were as valuable

Ver. 616, 617. *Nought Inferiour in her Presents, &c.*] as Those which her Husband
 That must be the Meaning of gave to *Anchises*. Ver. 489.
 Orig. *super*. It has the force
nec cedit bonori, i. e. (say all of *Superstes*.

And now his Age had bloom'd with equal Years. 625

These at our last Farewel I thus address,
 With rising Tears : Live happy, You, whose Toils
 Already are completed : We from Fate
 To Fate are summon'd ; You have found your Rest :
 You have no Ocean's wide Extent to plough, 630
 No *Italy*, still flying, to pursue
Xanthus in Imag'ry you see, and *Troy*
 Which your own Hands have made ; with more Success,
 I hope, and less obnoxious to the *Greeks*.
 If ever *Tyber*, and it's neighb'ring Fields 635
 I see, and Walls allotted us by Fate ;
Epirus, and *Hesperia*, kindred Realms,
 By the same Founder *Dardanus* ally'd,
 Ally'd by Fortune, we in future Times
 Will in Affections make one *Troy* ; and That 640
 Shall be the Care of all our future Race.

Close

Ver. 637. *Epirus*, and *Hesperia*, kindred Realms, &c.] *De La Cerda* from *Nannius* (to Both whom I refer the Reader) is particular in shewing the Friendship between These Nations in After-times ; by which This Prophecy (as they call it) was fulfilled. But sure they forgot *Pyrrhus* King of *Epirus*, who was no great Friend to the *Romans*. But History is not my Business : What *Æneas* says may be regarded as his own Resolution, and as a *Wish* to *Posterity* ; and That is sufficient. In the Orig. *Cognatasque* ; I would leave out the *que*. For tho' it does well enough in conjunction with the *que* which follows it in *populosque* ; yet with reference to what goes before, the Sense (which is the same as

if the *que* were left out) is a little obscured by it. For the Meaning is, " If ever I shall settle in *Italy*, &c. we will make the two Nations one : Whereas with this *que* it seems at first sight to run thus : If ever I shall, &c. and we shall make, &c.

Ver. 645, 646. *Appointing Guards*, &c.] *Sortiti remos*, i. e. *sorte eligentes eos qui ad remos excubias agerent*. *Remos* for *Remiges*. Ver. 512. Orig. *subibat* for *attigerat*. Ver. 518. *constare* for *certa esse*. Next Ver. *clarum* relates to the *Hearing* not to the *Sight*. Ver. 532. *Legunt* for *colligunt*. The Simple for the Compound. There are innumerable Instances of This : I have mention'd many ; tho' 'tis endless to take notice of all,

Cloſe by *Ceraunia's* neighb'ring Coaſts we fail ;
 From whence the neareſt Paſſage o'er the Sea
 To *Italy*. Mean-while the Sun declines,
 And Ev'ning ſhades the Hills. Appointing Guards 645
 By Lot to watch on Board, along the Shore
 Upon the wiſh'd-for Land, we reſt our Limbs,
 And dewy Sleep relieves them. Nor as yet
 Had Night, roll'd on by Hours, compleated half
 It's Courſe : when *Palinurus* from his Bed 656
 Riſes induſtrious ; all the Winds explores,
 And in his Ear receives the Blaſts ; obſerves
 The Stars all ſliding in the ſilent Sky,
 The rainy *Hyades*, and either *Bear*,
Arcturus, and *Orion* arm'd with Gold. 657
 When all the Face of Heav'n he ſees ſerene ;
 He gives the ſounding Signal from his Ship ;
 We ſtrike our Tents, and ſpread the Canvaſs Wings.

And now the Morning redden'd, and the Stars
 Retreated ; When at Diſtance we beheld 660
 The Hills obſcure, and low *Italian* Plains.
Italia, firſt *Achates* cries aloud ;
Italia all our Crew with joyful Shouts
 Salute. *Anchifeſ* then a Goblet crowns,
 Fills it with Wine, and ſtanding on the Deck 665
 Aloft, invokes the Gods.
 Ye Gods, controulers of the Land, the Seas,
 And Tempeſts ; ſpeed our Voyage by the Winds,
 And breathe propitious. Strait the wiſh'd-for Gales
 Swell freſh : The Harbour opens to our View 670
 Now nearer ; and *Minerva's* Temple high
 Upon the Mountain riſes to the Sight.
 Our Crew contract their Sails, and make to Shore :

The Harbour Eastward bends into an Arch ;
 The Rocks foam, opposite, with dashing Brine ; 975
 It self retires, and with a double Wall.

The craggy Cliffs, rais'd high like Tow'rs, let down
 Their Arms ; And from the Shore the Temple flies.
 Four Steeds (our first of Omens) here I saw
 Of snow-white Colour, grazing on the Fields : 680

Then old *Anchises* ; War, O foreign Land,
 Thou dost denounce : These Steeds are arm'd for War.
 But since accusom'd to the Rein they drew
 The Chariot, and concordant Harnes bore ;
 There still is Hope of Peace. We suppliant pray 685

To warlike *Pallas* ; who receiv'd us first
 Joyous ; and here before the Altars wrap
 Our Heads in *Phrygian* Veils : With solemn Rites
 We then obey th' important Precepts giv'n
 By *Helenus* ; and, as by him advis'd, 690

To *Grecian Juno* pay the Honours due,
 Our Vows religious orderly perform'd ;
 With quick dispatch we shift our Sails, and leave
 The *Grecian* Mansions, and suspected Fields,
 Then next *Tarentum's* Bay is seen, renown'd 695
 (If Fame be true) from *Hercules* : Oppos'd

To That, *Lacinia's* Temple rears it's Head ;
 And *Caulon's* Tow'rs ; and *Scylacæum* fear'd
 For Shipwrecks. Next, at distance, from the Main,

Ver. 689. Obey th' important
 Precepts, &c.] *Præceptisque*
 [parentes, obsecundantes] *Hele-*
ni : Or *vi præceptorum*, or *juxta*
præcepta. In the Ver. before ;
capita velamur : i. e. *velanur*
quoad capita. I have taken notice
 of This Phraseology perhaps too
 often.

Ver. 691. Pay the Honours,

&c.] Orig. *adolemus*, i. e. *sa-*
crificantes urimus) honores, i. e.
 [thura in] honorem [illius] Ver.
 439. Orig. *Obvertimus* turn
 round ; *cornua* the Ends : *ve-*
latarum [i. e. *vela babentium*]
antennarum Ver. 560. *Eripite*
 [hinc vos.] 561. *rudentem* : i. e.
stridentem ; because it's Motion
 makes the Water *rudere*, roar.

Trinacrian Ætna rises to our View ; 700

The bellowing Sea, and beaten Rocks are heard
From far, and Noises breaking on the Shore:

The Shallows boil, and mix the Tide with Sand.

This is *Charybdis*, old *Anchises* cries ;

These *Helenus* foretold, These dang'rous Rocks. 705

Veer off, my Friends ; together ply your Oars.

Just as commanded, they obey ; And first

The Fore-deck *Palinurus* to the Left

Turns round ; Our gen'ral Crew with Oars, and Sails,
Make to the Left : High on a vaulted Wave 710

We mount to Heav'n ; That sinking, down we fall,

Down to th' infernal Shades ; Thrice roar'd the Rocks

Among their hollow Caverns ; Thrice we saw

The dashing, broken Foam, and sprinkled Stars.

Mean-while, amidst our Toils, the Wind, and Sun
Forsake us ; And, unknowing of our Course, 716

We drive upon the *Cyclops*' Coasts : The Port

Fenc'd by it's Situation from the Winds,

And large itself : But *Ætna* Thunders nigh

In

Ver. 719. But *Ætna* thunders nigh, &c.] The Cavils of *A. Gellius*, and after him, of *Macrobius*, upon This admirable Description, are known to the Learned. I call them Cavils, for they deserve no better Name ; and *De La Cerda* justly gives them a worse. I shall not examine *Pindar*'s Description of Mount *Ætna*, with which This is compared, and from which Those two Criticks pretend it is borrowed. For tho' (as *De La Cerda* has shewn) there are Faults enough in That of the Greek Poet ; yet it is not my Business to

accuse *Pindar*, but to vindicate *Virgil*. What Occasion was there for *Virgil*'s distinguishing between Day and Night ; as *Pindar* does, who says that the Mountain smokes by Day, and flames by Night ? Those Eruptions happen both by Day and Night : and whenever they do, the Smoke and Flame are mingled. The Flame indeed cannot be *so well* seen by Day ; but it *can be seen* : or if it could not, still *there it would be*, which is sufficient. But by Night however (at which Time *Æneas* saw it) the Smoke, they say, could not be seen ; especially

In dreadful Ruins. With a Whirlwind's Force
Sometimes it throws to Heav'n a pitchy Cloud,

720

Redden'd

if it were a very dark Night, as he tells us it then was. But did they never see a House on fire in a very dark Night? I have; and I have seen Smoke as well as Flame; and I apprehended the one to be discovered by the other. These Criticisms of theirs, I am certain, have more Smoke in them than Fire; But let that pass. Suppose *Æneas* and his Friends could not see the Smoke; they might easily conceive it to be there: For as it is commonly said, there is no Smoke without some Fire; so there is never such a Fire as This without a great deal of Smoke: And it is to be hoped a Man may be allowed to describe what he conceives or imagines, as well as what he sees. The Gloss of *A. Gellius*, and *Macrobius*, upon the Word *candens*, is not true in it self: Or if it were; would be nothing to the Purpose, but only shew that they contradict themselves. See *De La Cerda* upon the Place; tho' I have in effect answered that Objection already. But another Expression, *sidera lambit*, will by no means please them. Why? The Points, or Tops of Flames actually resemble the Quivering, or Vibration of the Tongue. And *the Tongue of Fire* is an Expression in the Hebrew Text *Isaiah* 5. 24. To say that Those Flames reach the Stars is no more then a common Hyperbole, always justifiable upon great Subjects; but upon

This wonderful one so apt to strike us with Terror and Amazement (which always make Objects appear greater than they really are) it is most peculiarly, and signally beautiful. But they tell us that *Virgil* in some Words does not truly translate *Pindar*: Who told them he intended to translate him at all? I very much question whether he had *Pindar* in his Thoughts, when he made This Description; and he would undoubtedly have made it, though *Pindar* had never been born. But This is one Instance, among a hundred more, of the Judgment of those Criticks who will have it that *Virgil* translates, or imitates Things, which there is no proof that he ever dreamt of, while he was writing; and who, to shew their own Wit and Learning, will compare Passages with each other, between which there is really no Comparison. The Remark of *Macrobius*, that *Virgil* here labours for the Sound and Rattling of Words, so as to neglect Propriety, must rather move the Scorn, than the Indignation, of all who are acquainted with the Genius of This Poet; to the Character of which nothing can be more contrary than This Reflection. Every body knows that his most distinguishing Property is *Fulness*, and *Exactness* of Sense; that he always makes his Words naturally spring from his Ideas, never makes his Ideas stoop to his

Redden'd with Cinders, and involv'd in Smoke;
And tosses Balls of Flame, and licks the Stars.
Sometimes with loud Explosion high it hurls

Vast

his Words. His Diction and Versification indeed are here, and in a thousand other places, sounding, and rattling: But they ought to be so too; the Nature of the Subjects requiring it. The last Words of *Macrobius* upon This Head are very remarkable*. "What he [*Virgil*] says of the Rocks being tossed out of the Mountain, and presently melted, (*Statim liquefieri*) of their groaning, and being whirled into the Air, is neither said by *Pindar*, nor heard of by any body else; and is of all Monsters the most monstrous." Considering that *Virgil* is allowed to be a far greater Man than *Macrobius*; I think I may with at least as much Modesty, if not Judgment, name one Monster more, and presume to say that This is the most monstrous Criticism that ever was heard of. What does he mean by his *statim*? *Virgil* says no such thing: The Stones, if of a metallic nature, like Ore, may be properly melted; If otherwise, they may be calcined (which a Poet may elegantly express by *liquefacta*) as it is well known they actually are. But that This is done presently, is not said; Tho' if it were, it would be true: For in such a Furnace as Mount *Ætna*, any fusible Substance is

soon melted. But the truth is, he seems to mistake *Virgil* in another respect: He mentions *eructari* first, and *statim liquefieri* afterwards; as if the Poet had meant that they are melted, after they are thrown up; which is manifestly contrary not only to the Sense, but to the Grammar of the Expression. That the Stones which are thus tossed out are groaning ones, is likewise nowhere affirmed by *Virgil*: He tells us that *Ætna* disgorges them *cum gemitu*: which is plainly apply'd to the Mountain, not to Those Stones. Had this Critick lived since the Invention of great Guns; he might with equal Judgment have asserted, that to say a Cannon discharges the Ball with a roaring Noise, is to say that the Ball itself roars. It happened unfortunately for *Macrobius* that he should be so very severe upon a most noble Passage, which it is evident he did not understand. That This, and what follows, is not said by *Pindar*, is an Objection already answered. But I cannot apprehend what Absurdity, much less, what Monster there is in describing Stones, and Fragments of Rocks, as being tossed out of Mount *Ætna*, and whirled high into the Air; when all the World knows that it is plain Matter of

of.

* *Saturnal. Lib. 4. Cap. 17.*

Vast Rocks, and Entrails from the Mountain torn; 725
 With roaring Noise flings molten Stones in Air,
 And boils, and bellows, from it's lowest Caves.
 'Tis said, the Bulk of huge *Enceladus*
 Blasted with Light'ning, by This pond'rous Mount
 Is crush'd; and *Ætna*, o'er him whelm'd, expires 730
 Flame from it's burst Volcano's: And when'er
 He shifts his weary Side, *Trinacria* all
 Groans Trembling, and with Smoke obscures the Sky.
 Shelter'd in Woods, that Night we bore the strange

And

of Fact; nay that the Poet might with the strictest Truth have said much more, even that they are thrown in prodigious Quantities to a vast Distance. See *Scaliger* Poet. Lib. v. Cap. 4. and *De La Cerda* upon the Passage: I have my self been the longer upon it, that This may pass for a thorough Specimen, among many other Instances which might be produced, of the groundless Calumnies which have been raised against the greatest of Poets by some, otherwise, great Men; for no Reason that I can imagine, but merely for a *Lusus ingeni*. If I have dealt freely with *Macrobius*; pray let

it be considered that I have been defending *Virgil*.

Ver. 732. ----- He shifts his weary side, &c.] For *mutat* I think it must be, rather than *motat*; though in many Copies the latter is read. The turning, changing, or shifting of his Side is always natural to a Person in pain: and here in particular it must cause a greater Concussion, than the bare Motion of his Body. What some alledge, that by shifting sides he must find a little Relief, is of no Force: For even That is not certain; and if it were, why may not that be supposed?

Ver. 734. Shelter'd in Woods that Night, &c.

*Noctem illam testis silvis immania monstra
 Perferimus, nec quæ sonitum det causa, videmus;
 Nam neque erant astrorum ignes, &c.
 Postera jamque dies primo surgebat Eo, &c.
 Cum subito e silvis marie confecta supremâ
 Ignoti nova forma viri, &c.*

For a Company of wandering the most frightful Noises that
 Exiles to be driven upon an can be imagined, ignorant of
 unknown Coast, in Dead of the Cause, (for tho' they might
 Night, without Stars, or Moon, see the Smoke, and Flame, yet
 Sheltered in a Wood, hearing they might not see the Mountain

tain

And monstrous Prodigies ; nor saw from whence 735
 Those Noises came : For neither did the Stars
 Appear, nor Light in all th' Expanse of Heav'n :
 But Clouds o'ercaft the Sky ; and dead of Night
 Confin'd the Moon in Darknefs. Now the Day
 Returning with the Morning-Star arofe, 740
 And from the Pole *Aurora's* Dawn difpell'd
 The dewy Shades ; When iffuing from the Woods
 A ftrange unfual Figure of a Man,
 With Looks emaciated, and wretched Garb,
 Makes to the Shore, and fuppliant fpreads his Hands.
 We turn ourfelves, to mark him ; Hideous Filth, 746
 A length of Beard, and Garments tagg'd with Thorns ;
 But

tain from which they iffued ; or if they did, might not underftand the Caufe of it, which fome take to be the Meaning of the Place, tho' I think otherwife, becaufe the *Reason* affigned is the *Darknefs* of the Night) then at Break of Day, to be encountered with fuch a ftrange Appearance of a Man, in That wretched Garb and Condition, who proves to be in a different refpect, both an Enemy, and a Friend ; to hear from him That dreadful and amazing Account of the *Cyclops*, the Inhabitants of the Ifland upon which they were caft ; to fee the Chief of Thofe Monfters, and be purfued by him even into the Sea, and with difficulty to efcape from him ; to hear the difmal Yell which he makes, and by which all his Gigantick Brethren are fummoned to his Affiftance, &c.

are all Circumftances which at once aftonifh, and pleafe us to a degree which we cannot exprefs. Let any one put all Thefe Images together ; and then ask himfelf whether ever he read of, heard, or conceived any thing like them. I pafs the more particular Wonders of the Descriptions ; as That of the Man-eating Monfter, the Revenge of *Ulyffes*, &c. I leave them to the diftinct Confideration of the Reader ; and am able to fay no more of them.

Ver. 739. *Darknefs*.] *Nimbo* here fignifies not a *Storm*, but a *Cloud*, or *Darknefs*. As it often does. Ver. 600. Orig. *Lumen* for *aërem*. Next Ver. *Idolite me Teucri* ; [in] *quascumque* [vultis] *abducite*. &c. Ver. 602. *Scio* : i. e. *confeius fum mibi*. I am fenfible : And that again means, I confefs.

But for the rest, a *Greek* ; and sent to *Troy*
 In *Grecian* Wars. When he at Distance saw
 The *Trojan* Habits, and the *Trojan* Arms ; 750
 He stop'd a while, confounded at the Sight ;
 Then headlong to the Shore, with Tears, and Pray'rs,
 Flings himself forward : By the Stars, by Heav'n,
 You I conjure, and by this vital Air,
 Take me, Ye *Trojans* ; to whatever Climes 755
 You please, transport me ; That will be enough :
 One, I confess, I am of *Grecian* Race,
 And came a Warrior to the Walls of *Troy*.
 For which, if so That Injury require,
 If such my Guilt ; Disperse my mangled Limbs 760
 O'er the wide Ocean : If I die, 'twill prove
 Some Consolation, that I die by Men.

He said ; and fix'd, and grov'ling on the Ground
 Embrac'd our Knees. We urge him to declare
 Who, and from whence he was, and how distress'd.
 My Father's self, *Anchises*, in his Thoughts 766
 Little deliberating, gives the Youth
 His Hand ; and with that present Pledge confirms
 His wav'ring Mind : At length, reliev'd from Fear,
 He thus proceeds. To *Ithaca* my Birth 770
 Is

Ver. 761, 762. ---- If I die ['twill prove some Consolation that
 I die by Men.]

Si pereō, manibus hominum periisse juvabit.

Rugus (and He is the only one who does so) points it Thus :

Si pereō manibus hominum, periisse juvabit.

and interprets it accordingly : If and emphatical : " If I must
 I die by the Hands of Men, I shall " die ; I desire to receive my
 die with pleasure. Which is " Death from Men, not from
 very poor Sense : if it be any. " Monsters."
 But the other is very strong,

Is own'd, and *Achæmenides* my Name;
 Companion of *Ulysses'* hapless Toils.
 Leaving my Father *Adamas*, poor,
 (And would to Heav'n That Fortune had remain'd)
 I went to *Troy*. Here while my frightened Friends 775
 Forsook the cruel Mansions; me they left,
 Unmindful, in the *Cyclops'* spacious Cave.
 Dark is th' interior Grot, and vast; besmear'd]
 With Gore, and savage Feasts: Himself with Height
 Immeasurable, stalks, and beats the Stars, 780
 (Ye Gods, avert so great a Plague from Earth!)
 Dire to the Sight, by no Address, or Speech

To

Ver. 774. *And would to Heav'n That Fortune had remain'd.*] This, with *Virgil's* Leave, is either but indifferent Sense; or very darkly expressed. If *Achæmenides* means his Father's Poverty, or his own, or Both; why should he wish it had continued? It would not have hindered him from being a Soldier: For it was the very Reason of his being so; Or else the Word *Paupere* is of no significance. Besides; He is himself actually poor, while he speaks This; and so is his Father, for ought appears to the contrary. If he means, I wish

I had continued in my former Condition, so as not to have been a Soldier; it is very obscure: For *mansissetque utinam fortuna* seems plainly to be referred to *Paupere*. If I am myself mistaken; I hope it may be excused: For no Commentator says any thing to enlighten me.

Ver. 778. *Besmear'd.*] *Dapibusque cruentis*: subaud. *plena, fœdata*, or some such Word.

Ver. 782. *Dire to the Sight, by no Address of Speech To be accosted.*] For I entirely concur in Opinion with Those Interpreters, who explain

Nec visu facilis, nec dictu affabilis ulli,

In This Sense: Taking *visu*, and *dictu* (rather Substantives, than Supines) in the Dative, not the Ablative, Case; *nec facilis visu*, for *grievous*, or *hateful* to the sight; and *nec affabilis* in a passive, not an

active Signification. For the latter, *unaffable*, as in our Language, or (as *Ogilby*, in his way, actually translates it) *uncivil*, would be extremely low, and flat, in the Description of so frightful a Monster.

To be accosted. On raw, human Flesh,
 And clotted Blood, he feeds, I saw him, stretch'd
 In his mid Den, with Grasp prodigious seize 785
 Two of our Number, and their Bodies dash
 Against a Rock; The Floor bespatter'd swam
 In Brains, and Blood: I saw, him as he chew'd
 The Gobbets, dropping with black, ropy Gore;
 And Limbs, yet living, sprawl'd between his Teeth. 790
 Not unreveng'd indeed: nor did *Ulysses*
 Patient endure it; or forget himself
 In That Distress. For as He lay, with Neck
 Reclin'd, immense, extended in his Cave,
 Gorg'd with his Banquet, stupify'd with Wine, 795
 Belching out gory Morfels in his Sleep,
 Commix'd with crude, and indigested Draughts:
 We, having first invok'd the mighty Gods,
 And taking each his Post allotted, round
 Inclose him all; and with our sharpen'd Steel 800
 Bore out his broad, deep Eye, which single lay
 Then hid beneath his grievously, frowning Front,
 Wide

Ver. 787. *The Floor.* Orig. *Limina*: The Thresholds. But Idea is stronger and more horrid.

That must be by a *Synecdoche* for the whole House. The Floor of which, 'tis plain, must receive more of This Blood, than the Thresholds.

Ver. 790. *And Limbs yet living sprawl'd between his Teeth.*

---- *Tepidi tremarent sub dentibus artus* may (and perhaps does) signify no more than the Heaving of the Flesh, not the Sprawling of whole Limbs: But

I chuse the latter; because the

Ver. 800. ---- *With our sharpen'd Steel, &c.* I am aware that Homer makes *Ulysses* bore out This monstrous Eye with a sharp Stake: But *Telo acuto* in Virgil has a greater Latitude. And a Sword, or a Javelin, gives us a better Idea, than a Stake.

Ver. 801, 802. ---- *Which single lay T'hen hid, &c.* Notwithstanding what is alleged by

BOOK 3. VIRGIL'S ÆNEIS. 183

Wide as a *Grecian* Shield, or *Phæbus*' Lamp ;
And, pleas'd, revenge the *Manes* of our Friends,
But fly, Ye Miserable ; fly, and cut 805
Your Cables from the Shore.

For such, and huge, as *Polypheme*, who pens
His fleecy Flocks, and milks them in his Cave,
An hundred *Cyclops* more These winding Coasts
Inhabit round, and o'er the Mountains rove. 810

Thrice has the Moon renew'd her blunted Horns ;
Since here in Woods, among the desert Dens
Of Beasts, I live ; and from the Rocks behold
The monstrous *Cyclops*, trembling at the Sound
Of their big Voices, and their pond'rous Feet. 815

Berries, and stony Sloes the Trees afford,
Wretched Repast ! and Herbage from the Mold
Pluck'd by the Roots sustains me. Gazing round,
Your Fleet I saw first steering to the Shore :
To That I soon resolv'd myself to join, 820

Whatever it should prove : It is enough
To have escap'd the execrable Race ;
Do You by any Death This Life destroy.

He scarce had spoke ; when on the Mountain's Top
Himself we saw, th' enormous *Polypheme*, 825
Shepherd among his Flocks, with Bulk immense
Moving along, and seeking the known Shores.
An eyeless Monster, hideous, vast, deform !

A

by *Donatus*, and others, that his Eye was hidden by his Hair, and his wrinkled Brow, &c. when at the same time it is compared to a Shield, and to the Sun ; I cannot make tolerable Sense of *latebat*, without referring it to his being *asleep* ; and therefore I have added the Word *Then* to explain it. Ver. 643. Orig. *vulgè* : openly, constantly.

A Pine's huge Trunk directs his Hand, and firms
 His Steps ; His woolly Sheep attend his Walk, 830
 (Those were his sole Delight) and from his Neck
 His Pipe hangs down, the Solace of his Woe.
 Soon as he reach'd the Ocean's Waves profound ;
 He rins'd his empty Socket from the Blood,
 Gnawing his Teeth with Groans : Then stalk'd along 835
 Thro' the mid Ocean : Nor did yet the Waves
 Tinge his tall Sides. We trembling speed our Flight
 With eager haste, receiving him on Board,
 At his Request, who had so well deserv'd ;
 And silent cut the Cords, and sweep the Sea 840
 With struggling Oars. He heard ; and to the Sound
 Quick turn'd his Steps ; But when he found his Hand
 Short of it's Reach affected, and no Pow'r

To

Ver. 829. *A Pine's huge Trunk directs his Hand, &c.*] A Man that can see, directs his Staff ; but he that is blind, is directed by it : Because by it's Help he feels, and gropes out his way.

Ver. 832. *His Pipe---the Solace, &c.*] I rather refer *Solamenque mali* to *Fistula*, than to *Oves* ; notwithstanding the Word *Sola*, Ver. 660. Orig. His Sheep might be his ONLY standing Delight ; and yet his Pipe the Scatterer of his Sorrows. This to me is prettier.

Ver. 841. *To the Sound.*] *Ad sonitum vocis*. Is not this a Contradiction to *taciti* Ver. 667. Orig. ? I answer, No : They made as little noise as possible ; That's the Meaning of *taciti* : But 'twas impossible they should

make none, or not speak at all. Then we may suppose the Giant, by his Loss of Sight, to be more than ordinary quick of Hearing.

Verr 842, 843.---But when he found his Hand short of it's Reach affected, &c.] The Cambridge Editor would have it *dextram adjectare*. And I think he is in the right, if there be any Authority for it in Copies : For *dextram adjectare potestas* is a very dark Expression. *Adjectare* is commonly supposed to imply an Attempt, or Desire : But no body can want power to attempt, or desire any thing, tho' he may to execute it. Besides ; *adjectare*, as here joined to *dextram*, is very extraordinary ; whether it be apply'd to the

To ford in close Pursuit th' *Ionian* Gulf ;
 He rais'd a hideous Yell ; at which the Sea 845
 Trembled, and all it's Waves : *Italia* quak'd ;
 And *Ætna* bellow'd thro' it's winding Caves.
 Rous'd by the Noise, the whole *Cyclopean* Race
 Rush from the Woods, and Mountains, to the Port ;
 And fill the Shore. We see the *Ætnean* Brood 830
 (Dreadful Assembly !) stand, and sternly roll
 Their Eyes in vain, and rear their tow'ring Heads
 To

The hand of *Polyphemus* himself, or to Those whom he endeavoured to overtake. The former, because it is a Phrase utterly unheard of : The latter ; (not to mention in This Place the Particularity of the Singular Number for the Plural) because, as I said, he could not want power to desire, or attempt, as That Word is here supposed to be taken. Nor is *affectare viam*, or *iter*, by any means a parallel Expression. *De La Cerda* and Others think it is a Term of Art used in Fencing, or Wrestling : And so it may, for any thing I know : For I am sure I no more understand it, than I do either of those Sciences : Nor do any of Those Commen-

tators instruct me. However it be, it is agreed on all hands that the Sense must be, as I have rendered it ; which is, in short, that he could not overtake them : And indeed it is impossible to be otherwise ; notwithstanding the Difficulty in the Manner of expressing. And of That *Ruæus*, after all, seems to give the most tolerable Account ; *dextram* (that must be *dextras Trojanorum*) *cum affectu & aviditate apprehendere*. Tho' even against This There is a plain Objection ; which is, that it is a mere arbitrary Interpretation of his own, without Authority from any parallel Instance.

Ver. 844. To ford in close pursuit, &c.

Nec potis [est] Ionios fluctus æquare sequendo.

Some understand it that he could not wade so deep : Others, that he could not overtake them, they being now gone so far in the *Ionian* Sea. Both are very consistent : But I am rather for the first ; yet not so

as to exclude the other ; and therefore I have added the word close to pursuit, with a View to That Interpretation.

Ver. 845. He rais'd a hideous Yell, at which the Sea, &c.

*Clamorem immensum tollit ; quo pontus, & omnes
 Intremuere undæ, penitusque exterrita tellus
 Italia, curvisque immugit Ætna cavernis.*

This

To Heav'n : As when upon a Mountain's Top,
 Aerial Oaks, or Cypress-Cones stand high,
 The Thicket of *Diana*, or of *Jove*. 855
 Fear wings our Friends precipitate, to tack
 To any Point, and turn our Sails where-e'er
 The Wind permits : But contrary th' Advice
 Of *Helenus* directs them not to run
 'Twixt *Scylla*, and *Charybdis*, either way 860
 Bord'ring on Death : Consulting we resolve
 Backwards to bend our Course. When *Boreas*, sent
 From strait *Pelorus*, blows : I sail along
 Close by *Pantagia's* Mouth of living Stone,
Megara's narrow Frith, and *Tapsus* low ; 865
 Such Coasts were shewn by *Achæmenides*
 Companion of *Ulysses* hapless Toils,
 Which he before had wander'd, now review'd.
 Against *Sicania's* Bay an Island lies,
 Oppos'd to rough *Plemmyrium*, nam'd of old 870
Ortygia : Here, 'tis said, *Alpheüs*, Stream
 Of *Elis*, underneath the Ocean urg'd
 His

This is a most noble Hyperbole ; and by no means too bold, as Some will have it. They forget not only the *Prærogative* of Poetry, but the *real Nature* of Fear ; which always swells and heightens it's Object.

Ver. 853. ----- As when upon a Mountain's Top, &c.] This is the only Allusion in the Third Book, that deserves the Name of a *Simile* ; and even This is a very short one.

Ver. 854. Stand.] *Constitunt* means no more than *stant*.

The arbitrary Use of the Tenses has often been remarked upon. And as to the *Quantity* ; 'tis a Mistake to think that the *e* is made short in Poetry, in This Tense, only when *Fear* is to be express'd, as *steteruntque comæ* : There are several other Instances of the contrary besides This, in *Virgil* himself. Ver. 682. Orig. *Rudentes excutere* is an Expression for *tacking about*. Ver. 686. Instead of *ni* it should be *ne*. *Nè teneant cursus inter utramque viam* ;

BOOK 3. VIRGIL's ÆNEIS. 187

His secret Way ; now rushing thro' thy Mouth,
 O *Arethusa*, in *Sicilia*'s Sea
 Loses his blended Waves. Advis'd, we pray 875
 The mighty Deities who There preside :
 And thence we pass along the fertile Soil
 Of stagnating *Helorus* ; Thence the Cliffs
 Of high *Pachynus* stretch'd into the Main ;
 And *Camarina*, made by Fate unmov'd, 880
 Appears at Distance ; The *Geloian* Fields.
 And spacious *Gela* from the River nam'd.
 Thence *Agragas* from far it's lofty Walls
 Uprears, the Breeder once of gen'rous Steeds.
 Thee too, with full extended Sails I leave 885
 Palmy *Selinus* ; and the hidden Rocks
 In *Lilybæum*'s stony Shallows. Thence
 The Port of *Drepanum*, a joyless Coast,
 Receives me. Here alas ! so many Storms
 Escap'd, I lose the Solace of my Toils, 890
 My Sire *Anchises* : Here you leave me, Best
 Of Fathers, from such Dangers sav'd in vain.
 Nor did Prophetick *Helenus*, amidst
 So great a Number of predicted Woes,
 Nor dire *Celæno*, That hard Fate foretel. 895
 This

viam ; scilicet Seyllam atque Words *Letbi discrimine parvo*,
Charybdis ----- *Letbi discrimine* by there being little distance from
parvo [existente :] i.e. the difference being little, whether they it ; tho' That indeed is, in the
 should die on *Scylla*'s or *Charybdis*'s Side ; therefore they should main Substance, the Sense of it.
 avoid Both by not going between *Servius* renders it by *modico*
 them. They who construe those *Mortis interstitio* : But how can the narrow Space between *Scylla*
 and

This was my last of Labours ; This the Bound
Of my long Travels : Parting hence I came,
By Providence directing, to your Coasts.

Thus Prince *Æneas*, while All silent fate,
Alone related the Decrees of Heav'n, 900
And his own Voyages describ'd : He stop'd
At length, and ending here retir'd to Rest.

and *Charybdis* be called an *Interval of Death* ; when to keep exactly in the Middle (if one could do it,) is the only way to *escape* Death ? For myself, I would point it thus ; and then 'tis all plain : --- *Scyllam, atque Charybdim Inter, utramque viam letali, discrimine parvo* ; Between *Scylla* and *Charybdis*, both of them Ways of Death, or Passages to Death ; little *Distance*, and *Difference* (for *Discrimen* signifies Both) being between them.

Ver. 896. *This was my last of Labours, &c.*] *Ruæus* refers *Hic labor extremus* to *Anchises*, not to *Æneas* : I suppose for This Reason, because the latter met with the Storm described in the First Book after his Departure from *Drepanum*. And indeed, I am far from being sure that He is not

in the right. But then if That be the Sense, it is obscure, and too consisely expressed : And therefore with all the other Expositors I rather take it as I have rendered it. This strikes the Mind at first, and far more properly winds up his whole Discourse. But I cannot by any means understand it as Some do (and *Servius* among others) for either *extremus in Drepano*, which is very low Sense ; or *extremus* for *savissimus*, which is as bad : But as if he should have said, This is the Last which I need tell you : For the Storm which drove us hither, has in my Hearing been told you already : *Ilioneus* having given her an Account of it in the First Book. It was therefore sufficient for the Hero himself to refer to it in That one Line ;

Hinc me digressum vestris Deus appulit oris.

The End of the Third Book.

VIRGIL'S ÆNEIS.

BOOK the FOURTH.

AS the Art and Triumph of Poetry are in nothing more seen, and felt, than in *Moving the Passions*; *Virgil* has given One Book of his immortal Poem to That Subject: And if ever Subject were exhausted, certainly This is. It is therefore chiefly in This View that I propose to consider the Fourth Book of the *Æneis*. And for That Reason, before I do so, it may not be improper to premise,

I.

An Essay upon the Nature and Art of Moving the Passions in Tragedy, and Epic Poetry; the Usefulness of it; and the Causes of the Pleasure arising from Terroure and Pity.

REason commands the Passions; and so does Eloquence: But in different Respects, and by different Applications. Eloquence does it, by *Stirring* them from without; Reason, by *Regulating* them within. The latter indeed has the more *direct*,

rect, and *immediate* Empire over them ; But the former, at the same time, has an exceeding Influence upon them. And though when they are directed to an undue Object, or raised to an undue Height by the Power of Eloquence ; Reason may justly make an Expostulation like That of *Neptune* with Regard to *Æolus* in the first Book :

*Non illi imperium pelagi, sævumque tridentem,
Sed mihi sorte datum, &c.*

yet the Power, and even Authority, of *Æolus* in *Neptune's* Dominions was, we know, very great ;

*Æole, namque tibi divûm pater, atque hominum rex
Et mulcere dedit fluctus, & tollere vento :*

Such is the *Union*, and even *Relation*, between the *Subjects* of Those Potentates. And would the One send *Winds* only, not *Storms* (unless desired to do so) into the Dominions of the Other ; there would be no Cause of Jealousy between them : So far from it, that the God of the Sea would be but a poor Assister to Mariners, were not Himself assisted by the God of the Winds. It is just so in the Case now before us : Though Reason endeavours to keep the Passions in good order, and to hinder them from Tumults and Rebellion ; yet she not only admits, but desires the Assistance of Eloquence, to give them a brisk and lively Motion, and to make them *active* as well as *obedient* Subjects.

As there are two Kinds of Eloquence, the one of Oratory, the other of Poetry ; *That* indeed being included in *This*, though it is not so on the Reverse ; For Poetry has all the Powers of Oratory, besides Those which are *proper*, and *peculiar*

to

to itself: The Province of the one is to move the Affections entirely in order to *Persuasion*; the Province of the Other is of a far wider Extent, including *That*, and much *more*. Several sorts of Poems, especially Tragedy, excite all the Passions, but more particularly *Pity*, and *Terror*, very often without any view to Persuasion; which always relates to some *Action* to be done, or forborn. If it be enquired, to what good purpose then do they *thus* excite the Passions? I answer, to *regulate* them; or, as *Aristotle* expresses it, to *purge* them. But can they be regulated by being roused, and cooled by being inflamed? Yes; Why not? A Medicine intended to purge the Body must set the Humours afloat in order to discharge them: And nothing is more common than to throw a Patient into one sort of Fever, to cure him of another. Nay very often an ill Humour is worked off by a Medicine of the same Kind with itself: Bitter with Bitter, Acid with Acid, and so in other Instances. * *Terror*, and *Pity* (meaning the *Excess* of them, for the Passions in themselves are good, and are only to be rectified, not extirpated) are by These means corrected; because Things frightful, and pitiable, are rendered familiar to us by Fiction: Those Passions spend themselves in a great measure upon *imaginary* Objects: and so *They* will be the less *intense*, and *ungovernable*, and the *Mind* less likely to be either *broken*, or too much *fastened*, whenever it is forced to encounter *real* ones. In these Senses therefore a Passion by it's Rapidity, may *cleanse*, and *clarify*, as well as weaken, and reduce itself: As a high Wind, which is Air violently agitated, may dissipate noxious Vapours

VOL. II.

I

in

* See Milton's *Preface to Sampson Agonistes*.

in the Air itself; which would otherwise stagnate, and breed Nourishment for Fevers and Plagues.

But these Species of Poetry (Tragedy in particular) do not only purge Those Affections, *Terror*, and *Pity*, by *themselves*; but likewise *all others* by *their means*: by laying before our Eyes the ill Effects of violent Love, Revenge, Anger, Envy, Ambition, and the like; and so warning the Mind to be upon her guard against them. The Affections are excited several ways: *Bare Description* will do it in some measure; and that even in *Painting*, and much more in *Poetry*. But to give us not only the *outward Image*, but the very *Life*, and *Soul* of them, as they reside and tumultuate both in the Body and Mind; *Speaking* and *Acting* must concur: To This therefore *Tragedy* is, of all the Species of Poetry, the best adapted; and in This respect superior to all others. The nearest to it is *Epic*: Of which there is not such an Instance in the World, as the Fourth Book of the *Æneis*; which (as I have elsewhere observed) may be called an Heroick Tragedy.

But is there not danger, that by This poetical Imaging the Passions may be *too violently* agitated, and the Patient over-dosed: so as to be rather prejudiced, than benefited by it? So far as it relates to the *Irafcible* Affections (if I may be permitted to use a Scholastical Expression) such as are Anger, Fear, Aversion, Grief, &c. there is no danger. For after all, Fiction is *but* Fiction; and the Reader, or Spectator, however concerned, knows it to be so: Or if it be the Representation of a real Fact; it is of one long since past, and in which he has no immediate Interest. The Agitation of his Mind soon rests, and subsides: The least Diversion of Ideas reduces it to it's usual Temper;

Hi

Hi motus animorum, &c. Pulveris exigui jactu, &c. And then come the good Effects above-mentioned upon cool Thought and Reflection. The Organical Part of the Mind (if I may so speak) is only play'd upon, as an Instrument; and the Motion soon ceases, after the Artist discontinues his Performance. Whereas when such an Incident affects Ourselves in our own Interests and Concernments; it is, like a deep Wound in the Body, not to be soon cured.

If it be still urged, that the *very Image* of some Passions actually excites them to an undue Height; especially the Passion of *Love*, upon which most modern Tragedies turn; that the Representation of such Things to the Mind works much stronger upon it, than a Poetical Remedy which comes after, shewing the Destructiveness of that Passion in it's Outrage and Excess: Since corrupt human Nature is of itself too strongly inclined to such Excesses; may it not be justly said in This Case,

Sponte sua properat, labor est inhibere volentem?

And will not the Representation actually inflame, far more than the Poetical Remedy will damp, and correct? To all This I think it must be answered; 'Tis according as 'tis represented. Doubtless as it is managed in most of our Modern Tragedies, it does more hurt than good: Tho' even here it is not so proper to say the Patient is overdosed, as that the Remedy is ill prepared, and mis-apply'd, and Poison is work'd up with the Medicine. It is one thing to *describe* and *shew* the Passion (as *Virgil* does) only by it's *Symptoms, concomitant Circumstances, Consequences, and Effects*; and another thing to *describe* and *inflame* it (as *Ovid* does) by

it's *Incentives*, and *Allurements*. Of this the generality of our *English* Tragedians are extremely guilty; and even the most chaste, and inoffensive of them have at least been not sufficiently cautious in this respect. But upon this Article few have more to answer for, than the Writers of Modern Romances and Novels. Not so the ancient Tragedians; not so *Virgil*. He *pleases* the Mind indeed, but he does not *corrupt* it; He fills it with agreeable, and delightful, not with poisonous, or noxious Images; with such as recreate and entertain it, not with such as soften or unbend it, much less with such as vitiate and debauch it. He describes the Passion to the last degree, as it resides and fluctuates in the Mind; but this is so far from inclining us *to* it, that it deters us *from* it. These Descriptions indeed are delightful: But That Delight springs from no vicious Fountain; it arises purely from Imitation, and Elegancy; from the Art of the Poet thus painting human Nature to the life; and lastly from that Principle in the Soul, by which we are affected with a sort of *melancholy Pleasure* at the Representation of Objects pitiable and dreadful. What That Principle is, or what the Source of This Tragical Pleasure, shall be the Subject of our next Enquiry.

Pity is certainly one *Species* of *Grief*: And can Grief be pleasant? No; But the *same thing* may be *grievous* in one *Respect*, and *pleasant* in another. Nay; *Delight* may result from *Sadness*; and we may be glad for being grieved. Thus it *often is*, and *always ought to be*, when we are sorry for the *Faults committed by Ourselves*; and the same may be said, when we are sorry for the Misfortunes endured by Others. In both Instances we *reflect* with *pleasure* upon our *Uneasiness*; tho' it be a Contradiction

diction to say that the Uneasiness is *itself* pleasant. But then the Course of our Ideas in These Cases is so *swift and rapid*; that the Mind seldom *distinguishes* the *Succession* of them; and That is the Reason of the *pleasing Pain*, as it is called, in Love, Pity, and penitential Sorrow. That any Pain, strictly speaking, should be pleasant, is a Contradiction in Terms; and yet even in common Discourse, and much more in Poetry, it is sometimes elegantly called so; because the Succession of Those Ideas is so very swift, that the Mind does not distinguish between them in the *present actual Sentiment*, however she may do so in her After-Thoughts, and Reflections. In Compassion then we grieve for the Misfortunes of Others; and yet This Grief causes Pleasure: And that upon two Accounts.

In the first place it proceeds from hence, that if We ourselves are prosperous; by contemplating the Sufferings of Others, we more clearly perceive, and more fully enjoy, Our own Happiness. According to That known Observation of *Lucretius*:

*Suave mari magno, turbantibus æquora ventis,
E terra magnum alterius spectare laborem;
Non quia vexari quæquam est jucunda voluptas,
Sed quibus ipse malis careas quia cernere suave est.*

If we ourselves are unfortunate; the Complacency proceeds from hence, that by reflecting upon the Sufferings of Others we more patiently endure our own. Both turn upon Comparison; upon which in this World a great Part of our Happiness, or Misery depends. *Nemo miser, nisi comparatus*, is a known Saying: And *Nemo felix, nisi comparatus*, is altogether as true a one. But This, it may be said, does not reach the Point; because Pity relates to

Others, not to Ourselves. To Both, if you please; It is *seated in* Ourselves, while *referred to* Others. We have not as yet indeed completed the Explication proposed. To proceed therefore;

This Complacency seems partly to arise from another Modification of the Soul. Compassion being a *generous Principle* of Human Nature, the Mind, after having been affected with Pleasure for the Reason above-mentioned; may by a *reflex Act* increase that Pleasure, by *applauding herself* with the Thought of That generous Principle. Nor will it be of any force to alledge, that these things are inconsistent; the one being founded upon Self-Interest, the other upon the direct Contrary. For we may talk as long as we will of a noble disinterested Spirit; still all our Passions, and Actions too, will be found ultimately to resolve into *Self-love*: I mean as That implies the *Desire of our own Happiness*. And even those Persons, who are most disinterested, differ from Others only in This; that *some* Actions and Passions of the *former* are referred to themselves more *remotely*, all Those of the *latter* more *immediately*: And the Mind does but flatter herself, if she thinks otherwise. Not but that there is a *real* and very *material* Difference in the Nature of Things between a *selfish*, and a *generous* Temper; and that too even upon the Distinction just now mentioned. Both Reason and Religion command us to love Others: And *self-love*, as it is a *Vice* (and a most detestable one it is) consists not in loving Ourselves (for the contrary is both irrational, and impossible) but in *loving no body but Ourselves*, or in loving Ourselves exclusively of all Others. A generous, and a selfish Temper differ in This; that the one is *expanse* and *diffusive*; the other, *narrow* and *contracted*: And therefore the
one

one is commonly, and with the greatest Propriety, called *Greatness*, the other *Littleness*, of *Soul*. And This *only* is the true Account of the whole Matter: But an Infinity of Circles may be described within one another; and yet all have the *same Centre*. The Soul then being conscious to herself of the *magnanimous* Disposition above-named, to which narrow and contracted Minds are utterly Strangers, does by a reflex Act, as I said, conceive a *new Pleasure* added to That which *more immediately* arises from her own Interest.

But what does all This *Philosophizing* signify? Is it so in *Fact*? I think it is in *Me*; and I appeal to Others whether it be not so in *Them*. But it must be remembered that it may *really* be so, and yet not be always *attended to*, by reason of the swift Course of our Ideas before observed. It is evident that this is a *rational*, not an *animal* Sentiment; because there is no Appearance of Pity in Brutes. The Concern which they seem to express for their *Young*, when they are in Pain, or Danger, is manifestly of another Kind; proceeding from That Instinct which the Creator has implanted in them for the Conservation of the Species: Because they never shew any of this Affection in other Instances. If what I have hitherto conjectured (for I do not pretend to Demonstration) shall be thought by some to turn too much upon *complex Reflection*, and too little upon the *present, actual, simple Sentiment* of the Mind; I desire them to suspend their Judgments, 'till they shall have perused *all* that I have to offer upon Pity and Terroure in Conjunction.

As to That Pleasure then which arises from a *dreadful Object*, from the *τὸ φοβερόν*, as the *Greeks* call it; did we apprehend ourselves to be in dan-

ger from it, we could never be pleased with it. If it be asked, Why however do we not fear it; since, tho' we apprehend no Danger, it nevertheless appears *dreadful*? I answer, *For that very Reason*. We conceive a Complacency in being out of harm's way, as it is vulgarly expressed: from seeing That which looks *frightful*, and yet is not feared by us. And if That of *Julius Cæsar* in *Shakespeare*,

-----*Rather what is to be fear'd,*
Than what I fear-----

could be apply'd to This; it would be better Sense than at present it happens to be: That is, if by *to be feared* were meant no more than *seemingly*, not *really*, frightful. For without any Affront to the Courage of That Hero, *Cæsar* must have been mad not to fear what was dreadful; since it was as *real*, as it was *dreadful*. We love indeed to see not only the Pictures of Lions, and Tygers, but those furious Animals themselves, provided we are secure from them; for then they are *as to Us* only in *Appearance* terrible, not in *Reality*: But should they be at Liberty, and making towards us; our Curiosity would soon be over. But then it must be confessed, we are in some measure at the first Encounter affected with Fear at these Representations: The Course of our Ideas (as I have often said, and which must always carefully remember, because the main Stress of This Subject turns upon it) being so quick; that we are startled before we have time to recollect our Thoughts, and consider that This is all imaginary: And when we do so, That again causes our Pleasure which arises from Variety, and Surprize, from the Mind's turning

turning upon itself, and, as it were, shifting the Scene within us; and from our finding ourselves to be safe, whom we before apprehended to be in Danger.

It is farther to be remarked upon This Head, that one Sentiment is improperly called *Terror*, which rather ought to be called *Compassion*; when without conceiving *ourselves* even at the first Shock to be in any manner of danger, we *fear* for *Others* rather than for *Ourselves*, and are only frightned, because They *are* so, or have *reason to be* so. This is rather *Pity*, than *Terror*; or, if you please, a *Terror founded upon Pity*: But however it be, it is evidently of a different Sort from That which we are now considering.

In a Word, all *Pleasure* is not *Mirth*; any more than all *agreeable Tastes* are *sweet*. And as Children are delighted chiefly with This Relish; so inferior and injudicious Persons are delighted chiefly with that Passion. *Pleasure* is commonly said to be an *Agreement*, and *Pain* a *Disagreement*, between the *Faculty* and the *Object*; and it is true in one Sense, though not as it is by Some apprehended. There is certainly as entire an Agreement between the Tongue, and a Draught of Gall, as between the Former, and a Draught of Wine. But the Tongue, it will be said, is the *Organ*, not the *Faculty*: If then they put it higher, and instead of the *Organ* say the *Common Sensory*; the Thing is still the same. But if by the *Faculty* be meant the *Desire of Happiness*; The Observation is true, but no great Discovery: For it amounts to no more than This, that we are happy, when our Desire of Happiness is gratify'd. And This Desire may in some degree be gratify'd by the several Applications of which we have been discoursing, and for

the Reasons which I have endeavoured to assign : And so there may be a Pleasure arising from Horrour, and even from Sadness itself, as well as from Mirth and Gayety.

But besides all This, we must ever consider the exquisite *Art* and *Genius* of the *Poet*, and the *Elegancy* and *Beauty* of *Poetry*, representing These Things in a *Manner* so agreeable to *Nature*, and so extremely delightful in itself; by all which we are affected with Pleasure; and should be pleased, even tho' the *Thing in itself* were really disagreeable: Pleased, not because it were so, but notwithstanding it were so: And This, by the Agreement of the Descriptions to our own natural Ideas; which never fails to be delightful; especially when every Circumstance is embellished and set off with all the Ornaments of Wit, and Eloquence. To which must be added another Passion, and That is *Admiration*: The Pleasure of which results from *Grandeur*, and *Novelty*; always from the Last; but chiefly from *Both* in Conjunction: The *One* being agreeable to the *Greatness* of the Soul, the *Other* to it's *Imperfection*. And both These in Tragedy, and Epic Poetry, are always seen in whatever is pitiable, or dreadful. Upon These Foundations, Things not only sad, and terrible in themselves, but even grievous to Us, and affecting our own Interests, may notwithstanding be very delightful; provided they be not lately transacted, and fresh in our Memories: Because then the *Pain* will be so very great, as to overpower, if not extinguish, the Pleasure. But if the Distance of Time be considerable; the Case is just as I have stated it. Who can without a great degree of melancholy Pleasure read the Transactions in our own Nation, as related by My Lord Clarendon; tho' at the

the same time he is almost driven to Madness by the infatuate Management of the Royal Party on the one hand, and the unparallel'd Insolence of the Rebels on the other; the Consequences of Both which we at this Day so severely smart for? And why is This, but because Those Events are so *Great*, and *New*, that is, so *Amazing* in themselves; and because they are the Subject of one of the best *Histories* that ever appeared in any Language? And therefore I can never forgive That Noble Historian for passing over in Silence the particular Circumstances of the Royal Martyr's infamous Tryal, and most deplorable Murder. The Reasons he alledges give me no Satisfaction. These Facts were enlarged upon by *Others*; so were most (many at least) of the Particulars upon which he is yet very copious: But who could have enlarged upon them, like *Him*? They would *afflict and grieve the Reader*: So does almost every thing he tells us: But the Reader would have thanked him for being *so* grieved, and so afflicted.

It may be observed from what I have said, that there is This Difference between the Two Passions upon which I am discoursing. When *Terror* causes Pleasure, the Object must be *always imaginary, or at a distance*: But with *Pity* it is otherwise: *That* may cause Pleasure from an Object either near us, or at a distance; real, or fictitious; tho' chiefly from the last.

From what I have offered upon This *difficult*, and *delicate* Subject, it may likewise be observed, that I place the Reasons and Foundations of Tragical Complacency not in *Grief*, or *Fear* themselves, in their own *precise Nature*, but in certain *Adjuncts*, or *concomitant Circumstances*, with which they may be attended. And for This my Account will

will perhaps be thought defective by Some, who may imagine that *Grief* itself, or *as such*, is sometimes a *Pleasure*; as in the Case of Persons overrun with *Melancholy*. If by That Word be meant a *Thoughtful*, or *Contemplative* Disposition; This is quite another Thing; and the Person is not *sad*, but *serious*. If they mean Those who are little better than *Mad* by the *Disease* of *Melancholy*; I confess I do not instance in That pleasant *Grief*; because I am satisfy'd there is no such Thing in Nature. They indeed may take pleasure in *Moping*, and *Dozing*: They may, as *some others*, who are *less unhappy*, most certainly do, delight in Solitude, and Retirement,

In list'ning to the Winds, and beating Rain,

As Mr. *Rowe* most elegantly represents That Idea. I say they *may*; and they *may not* too: For I much question whether they really take pleasure in *any thing*. I am sure they do not in their *Grief* itself: It being as impossible that *Grief*, *as such*, should be pleasant, as that *Pleasure* should be Pain, or *Misery* be *Happiness*.

How *Virgil* in this Book has moved the *Passions*, and affected us with this Tragical *Pleasure*, shall in the next place be particularly considered.

II.

Remarks upon the Fourth Book, so far as it describes the Passions in general; and moves Those of Terrour, and Pity in particular.

Virgil has, in a multitude of other places throughout his Poem, given us sufficient Specimens of his Skill and Genius in *describing*, and *moving* the

the Passions. But here is such a Mixture of the *Pathetical*, the *Terrible*, and the *Marvellous*, as *Virgil* himself has no where equalled. He was resolved to go to the Bottom of the Subject once for all ; to shew us what the greatest of Poets was capable of doing, and what the Mind of Man is capable of suffering. In order to This, he chose the Passion of *Love* ; which indeed is a Complication of *all the rest*. Any *other* of the Affections, especially *Anger*, when violently agitated, may be called a *Storm* : But This is not only a Storm, but a *Hurricane* : The Wind blows from all Points of the Compass at once ;

*Una Euræque, Notusque ruunt, creberque procellis
Africus, & vastos volvunt ad litora fluctus.*

Hope, Fear, Desire, Joy, Anger, Grief, and Despair, Pleasure, and Pain, all these contraries united are but so many Modifications of This Passion ; Nay *Hate* itself is a Symptom of *Love* ;

*Nulla vis flammæ, tumidique venti
Tanta, nec teli metuenda torti,
Quanta, cum conjux viduata tædis
Ardet, & odit*.*

For we speak only of *unsuccessful* Love, to which alone This Character belongs: There being no doubt but This Passion may glide gently, and smoothly, in it's own Channel, as well as any other, if it meets with little, or no Opposition : If it meets with much, it is of all Tempests the most outrageous. To express it's Fury with the greater Force, and Energy, *Virgil* has placed the Seat of
it

* Senec, Medea.

it in a *great Mind*, and at the same time a *female one*: Nothing being so likely to display it in it's full Rage, as the *Haughtiness* of the *Queen* on the one hand, and the *Weakness* of the *Woman* on the other. I proposed elsewhere * to give an entire Analysis of This Book so far as it relates to the Passions; but afterwards imagining it might be too tedious for a Lecture, being only interspersed with other Matters, I broke it off in the Middle. Having now a more proper Opportunity, I shall pursue it at large; only begging leave to translate so much as I have already remarked in a different Language.

In the first place This unfortunate Queen gives us to understand what *Love* is, while she thus accosts her Sister:

*Anna Soror, quæ me suspensam insomnia terrent!
Quis novus hic nostris successit sedibus hospes!
Quem sese ore ferens! quam forti pectore, &
armis! &c.*

And a little after,

*Anna (fatebor enim) miseri post fata Sichæi, &c.
Solus hic inflexit sensus, animumque labantem
Impulit, &c.*

The Elegancy of which last Words, by the way, is inexpressible. But then *Modesty* stands in the way of Love; and Thus exerts itself:

*Sed mihi vel tellus optem prius ima dehiscat, &c.
Ante, Pudor, quàm te violò, aut tua jura resolvo.
Ille meos, primus qui me sibi junxit, amores
Abstulit; ille habeat secum, servetque sepulchro.*

While

* Præl. Poet.

While *Aeneas* is only preparing to leave her, She complains indeed very much, *expostulates* the intended Injury, expresses *Fear*, and *Grief* in *Herself*, and endeavours to excite *Pity* in *Him*:

Diffimulare etiam sperasti, &c,
Nec te noster amor, nec te data dextera quondam,
Nec moritura tenet crudeli funere Dido? &c.

But after his Answer, openly declaring the fixed Purpose of his Mind; from *Prayers* and *Tears*, she is driven to *Indignation*, to *Rage*, to *Madness*:

Talia dicentem jamdudum aversa tuetur,
Huc illuc volvens oculos; totumque pererrat
Luminibus tacitis; & sic accensa profatur.
Nec tibi Diva parens, generis nec Dardanus auctor,
Perfide; sed duris genuit te cautibus horrens
Caucasus, Hyrcanæque admòrunt ubera tigres.

Through all that Speech, the several parts of which can never be too much admired, by Exclaiming, Interrogating, Accusing Gods and Men, and stabbing the Hero with Threats and Imprecations, she so storms and burns with Fury; that one would think it impossible she should ever be appeased. She is carry'd off then in a Fainting Fit: And how do we find her, when she Next appears upon the Stage?

Improbe amor, quid non mortalia pectora cogis?
Ire iterum in lacrimas, iterum tentare precando
Cogitur, & supplex animos submittere amanti.

She then intreats, and conjures her Sister, and gives her a *supplicatory* Message to be carry'd to *Aeneas*; than which nothing can be more *soft*, and *submissive*, or better adapted to move *Compassion*.

Hunc

*Hunc ego si potui tantum sperare dolorem,
 Et perferre, soror, potero; miseræ hoc tamen unum
 Exequere, Anna, mihi; solam nam perfidus ille
 Te colere, arcanos animi tibi credere sensus;
 Sola viri molles aditus, & tempora nôras.
 I, soror, atque hostem supplex affare superbum.*

In her former Speech, she had, with the utmost Indignation, thrown out These Reproaches;

*Nusquam tuta fides; ejectum littore, egentem
 Accepi, & regni demens in parte locavi;
 Amissam classem, socios à morte reduxi.
 Heu! furiis incensa feror, &c.*

How unlike to This which follows!

*Non ego cum Danaïs Trojanam excindere gentem
 Aulide juravi, classemve ad Pergama misi,
 Nec patris Anchisæ cinerem, manesve revelli;
 Cur mea dicta negat duras demittere in aures?*

In the same foregoing Speech she had raved in These Expressions:

*----Neque te teneo, neque dicta refello:
 I, sequere Italiam ventis, pete regna per undas;
 Spero equidem mediis, si quid pia numina possunt,
 Supplicia hausurum scopulis----*

Now she speaks a quite different Language:

*Quo ruit? extremum hoc miseræ det munus amanti;
 Exspectet facilemque fugam, ventosque ferentes:
 Non jam conjugium antiquum, quod prodidit, oro,
 Nec pulchro ut Latio careat, regnumque relinquat;
 Tempus inane peto, requiem, spatiumque furori,
 Dum mea me victam doceat fortuna dolere.*

Than which six Lines (especially the two last, which are some of the best in all *Virgil's Works*) nothing can be more tender, and moving, as well

as *elegant*. That Man must be void not only of *Genius*, but of *Humanity*, who is not affected both with *Pity* and *Admiration*, both with *Grief*, and *Pleasure*, by That *sweet* and *soft* *Complaining*; which is the Perfection of Art and Nature.

This most pathetic Speech failing; her Passion is described by the Poet more at large: And Prodigies are introduced to add to the Horror. Magical Arts are try'd next; and after they are over, she is brought in alone, at Midnight, conversing with herself in a Speech, which is wholly of the deliberative Kind:

*En! quid ago? rursusne procus irrisa priores
Experiar? &c.----*

And after various Methods proposed, the melancholy Debate is concluded with This dismal Resolution:

Quin morere, ut merita es, ferroque averte dolorem.

And here one would have thought the Speech should have ended: But you are surprized with this Turn by way of Apostrophe to her Sister;

*Tu lacrimis evicta meis, tu prima furentem
His, germana, malis oneras, atque objicis hosti.*

And the Whole is finished by That elegantly unconnected Sentence;

Non servata fides cineri promissa Sichæo.

But then after she finds *Æneas* is actually failed; she breaks out into a Speech, which I take to be absolutely the very best that ever was made, to express the Conflict of the Passions:

*-----Proh Jupiter! Ibit
Hic, ait, & nostris illuserit advena regnis?*

It

It begins in an abrupt, sudden manner, in the Middle of a Verse, with an *Exclamation*, and a *Question*, in a Breath: One starts, when one reads it. The first Thought was naturally how to bring him back; and so she talks of Impossibilities.

*Non arma expedient? totaque ex urbe sequentur?
Diripientque rates alii navalibus? Ite,
Ferte citi flammæ, date vela, impellite remos.*

But she returns to her Senses in the next Words, and for That reason her Anguish is so much the greater:

*Quid loquor? aut ubi sum? quæ mentem insania
mutat?
Infelix Dido! nunc te fata impia tangunt!
Tum decuit, cum sceptrâ dabas-----*

Then she falls to reproaching him Ironically;

*----En! dextra, fidesque,
Quem secum patrios aiunt portare penates, &c.*

But an Irony was too cold: She could not stop There; and so from That she immediately flies off to Rage, and Revenge inexpressible.

*Non potui abreptum divellere corpus? & undis
Spargere? non socios? non ipsum absumere ferro
Æscanium? patriisque epulandum apponere mensis?*

And then by raising and answering a Doubt, and an Objection, she makes her Revenge, and Despair more direful:

*Verum anceps pugnae fuerat fortuna; fuisset:
Quem metui moritura? faces in castra tulissem,
Implessemque foros flammis, natumque, patremque,
Cum genere, extinxem--memet super ipsa dedissem.*

But the finest Turn of all is yet to come. For after all This Rage and Madness, and Variety of Passion,

Passion, expressed in the most rapid Style, with short, quick Sentences, Questions, Exclamations, &c. in the very next Words, between which and the foregoing she must be imagined to have paused, and panted, and taken Breath; she cools, and settles, falls into the long, and slow Style, and prays for Plagues upon the Head of her false Lover, with such religious Formality, and Solemnity of Horrour, as is enough to chill one's Blood, while one reads it.

*Sol, qui terrarum flammis opera omnia lustras,
Tuque, harum interpres curarum, & conscia Juno,
Nocturnisque, Hecate, triviis ululata per urbes,
Et Diræ ultrices, & Dii morientis Elisë,
Accipite hæc, meritumque malis advertite numen,
Et nostras audite preces-----*

And so goes on cursing, and imprecating, to the End of the Speech; in all which, I think, *Virgil* betrays no great Want of *Fire*, and does not appear to have had so cold an *Invention*, as a very great Man imagines. I leave the other Parts of it, which are altogether admirable, to the distinct Consideration of the Reader: And shall only observe upon it farther, that I much question whether *Virgil* did not leave the last Verse imperfect, at *Imprecor, arma armis---* and whether some Editor did not fill it up, with *pugnent ipsique nepotes*; which seems to be a very flat and bald Hemistich, (more like one of *Ovid's*, than of *Virgil's* especially at the very Conclusion of so noble a Speech; and yet more especially since it is a Tautology with

*Tum vos, ô Tyrii, stirpem, & genus omne futurum
Exercete odiis, &c.*

Just before her Death, all Rage and Violence languishes and dies away; and every thing is coolly sad and mournful

Hæc

*Hæc postquam Iliacas vestes, notumque cubile
Conspexit, &c.*

Dulces exuviae, &c.

---meque his exolvite curis.

Vixi, & quem dederat cursum fortuna peregi, &c.

Felix! heu! nimium felix, si littora tantum

Nunquam Dardaniæ tetigissent nostra carinæ.

Only her Rage, like a dying Taper, just resumes Strength enough to flash at last, and enable her to strike the fatal Blow;

Dixit; & os impressa toro, moriemur inultæ?

Sed moriamur, ait: sic, sic juvat ire sub umbras, &c.

I cannot imagine, by the way, why Mr. Cowley and others, should make such a Difficulty in the last Clause,---*sic, sic juvat ire sub umbras*. The Words are plain, and elegant; nor is there the least reasonable Suspicion of their being spurious; nor any need of an Interrogation at the first *Sic*: The Meaning is clear; Die *even so*, even unrevenge'd, rather than *not at all*; as Mr. Dryden justly renders it,

On any terms, 'tis better than to live.

And so far is That *Repetition* from being exceptionable, so far is the first *Sic* from wanting an Interrogation-point; that methinks I see her strike *two Strokes* while she pronounces those Words: and I am confident *Virgil* intended by that Repetition to convey That Image to the Mind. As in another place

---*Pallas te hoc vulnere, Pallas*

Immolat---

He does not in either place intimate, that the Strokes were given *after* the Speech, but *in* it:

Dixerat, atque illam media inter talia---

Hoc dicens ferrum adverso sub pectore

But

But to return. What I have cited is chiefly in Speeches expressing the Queen's Passion: which the Poet could no way so well represent as in her own Words. And for this Reason it is that Tragedy is fittest to express Passion; because the Persons themselves appear, and speak, and act their own Sentiments. But before I leave this Subject, I will desire the Reader to observe how the Poet describes her Frenzy even in the *Narrative* Way. The very Opening of the Book gives us the Nature, and Symptoms of This Disease, in such Words as no Prose can equal.

*At Regina gravi jamdudum saucia cura
Vulnus alit venis, & cæco carpitur igni.*

And so on to

-----*dat cura quietem.*

The Subject is resumed at *Ver.* 65. after the Ceremonies in the Temple. As Perfection is superior to Praise; no more shall be said of This Description to *Ver.* 85.----*infandum si fallere posset amorem*, farther than to take notice of That beautiful Transition from the religious Solemnity of Prayers and Sacrifices, to

*Heu! vatum ignaræ mentes! quid vota furentem,
Quid delubra juvant? est mollis flamma medullas
Interea, & tacitum vivit sub pectore vulnus:*

together with the enchanting *Pathos*, and Elegancy of those Expressions; as also of That,

*Iliacosque iterum demens audire labores
Exposcit, pendetque iterum narrantis ab ore.*

To remark upon the rest, would be to transcribe the whole Passage; which would be lessened by any other Commendation.

But the greatest Curiosity in this Narrative Part is to observe how the Poet works up the Passion by
just

just degrees, and rises at every Period : Those Periods being like the distinct Scenes, or rather Acts in a Play. The Queen's Love being already described ; she perceives her Lover's Design of leaving her ;

*At Regina dolos (quis fallere possit amantem ?)
Præsentit-----*

Then after she had raved at him, and was carry'd off in a Swoon, and being again come to herself sees them preparing to sail ;

*Quis tibi nunc Dido cernenti talia sensus ?
Quosve dabas gemitus, cum littora fervere late
Prospiceres arce ex summa, totumque videres
Misceri ante oculos tantis clamoribus æquor ?*

None of her pathetical Entreaties prevailing ; after

*Talibus orabat, talesque miserrima fletus
Fertque, refertque soror ; sed nullis ille movetur
Fletibus, aut voces ullas tractabilis audit, &c.
Mens immota manet, lacrimæ volvantur inanes ;*

It follows Thus ;

*Tum vero infelix fatis exterrita Dido
Mortem orat, tædet cæli convexa tueri.*

And then the Prodigies are described ; and her Frenzy exceedingly heightened.

*Ergo ubi concepit furias evictò dolore,
Decrevitque mori, &c.*

Then follows the dismal Ceremony of the Enchantress ; and That being ended,

*Nox erat ; & placidum carpebant fessa soporem
Corpora per terras, &c.*

From which celebrated Description of the Night, concluding with

Lenibant curas, & corda oblita laborum,

He gives This sudden, unexpected Turn ;

At

*At non infelix animi Phœnissa ; neque unquam
Solvitur in somnos, oculisve aut pectore noctem
Accipit ; ingeminant curæ, rursusque resurgens
Sævit amor, magnoque irarum fluctuat æstu.*

We are now come to the last Scene of This Tragedy ; The Nurse is dismissed ; the Queen is left alone ; and the Poet proceeds Thus :

*At trepida, & cœptis immanibus effera Dido,
Sanguineam volvens aciem, maculisque tremantes
Interfusa genas, & pallida morte futura,
Interiora domûs irrupit limina, &c.---*

In which whole Description it is impossible to determine, whether the *Pathetical*, or the *Elegant*, be more remarkable.

I have thus considered this admirable *Machine* in the gross ; and then taken it in pieces, and descanted particularly upon the several Wheels and Springs of it by themselves : I mean upon *many* of them ; for it would be endless to descant upon *all*. Or rather, I have considered them like the several Powers, and Faculties, Actions, and Passions of the Soul ; which are only capable of being *distinctly contemplated*, but cannot be *really separated*.

III.

Some Objections against the Fourth Book examined.

SO much has been said by Monsieur Segrais, and from Him by Mr. Dryden*, concerning the famous *Anachronism* in making *Dido* to be contemporary with *Æneas* ; that I shall only translate what is urged by the former. To which indeed nothing need be added ; it being sufficient to shew that This wrong Chronology, if it be so, (whether it be or not, I will be no Judge) is so far from being a Fault, that it is a very great Beauty in this Poem.

* *Dedication of the Æneis, p. 222, 223, &c.*

Poem. “ I find, says Monsieur *Segrais*†, such a
 “ diversity of Opinions upon this Anachronism,
 “ and the matter has been so disputed; that I do
 “ not pretend to go to the bottom of it. Mr. l’*Ab-*
 “ *bé de Morales*, who by his Translation of all the
 “ Poets has amassed a World of Learning, has com-
 “ posed a Treatise in which he pretends to have
 “ proved that all the Genealogies of ancient Ages
 “ have a relation to This Opinion of *Virgil*’s. He
 “ moreover alledges, that the Contemporaries of
 “ This Poet were so far from making This Ob-
 “ jection; that it passed at *Rome* as an Opinion
 “ generally received: *Ovid* taking notice of it, as
 “ well as *Virgil*. The Reverend P. l’*Abbé* the Je-
 “ suit, who was very well versed in History, has
 “ undertaken to prove the contrary. I have been
 “ informed by the Learned Mr. *Bochart*, that This
 “ Anachronism cannot be contested; but that This
 “ Difficulty cannot be cleared up any otherwise
 “ than by the Truths of the holy Bible; upon
 “ which alone the Chronology of the *Tyrians* can
 “ be justified. And as it is apparent that the Bible
 “ was never read by *Virgil*; it was upon This that
 “ he would have excused him, had Those Faults
 “ been of so great Consequence as Some imagine.
 “ This great Person, who, by the confession of
 “ all the Learned, had the deepest Insight into
 “ This obscure Antiquity, was better qualified than
 “ any Man to give us a clear Account of it. He
 “ had once That Design; but Death prevented
 “ him---Not pretending of my self, to decide
 “ a Question, which requires so much Learning, I
 “ am content to admire with *Tasso* (whether *Æ-*
 “ *neas* were contemporary with This Queen, or
 “ not) the admirable Invention of *Virgil*, who was
 “ able to find out in the History of This Hero, a
 “ Source

† *Pref. p. 42, 43, &c.*

“ Source of the Hatred between *Rome* and *Car-*
 “ *thage*, even in the very Foundation of their Walls.
 “ I cannot moreover upon this Occasion dissemble
 “ my Opinion, that of all the Faults which a Poet
 “ can commit, Those which are against profound
 “ Learning are the least considerable: and especi-
 “ ally when the Question turns only upon a point
 “ of Learning, obscure, ancient, or embarrassed, as
 “ This did; which related to the Antiquity of
 “ eleven hundred Years, at a time when Books
 “ were not so easily perpetuated as they are at
 “ present. For tho’ a Poet ought to be learned;
 “ yet we never desire him to be more learned,
 “ than delightful. That great Judgment, which
 “ made Rules, has reserved to it self the Empire
 “ over them; and never intended to be enslaved by
 “ them. Besides; if the general Maxim of Poe-
 “ try be always to prefer That which is *probable*,
 “ and *pleasing*, to That which is *true*, and *shock-*
 “ *ing*; why had not *Virgil* the power to suppose by
 “ a Poetical Fiction that *Dido* lived in the time of
 “ *Æneas*, even tho’ he knew the contrary; in or-
 “ der to find in this Fable the Original of Those
 “ Wars between *Rome*, and *Carthage*, and the Sub-
 “ ject of Those beautiful Events which he de-
 “ scribes? Why shall he be condemned for having
 “ made a Fiction contrary to the Order of Time;
 “ if other Poets are sometimes permitted to make
 “ them, contrary to the Order of Nature? would
 “ he have been the less a Poet, tho’ he had never
 “ learned Chronology? There are no Faults pro-
 “ perly so called, says *Aristotle*, but those which
 “ are made contrary to the Art which one pro-
 “ fesses*: insomuch that there are certain affected
 “ Ignorances, which appear with a good grace. Ex-
 VOL. II. K “ tremes

* This tho’, with *Aristotle*’s Leave, requires some Explanation, to
 make it Truth or good Sense,

“ tremes only are faulty in This Case, as well as in
 “ all Others. It would not have been allowable
 “ to contradict a point of History known to all the
 “ World: For Example, to make *Scipio* and *Han-*
 “ *nibal* Contemporaries with *Alexander*, and to re-
 “ present them as intimate Friends. But in This
 “ profound Antiquity, which one must study as
 “ profoundly, in order to strike out the least Light
 “ from it, a great Poet *may*, and *should*, speak of
 “ things, not as he can discover them to have re-
 “ ally been, but as they are capable of embellish-
 “ ing his Subject. It is for This, that he is even
 “ advised to chuse a Subject distant from his own
 “ Age, rather than too near it. The Beauty of
 “ These Boldnesses raises Poetry above Learning it
 “ self; For it is more easy to *learn* how things
 “ have *actually passed*, than by *Invention* to make
 “ them *agrecable*. A Man may study as long as
 “ he will; he will never make a good Poem, if
 “ he has not a Genius to feign and invent. Pro-
 “ vided his Inventions please, (as they always do,
 “ when they are natural, and the Event answers,
 “ as in this Fiction of *Virgil's*) the Work will al-
 “ ways succeed. For questionless if we should ask
 “ Those who are most forward to decry this Pas-
 “ sage, whether they would have had him follow
 “ the History; Their Thoughts must be very ill
 “ turned, to chuse rather that he should have de-
 “ prived his *Æneis* of this rich Ornament, than
 “ have contradicted an History involved in the
 “ Darknes of so many barbarous Ages. The most
 “ Critical will allow, that there is more *Judgment*
 “ in *committing this Fault*, if it be one, than there
 “ would have been in not committing it. This is
 “ the Opinion of *Scaliger*; and of Mr. *Bochart*, as
 “ will be seen in a learned Dissertation upon This
 “ Argument, which he did me the Honour to ad-
 “ dress

“ dress to me. If a Poet must be subject to the
 “ exact Truth; he carries the matter much far-
 “ ther than this Anachronism: and I believe it
 “ would be difficult to prove that *Æneas* was ever
 “ in *Italy*, against those strong Authorities which
 “ he produces to the contrary. But he himself an-
 “ swers, and concludes as I do, that This Re-
 “ search of Truth is by no means the Business of
 “ a Poet. The very Foundation of the *Æneis* may
 “ be no more than a Fable; and he is of That O-
 “ pinion for three strong Reasons. The First is
 “ grounded upon the Explication of some Passages
 “ in *Homer*; and upon the Testimonies of ancient
 “ History: which relate that *Æneas* died before
 “ the Walls of *Troy*, and that he left Children
 “ which reigned there for many Ages. The Se-
 “ cond is taken from the Religion of the *Trojans*,
 “ and the Gods which *Æneas* must have brought
 “ into *Italy*, of which he finds not the least Traces
 “ in the Antiquities of *Rome*. The Third is taken
 “ from the *Phrygian* or *Trojan* Language; which
 “ he would likewise have brought with him, and
 “ of which some Words must have continued in
 “ the *Latin* Tongue, as well as of the Languages
 “ of other Nations, with which the *Romans* had
 “ any Intercourse or Correspondence. But tho’ he
 “ establishes his Opinion upon very good Argu-
 “ ments; he shews nevertheless that this great Poet
 “ was in the right in founding his *Æneas* upon a
 “ contrary Opinion, since it was universally receiv-
 “ ed at *Rome*. For this purpose, he shews that
 “ it was received, more than two hundred Years
 “ before, by all the Poets, Historians, Orators and
 “ Criticks: That even several *Greek* Authors were
 “ of the same Sentiments: Not to mention *Julius*
 “ *Cæsar*, and *Augustus* his adopted Son; who deep-
 “ ly interested themselves in authorizing this Chi-

“ *mæra* ; to make it believed that the Family of
 “ the *Cæsars* was descended from *Æneas*, and by
 “ consequence from *Venus* and *Jupiter* ; which ren-
 “ dered them the more considerable among the
 “ People, who fed themselves with the Flattery of
 “ these vain Imaginations. He proves that the
 “ Consent of the Senate and People confirmed
 “ this Belief : and that all the *Romans* presumed
 “ themselves to be descended from the *Trojans*.---
 “ In a word, he concludes, as I have done upon
 “ the Subject of this Anachronism, that tho’ *Vir-*
 “ *gil* had fully known the falsity of this Opinion,
 “ he ought not to have opposed it ; since the State
 “ and the Emperor loved this Error, and were
 “ interested to support it : And it is not the Busi-
 “ ness of Poets to teach exact Truth. He discusses
 “ this Question with so much Learning, and so
 “ at large ; that I will say no more of it. This Re-
 “ flection is so far from Destroying the Beauty of
 “ Poetry, and its Inventions ; that it Discovers
 “ them to the greater Advantage. Their Charms
 “ are so powerful ; that they darken the clearest
 “ Light, and weaken the strongest Knowledge.
 “ These Fables, these Lyes, these Impostures, be-
 “ come the Admiration and Entertainment of the
 “ whole World, and in process of Time the gene-
 “ ral Opinion of the People. We are so preju-
 “ diced in their Favour, that we hate those who
 “ are willing to maintain the contrary. Yet it is
 “ only the Imagination of a Man that does all this ;
 “ but doubtless it is not without some Reason that
 “ such a one has been supposed to have been even
 “ acted by a sort of Divine Spirit. If one com-
 “ pares the Effects of the finest History with those
 “ of the finest Poetry ; what are those beautiful
 “ Truths which History has ever made so publick,
 “ as Poetry has made it’s Fictions ? How many
 “ Persons

“ Persons are there who have read *Virgil* and *Ho-*
 “ *mer*, and even learned the greatest part of their
 “ Works by heart, in comparison of Those (tho’
 “ many) who have read the best *Greek*, or *Latin*
 “ *Historians* ?”

Thus far *Monfieur Segrais* ; and *Mr. Dryden* is not only of the same Opinion ; but delivers it in almost the same Words.

As to the *Behaviour* of *Æneas* upon this Occasion (which is a more dreadful Objection than the former) his Parting from the Queen, and his pretended *Insensibility* at their Parting ; the Substance of what has been said by both those great Men, and something more, shall be laid before the Reader.

Whatever Obligations the Hero had to the Queen in point of Gratitude, and whatever Attachments in point of Love ; he had *prior*, and *superior* ones to the Gods, and his Country. But why then did he suffer himself to be engaged in this Amour, Contract, or Marriage (for I scarce know by what Name to call it) when he could not but foresee that the Consequences of it must, one way or other, be very dangerous, if not fatal ? I say, I *scarce* know by what Name to call it: For ’tis a strange perplexed Business, a sort of Wedding, and no Wedding, as the Poet has managed it. Which I do not mention as a *Fault*, but as a *Beauty*. That it was by Design, is beyond all Dispute: For that *Virgil* could fall into such a seeming Inconsistency by a Mistake, cannot be conceived. I said a *seeming* Inconsistency: for after all, it is no more ; it being pretty plain, to a close Observer, by what Name This Adventure is to be called. But then the Poet has so puzzled us with ambiguous Expressions, backwards, and forwards, that all Indecency is covered by That Amusement. And this is such an Instance

of artful Refinement as is hardly to be equalled. I was of this Opinion, long before I knew any thing of Monsieur *Segrais's* Translation; and am confirmed in it by what he says in his Remark upon the 166th Verse of the Original, *Speluncam Dido*, &c. “ If ever *Virgil* (says he) shewed his Address in making things understood, only by *glancing*, and *lightly touching* upon them; it is doubtless in this Passage, at which it was so easy to make a false Step. All the Commentators praise his Modesty and his Delicacy: And in truth one can never too much admire the Art which he has found out, to *say and not to say* a thing which might shock good Manners, and give a handle to Raillery. It looks as if in this place he affected on purpose to be obscure; he who is so clear every where else. He so well perplexes this Affair; that every body may explain it as he pleases. He even uses the Word *ululârunt* in *Latin*, to signify the Astonishment of the Nymphs; and in that Language this Term is equivocal either to Grief, or Joy: The rest makes an Allusion to the Ceremonies which the Ancients observed in their Marriages; as all the Commentators have explained it.” This in the main is very justly observed: Only I do not agree with him about the Word *ululârunt*; not remembering to have seen it ever apply'd to Joy. But then this affected Obscurity and Ambiguity is chiefly at this place, at the Cave, to amuse the Reader, with *pronuba Juno*, &c. and to divert him from any indecent Reflection. I say it is *chiefly here*, and for that Reason: For tho' in other places it is called a Marriage, not only by the Queen her self (which is nothing strange)

Per connubia nostra, per inceptos Hymenæos, &c.

but

but by *Juno*, the Goddess of Marriage, who undertakes the Management of it,

Connubio jungam stabili, propriamque dicabo;

yet it is plain the Poet thought otherwise :

Conjugium vocat, hoc prætexit nomine culpam.

For tho' there are all the Nuptial Ceremonies, to amuseus; yet they are all performed by the Goddesses, by the Earth, the Sky, and the Nymphs, not by any Mortals: And *Æneas* himself declares he never intended a Marriage,

-----*Nec conjugis unquam*

Prætendi tædas, aut hæc in fœdera veni.

And therefore after all, *it was a fault in him*; tho' he was driven to it by the Goddesses *Juno*, and *Venus*. But tho' as to their own Conduct in this Affair, they may be supposed by the Poet to have had a dispensing Power; and tho' their Impulse may in a great measure *excuse* him; yet it does not *justify* him. It was a Fault therefore in *Him*, but not in the Poet: For why must the One be supposed faultless by the Other? This was a Blemish in *Æneas's* Character; which *Virgil* very well knew; but thought it not improper to put this Blot in his Escutcheon: To shew us, that tho' he was a Hero, *i. e.* a transcendently great, and good Man; yet he was still *but a Man*. The Reasons which induced him to insert This Episode have been already taken notice of: Mr. *Dryden* mentions another; which was to flatter *Augustus* upon his Divorce from *Scribonia*. But we know That Emperor not only left his own Wife, but took another Man's: And if the Cases had been parallel (as they

are very far from it) I dare say *Virgil* was a Man of too much Virtue to flatter his Master in his Vices. For if his Divorcing *Scribonia*, and taking another Wife, was, as Mr. *Dryden* affirms, no more than a matter of Gallantry among the *Romans*; yet to take another Man's Wife (for such was *Livia*, and big with Child too at the same time) was, in conjunction with the other, a most scandalous Action, even in Their Opinion. Sure I am, Mr. *Dryden* upon this Occasion, pretending in his own Prose to give us the Sense of what *Virgil* says in Verse, puts a most scandalous Speech into the Mouth of *Aeneas*, stuffed with Jest, Insulting, and Ribaldry; of which there is not the least Hint in the Original, but the direct Contrary. *Cotton's* Burlesque is full as serious, and more modest.

This *Love-Affair* therefore was certainly a Fault in the *Hero*, tho' not in the Poet. But as to his Insensibility at Parting, the other Branch of the Accusation; it is notoriously false in Fact.

----obnixus curam sub corde premebat.

----magno persentit pectore curas.

*At pius Aeneas, quanquam lenire dolentem
Solando cupit, & dictis avertere curas:*

Multa gemens, magnoque animum labefactus amore.

He does not whine indeed like our Romance-Heroes, whose only Virtue consists in Love, and Fighting: But he is represented as being distressed for the Consequence of this unhappy Affair; deeply affected with Love, and Pity; yet resolved to prefer his Duty to his Passion, and not to repair one Fault by committing another.

Iussa tamen divum exequitur---

The

The Behaviour is as it should be; and no reasonable Objection can be urged against it.

Others alledge against this Book, that the Episode of *Dido* and *Æneas* is too long; and that, while it continues, the Action stands still. Admitting it did; it would be no Fault: as I have already shewn in my Preface. But besides; the very Interruptions and Hindrances of an Action, if they be, as This is, related, and considered as such, are in a wide Sense, commonly, and properly enough, called Parts of it: Tho' (as I said in my Preface, concerning *Homer's Iliad*) it may not be very congruous to call such an Interruption the *main Action it self*. Or if they may not be called (as strictly speaking, they certainly are not) Parts of the Action, they are important Incidents immediately relating to the Action; and as nearly affecting it, as if they were Parts of it; and that is sufficient. To resume the Comparison mentioned in my Preface: Suppose a General making a Campaign should, even for a considerable time, be diverted from the Operations of it by some extraordinary Incident; nay by one of the very same Kind with this of which we are now speaking; and afterwards pursue, and finally execute his original Design: This Incident would not only make a proper, and even necessary Part of his History; but his Behaviour upon it would, in conjunction with his other Proceedings, be called a Part of the Campaign. The Design of *Venus*, as it is related in the First Book, in kindling Love between *Dido* and *Æneas*, was to prevent any Mischief which might happen to the latter, by the supposed Falshood and Treachery of the former. And herein this Fourth Book 'tis a Cast of *Juno's* Policy, since she could not prevent That Love, to

divert the Hero from *Italy* by this new Treaty of Alliance, and Marriage.

*Olli (sensit enim simulata mente iocutam,
Quo regnum Italiæ Libycas averteret oras)
Sic contra est ingressa Venus---*

Venus consents to it, being better skilled in Love-Intrigues than *Juno*, and well knowing from the Prediction of *Jupiter* in the First Book, that it would not have the Effect which *Juno* intended ;

*---Non averfata petenti
Annuit, atque dolis rifit Cytherea repertis.*

Therefore, what passes between these two Goddesses, as also the Speeches of *Jupiter* to *Mercury*, of the latter to *Æneas*, and his again to *Dido*, are all directly pointed at the main Action: and the Preparations of the Hero for his Departure, and his Actual Embarkation, are, in the strictest Sense, Parts of it. So that in many Passages of this Book the Action is in full view ; and in some it is actually in Motion. If in others it should be allowed to stand still ; there is no harm done, for the Reasons alledged in my Preface. This Objection therefore is so far from being of any force ; that no Design could have been more artificially contrived, no Episode more neatly and finely interwoven.

BUT with consuming Care the restless Queen
Already bleeding, nourishes a Wound
Deep in her Veins, and wastes with hidden Fire.
Much to her Thoughts the Heroe's brave Exploits

Recur.

Recur, and much the Glories of his Race ; 5
 Fix'd in her Soul his Looks, and Words remain ;
 And soft Repose is banish'd from her Breast.

Now had returning Morn illum'd the World
 With *Phæbus*' Lamp, and from the Pole dispell'd
 The Dewy Shades ; when, sick with fond Desire, 10
 Her Confident, her Sister, she bespeaks.

What Dreams, my dearest *Anna*, discompose
 My Rest ? What wond'rous Stranger at our Court
 Is here arriv'd ! how God-like he appears !

In Mien how graceful ! and how brave in Arms ! 15

For me, I think (nor groundless are those Thoughts)

His Lineage is Divine. Unmanly Fear

Argues degen'rate Souls : What Fates, alas !

Have him pursu'd ! What Battles did he tell !

Were not my Soul immoveably resolv'd 20

Never to link my self in Nuptial Bonds,

Since my first Love deluded me by Death ;

Did

VER. 8. *Illum'd.*] *Lustrabat* for *illustrabat*. I think I have somewhere seen the Word *illumine*, an Abbreviation of *illumine* (which is common in Poetry) as That again is of *illuminate*. Whether I have, or not ; 'tis no great Matter. I think such a License now and then (for it should be very rarely indeed) is a Grace in a long Work of Poetry.

VER. 11. *Her Confident, her Sister, &c.*] For That must be the Meaning of *Unanimem*. So *Servius* hints ; So *De La Cordera* more fully explains it ; So *M. Segrais* expressly translates it.

Not *unanimous*, as the Word is commonly used : For she could not in that Particular be of her Sister's Opinion ; Because she had not as yet heard what it was.

VER. 12. *What Dreams, my dearest Anna, &c.*] Admirable is the Art, and Nature of This Speech, in the Mouth of a Woman ; expressing both her Love, and her Modesty ; arguing against what she passionately desires ; and wanting to be advised to do That which she already half (if not quite) resolves to do, whether she be advised, or no.

Did I not sicken at the Sound of Wedlock :

To this one Frailty I perhaps could yield.

My Sister (for to thee I will disclose

25

My inmost Thoughts) since poor *Sichæus* fell,

And with his Blood, spilt by a Brother's Hand,

Sprinkled our Household-Gods; This only Man

Has warp'd my Inclinations, and unfix'd

My stagg'ring Resolution : I perceive

30

The Signs and Tokens of my former Flame.

But may the yawning Earth devour me quick ;

Or *Jove* with Thunder strike me to the Shades,

Pale Shades of *Erebus*, and Night profound ;

E're, Modesty, I break thro' thy Restraints,

35

Or violate thy Laws : He, who at first

Made me his own, bore all my Love away :

Let him possess it to himself entire,

And keep it in his Grave. Thus having said,

She fill'd her Bosom with o'erflowing Tears.

40

Anna replies : O dearer than this Light

To me ; will You alone waste all your Youth

In

Ver. 31. *The Signs and Tokens, &c.*] The Word *Vestigia* most strictly and properly signifies *Footsteps, Traces, &c.*

But sometimes it is used for *Signs, or Tokens* in general. If we here chuse the first Sense, it must be (as *Ruæus* well observes) that the Remains of her Love to her former Husband ought to deter her from loving *Æneas*. But I prefer the last, which (as he likewise justly remarks) is better, tho' not so

obvious : I remember how I was formerly affected, and perceive the same Symptoms in a second Love.

Ver. 42.-----*Will You alone waste all your Youth.*] *Sola* (as many Commentators explain it) may here very well signify *lonely, or solitary*. But I rather take it otherwise : Will You be the *only* Person, &c. For though in strictness she was not so, yet *hers* was contrary to the general Practice :

In pining Grief? Nor know the dear Delights
 Of Children, and the sweet Rewards of Love?
 Think you That Care disturbs departed Ghosts, 45
 Or bury'd Ashes? What, tho' heretofore
 No soft Addresses your sad Soul could move,
 Not here in *Libya*, nor before, at *Tyre*?
 What tho' *Iarbas* was with Scorn repuls'd,
 And other Leaders, born on *Africk* Coasts 50
 Fertil in Triumphs? Ev'n a pleasing Love
 Will you resist? Nor think what Countries round
 Inclose you? Here *Getulian* Towns, a Race
 Invincible in War; the fierce, untam'd
Numidians, and th' inhospitable Sands 55
 Of *Syrtis*; There, a Region wild, and waste
 By parching Heat; then raging far, and wide,
 Th' unciviliz'd *Barcæans*: Not to name
 The War from *Tyre* impending, and the Threats
 Of our fierce Brother? 60
 Sure 'twas indulgent Heav'n's peculiar Care,
 And *Juno*'s Providence, that hither brought
 The *Trojan* Fleet. How fam'd a City This
 Will you behold! How flourishing a Realm
 By such Connubials! By the *Trojan* Arms 65
 United to our own, to what a Height
 Of Greatness will the *Punic* Glory rise!
 Only do you with Pray'r propitiate Heav'n,
 Indulge your Hospitality, and frame

New

rice: And even in common
 Discourse the Word *only* is of-
 ten so used, to *beighen*, and
 aggravate, by way of *Hyper-*
bole. "Will you be the *only*

"Person in the World, &c?"
All your Youth----*Perpetua* here
 signifies *tota*; as it does in many
 other places.

New Reasons for their Stay ; tempestuous Winds, 70
 Orion's stormy Influence on the Main,
 Their shatter'd Vessels, and th' inclement Sky.

By such Advice she fan'd the Fire of Love
 Within her Sister's Soul ; with Hope confirm'd
 Her wav'ring Mind, and broke thro' all Reserves. 75

First to the Temple they repair, and seek
 Heav'n's Favour at the Altars : On them laid
 Selected Victims, with accustom'd Rites,
 To Ceres Law-giver, and Phæbus bleed,
 And Father Bacchus ; but above the rest 80

To Juno, who presides o'er Nuptial Beds.
 The beauteous Queen her self a Goblet holds
 In her Right hand, and for Libation pours
 The Wine betwixt the snow-white Heifer's Horns.
 Or round the smoaking Altars slowly walks 85

Before the Statutes of the Gods ; with Gifts
 Renews the Day ; and on the open'd Breasts

Of

Ver. 70.--*Tempestuous Winds*, here in the latter Sense ; and then
Ec.] Dum Pelago desævit hyems. *dum* must stand for *donec*, until.
Desævit is used in quite contrary But then it should have been
 Significations : Sometimes for *desævierit* not *desævit* : And
raging, sometimes for *ceasing* or besides, it ill agrees with the next
leaving off to rage. Many take it Verse ;

Quassatæque rates, & non tractab' le cælum.

Yet De La Cerda affirms that him construe This : *Æn. x.* Ver.
 it is *always* used in This latter 569.
 Sense : But then (says Ruæus let

*Sic toto Æneas desievit in æquore victor,
 Ut semel intepuit mucro----*

Ver. 86, 87. *With Gifts re-* | *Sacrifices*) *all the Day long.*
news the Day.] That is, *re-* | That Expression *Instauratque*
news, or repeats her Gifts (the *diem donis* is very elegant in
 Latin ;

Of Victims eagerly intent, consults
 Their breathing Entrails. Wretched Ignorance
 Of Augurs! What alas! do Vows, or Shrines 90
 Avail, to heal her Frenzy? A soft Flame
 Feeds on her Vitals; and a living Wound
 Silent, unseen, bleeds inward in her Breast.
 Th' unhappy *Dido* burns, and restless roves
 O'er all the City: Like a wounded Deer, 95
 Whom heedless of her Fate, in *Cretian* Woods,
 The Swain at distance with his Shafts pursu'd;
 And in her Body left the missive Steel,
 Unknowing: She thro' the *Diætan* Groves,
 And Thickets flying strays; the mortal Dart 100
 Sticks in her Side. Sometimes the *Trojan* Prince
 She takes alone, and leads him round the Walls;
 With Ostentation shews him as they walk,
 Her rising City, and *Sidonian* Wealth;
 Begins to speak, and in the Middle stops 105
 Her

Latin; and I think a literal Translation of it has no ill effect in English. If we can properly transfuse a *Poetical Idiom* from one Language to another; it is so much the better: Sometimes we can, and sometimes we cannot. I say an *Idiom* in Poetry, not in Language: For such is This; and there are many more such: I have remark'd upon some; and may perhaps upon others.

Ver. 95. -----Like a wounded Deer, &c.] True it is, there is a Simile in *Homer* quoted by *Macrobius Saturnal.* Lib. v. cap. 6.

(from whence he will have This of *Virgil* to be taken) of a Deer wounded by a Dart: But it answers to This in no other Circumstance. This in *Virgil* is so easy, obvious, and natural; that one would think any body might have hit upon it: And yet so elegant; that no body can too much admire it. The particularity of Circumstances is beautiful---*Incautam---Liquitque volatile ferrum Nescius---Illa fuga, &c.* answering to *totaque vagatur Urbe furens*-----But above all That

-----*Hæret lateri letbalis arundo.*

Her fault'ring Tongue. At Ev'ning she renews
 Her Banquets; fondly begs again to hear
 The *Trojan* Wars: again, while He relates,
 She listens fix'd, and hangs upon the Sound.
 Then after all are to their Rest retir'd: 110
 When in her turn the Moon obscure withdraws
 Her Light, and setting Stars persuade to Sleep:
 Lonely she pines within the empty Court,
 Lies on the Couch which just before she left;
 Him absent, absent still she hears, and sees. 115
 Sometimes, his Father's Image all her Soul
 Possessing, young *Ascanius* on her Lap
 She long detains; if possible to cheat
 With that Amusement her unbounded Love.
 Th' unfinish'd Tow'rs no longer rise; The Youth, 120
 Undisciplin'd in Arms, no longer form
 Ports, and strong Fortresses of War; the Works
 Neglected stand: The Threat'nings of the Walls,
 And tall Machines no more invade the Sky;
 But, sticking in mid way, come short of Heav'n. 125
 Whom

Ver. 111. *When in her Turn the Moon, &c.*] *Lumenque obscura vicissim Luna premit.* Some explain it Thus: *Luna premit*, i. e. reprimet *lumen Solis*. But then it would be almost the same with *labente die* before-mentioned; at least This Time would not be far distant from That: Which is contrary not only to the Tenour of the Description, but to the express Words next following, *juadentque cadentia sidera somnos*. Besides the Moon does

not repress the Light of the Sun: But on the contrary, the Sun, by withdrawing his Light, gives her Leave to shine. I understand it therefore of the Moon withdrawing her own Light; which salves all. Ver. 82. *Orig. relictis*: either by *Herself*, or by *Æneas*.

Ver. 124, 125. *And tall Machines, &c. But Sticking, &c.*] By *Machina* some understand an Engine used in Building. But I take it, with the most and best Expositors,
 for

Whom when the Wife of *Jove* perceives involv'd
 In such a Pest of Passion, nor by Fame
 It self restrain'd; to *Venus* Thus she speaks.
 Prodigious Trophies you indeed have gain'd,
 You, and your Boy; vast Praise, a deathless Name: 130
 If by the Fraud of Two Celestial Pow'rs
 One Woman be subdu'd. And well I know
 Our rising *Carthage* you suspect, and fear.
 But where at last will This Contention end?
 Why rather make we not eternal Peace, 135
 And binding Nuptials? What your Soul desir'd
 You have effected: *Dido* fondly burns;
 And Love's soft Frenzy revels in her Veins.
 Then let This People by our joint Command
 Be rul'd; Let *Dido* serve a *Phrygian* Lord, 140
 And

for a military one, and as a farther explanation of *mina murcrum*. Had I any Authority for it, instead of *aquata* I would read *aquanda*: For that is plainly the Sense; Otherwise it would be a Contradiction to *Noncepta assurgunt*, &c. and *opera imperfecta*. I have rendered it accordingly;

and have been forced to paraphrase it, to make the Description end full, and strong in our Language.

Ver. 129. *Prodigious Trophies you indeed have gain'd*, &c.] This is the finest Irony, and Antithesis, in the World:

*Egregiam vero laudem, & spolia ampla refertis,
 Tuque puerque tuus, magnum & memorabile nomen;
 Una dolo divum si fama vieta duorum est.*

Ver 96. Orig. *fallit* for *latet*.
 Ver. 140.-----Let *Dido* serve a *Phrygian* Lord, &c.] I see no Reason for the Interpretation of *Rueus*; Let *Us*, (*Juno* including her self as well as *Dido*) serve &c. That seems to carry the Matter too far: *Phrygia*

serve *Marito* is malicious, and spiteful enough, in the Sense which I have rendered. *Phrygian* (as he truly observes) is used with Contempt; and *servire* is as bitter a Word as could have been thought of. Ver. 110. Orig. *si* for *an*, *utrūq.*

And give in Dow'r her *Tyrians* to your Hand.

To whom Thus *Venus* (for she well perceiv'd
The Fraud of *Juno*, lab'ring to transfer

Th' *Italian* Kingdom to the *Libyan* Coasts)

Reply'd. Who ill-advis'd would e'er reject

145

Such fair Demands, and rather chuse with you

Still to contend? Did Fortune but approve,

And second your Design: But I, unskill'd

In Fate's Decrees, am doubtful whether *Jove*

Permit the Colonies of *Tyre*, and *Troy*

150

To join their Kingdoms and unite in One.

You are his Consort, and have Privilege

To sound his Thoughts; I follow, as you lead.

To whom Imperial *Juno* Thus reply'd.

Mine be That Care: At present (mark my Words) 155

How what th'immediate Stress of things requires

May be effected, I'll in brief unfold.

Soon as to-morrow's Sun his rising Beams

Extends; *Aeneas*, and th' unhappy Queen

Design to hunt among the *Libyan* Woods.

160

On these, when all are on their Sport intent,

And with their Toils the Thickets round inclose,

I from above will pour a Storm with Hail

Commix'd, and roll loud Thunder o'er the Sky.

Th' Attendants shall be scatter'd, and conceal'd

165

In Darknesh: *Dido* and the *Trojan* Chief

To

Ver. 161, 162. *When all are* expresses not *Fear*, but *Eager-*
on their Sport intent, And with *ness*: *Ale* is used for the *B-*
their Toils, &c.] Dum trepidant *dies*, or *Bands* of *Horsemen*, as
ale, saltusque indagine cingunt. *Wings* in *War*: By *Indagine*
 The Word *trepidant* here, as may be understood the *Hounds*,
 well as in many other places, or the *Nets*, and *Toils*, or *Boats*.

To the same Grot shall come, I'll there attend,
And, if your Thoughts approve it, join her firm
In Nuptial Bonds, and consecrate her His :

Here *Hymen* shall be present. Not averie 170
From this Proposal, *Venus* gives Consent,
Sees thro' her Project, and in secret smiles.

Mean while *Aurora*, rising, leaves the Sea :
Forth issue from the Gates the chosen Youth, 174
With Nets, and Toils, broad-pointed hunting Spears,
Maffilian Horsemen, and quick-scented Hounds.
Before her Gates the *Punic* Nobles wait
The Queen, delaying in her rich Alcove ;
Her Steed, adorn'd with Purple and with Gold,
Stands pawing, fierce, and champs the foaming Bit. 180
At length, attended with a num'rous Guard,
She comes Majestick : Her *Sidonian* Vest
Border'd with crimson Fringe; her Quiver, Gold ;
Her Tresses in a golden Knot confin'd ;
A golden Buckle clasps her purple Robe. 185
Join'd to the rest the *Trojan* Youth advance,
And glad *Iulus* : But, above them all,

Beauteous,

Ver. 166. ---- *Dido* and the
Trojan Chief.] It is truly ob-
served that here, and afterwards
at the Cave, the Poet with great
Address applies not to *Æneas*
either *pius*, or *pater*, or any
thing equivalent ; but *Dux Tro-
janus*.

Ver. 168. If your Thoughts
approve it.] *Tua si mihi certa
voluntas*, i. e. *Si tua voluntas
convenit meæ, & stat fixa*. I take
all That to be included in *mihi
certa*. Ver. 131. Orig. *Retia
rara*-----ferro [advent] *Mas-
sylique ruant*, &c.

Ver. 177. Before her Gates
the Punic Nobles wait, &c.]
This Description of the *Atten-
dants*, the Steed, and the Dress
of the Queen, from *Regnam
thalamo cunctantem*, &c. to *sub-
nectit fibula vestem*, is most
grand, and beautiful.

Ver. 183. *Crimson*.] Orig.
picta : it is not said with what
Colour ; so we are at Liberty
to take any rich one. *Cblamy-
dem circumdata* : i. e. [quoad]
cblamydem ; or *habens cblamydem
circumdatam*.

Beauteous, and Eminent, *Æneas* comes ;
 And, adding his Retinue, fills the Train.
 As when *Apollo* leaves his Winter-Seat 190
Lycia, and *Xanthus*' Stream ; and in it's Turn
 Visits his Native *Delos*, to restore
 The Festivals; And round his Altars croud,
 With mingled Noise, the *Cretians*, *Dryopes*,
 And painted *Agathyrsi*: He on Top 193
 Of *Cynthus* walks, and crowns his flowing Hair
 With a soft Wreath of Greens, forms it with Art,
 And winds it up in Gold ; His sounding Shafts
 Hang at his Shoulders. No less graceful mov'd
Æneas ; In his Face such Beauty shone. 200
 When to the Hills, and pathless Haunts of Beasts
 They come ; Driv'n downwards from the Tops of Rocks
 The wild Goats run : In other parts the Deer
 Scour o'er the spacious Champain, flying join 204
 Their Troops in Clouds of Dust, and leave the Hills.
 But young *Ascanius*, thro' the winding Vales,
 Rejoices in his mettled Steed ; now these,
 Now those out-rides ; among th' ignoble Herd
 Of Beasts, desires to see a foaming Boar,
 Or tawny Lion from the Hills descend. 210
 Mean-while the mustering Clouds with grumbling
 Disturb the Sky ; A Storm with mingled Hail [Sound
 Ensues ;

Ver. 190. *As when Apollo,* | only observe the lovely Elegancy
 &c.] I have before remarked | of
 upon This Simile : and now |

-----*Mollique fluentem*

Fronda premit crinem, fugens, atque implicat auro :
Tela sonant bumeris, &c.

which is sufficiently praised by being repeated.

BOOK 4. VIRGIL's *ÆNEIS*. 235

Enfues; The *Tyrians*, and the *Trojan* Youth,
 And *Venus*' Grandson, flying o'er the Fields
 Seek various Shelter : Down the Mountains rush 215
 The Torrents. *Dido*, and the *Trojan* Chief
 To the same Grot together come: And first
Earth, and contracting *Juno* gave the Sign;
 Flashes of ruddy Light'ning glar'd; the Sky
 Was conscious of th' Alliance; And the Nymphs 220
 Shriek'd on the Mountain's Top. That Day was first
 The Cause of Death, and Woes: For *Dido* now
 Neither by Decency, nor Fame is mov'd;
 Nor longer studies to conceal her Love, 224
 But skreens the Guilt with Wedlock's specious Name.

Forthwith loud Fame thro' *Libyan* Cities goes,
 Fame, a pernicious Pest, than whom more swift

Is

Ver. 226. *Forthwith loud Fame, &c.*] The Length of this Description of Fame is displeasing to some Criticks. "I confess (says * Mr. Dryden) that Similitudes and Descriptions, when drawn into an unreasonable length, must needs nauseate the Reader. Once I remember, and but once, *Virgil* makes a Similitude of fourteen Lines; and his Description of Fame is about the same number. He is blamed for both; and I doubt not

" but he would have contracted them, had he lived to have reviewed his Work." I do not understand why Similitudes and Descriptions are coupled together upon this Occasion: Certainly a greater Length may be allowed to the last, than to the first. I wish too Mr. Dryden had told us, what Similitude in *Virgil* consists of fourteen Lines: For I confess I know not. This Description strictly speaking, consists but of Twelve: For the first Verse

Extemplo Libyæ magnas it Fama per urbes

is not a part of the Description; and ends at *Nuncia veri*. And which begins at *Fama malum*, Three of Those Fifteen Lines are

* Dedication to the *Æneis*,

Is none; She flying grows, and gathers Strength
 By Motion : Small at first thro' Fear in time
 She rears herself in Air, walks on the Ground 230
 And hides her tow'ring Head among the Clouds.
 Her, the last Sister to *Enceladus*,
 And *Cæus*, as 'tis said, the Parent Earth,
 Provok'd by Anger of the Gods, brought forth,
 Swift in her Feet, and never-weary'd Wings. 235
 A Monster hideous, vast ! As many Plumes
 As in her Body stick, so many Eyes
 For ever waking (wond'rous to relate !)
 There grew beneath ; as many babbling Tongues ;
 As many list'ning Ears. By Night she flies, 240
 Noisy, thro' Shades obscure, 'twixt Earth and Heav'n ;
 Nor are her Eyes by pleasing Slumber clos'd.
 Watchful, and spying round, by Day, she sits
 On some high Palace-Top, or lofty Tow'r,
 And mighty Towns alarms ; no less intent 245
 On spreading Falshood, than reporting Truth.
 She

are no part of the Description ; but a fabulous Account of the Birth of this Monster. This Description of Fame (says Monsieur *Segrais*) ought to be considered as one of the greatest Ornaments of the *Æneis*. And then he gives a Reason to justify the length of it : But I shall not give it the Reader, either in his own Original, or in a Translation ; because I do not love to transcribe what I do not understand. Whoever has the Curiosity to see it, may find it in his Fifth Remark upon the Fourth Book, and perhaps

may comprehend it better than I do ; who, tho' I very well understand his Words, am utterly ignorant of his Meaning. However it be, I think no more need be said to this Objection, than that as there is no Rule, either from Authority, or Reason, for any determined Length in Descriptions : there is no Judgment to be made of it, but only from their being, or not being, tedious to the Readers. This here is not so to me ; and every body else will speak as he finds it.

She then with various Rumour fills the Croud,
 Pleas'd w'th her Task, and mingles Truth with Lyes.
 Relates that one *Æneas*, sprung from *Troy*,
 Was come; to whom fair *Dido* could descend 250
 To wed herself: Now all the Winter's Length
 They indulge between them in luxurious Love,
 Regardless of their Kingdoms, and enslav'd
 By brutal Appetite. With talk like this
 The shameless Goddess fills the Mouths of Men. 255

To King *Iarbas* strait she bends her Course,
 Inflames his Soul, and aggravates his Rage.
 He, born of *Ammon*, and a ravish'd Nymph
 Of *Garamantic* Race, to mighty *Jove*
 An hundred spacious Temples, in his Realms 260
 Of wide Extent, an hundred Altars built;
 And consecrated to the Gods the Hearths
 Of everlasting Fire; the Ground with Blood
 Of slaughter'd Victims smoaking, and the Doors
 With various colour'd flow'ry Wreaths adorn'd. 265
 He, wild with Rage, and at the stabbing News
 Incens'd, among the Statues of the Gods,
 Before the Altars, with uplifted Hands,
 To *Jove* thus supplicant his Suit address'd.

Almighty *Jove*, to whom the *Moorish* Race, 270
 Feasting on broider'd Beds, pour richest Wine,
 Seest thou these Things? Or groundless are our Fears

Of

Ver. 251. *The Winter's.*] *Fo-*
vere hyemem, &c. for *fovere se*
per totam hyemem. *Quam longa*
[est] for *totam*.

Ver. 262, 263.--- *The Hearths*
of everlasting Fire, &c.] *Ser-*
vius interprets *Excubias divūn*
æternas as set in apposition to

vigilem ignem, and signifying the
 same thing. Others take it not
 for the *Fire itself*; but for those
 who were appointed to *watch*,
 and *guard* it: Like the *Vestal*
Virgins at *Rome*. Ver. 207.
Orig. Lenæum honorem; i. e.
vinum optimum.

Of Thunder? Do thy Light'nings from the Clouds
Scare us in vain, and idle Murmurs roll?

A Woman here, who, wand'ring in our Coasts, 275

A little City built on purchas'd Ground,

To whom on our Conditions we allow'd

A Tract of Tillage-Land, has scorn'd my Love,

And Lord Æneas to her Throne receiv'd.

And now That other *Paris*, with his soft 280

Half female Train, his *Lydian* Bonnet bound

Beneath his Chin, his Hair perfum'd with Oils,

Enjoys the Prize; while we with Gifts supply

Your Temples, and maintain an empty Name.

Him, as he thus before his Altars pray'd, 285

Th' Almighty heard; and turn'd his awful Eyes

To *Carthage*-Turrets, and the princely Pair

Of

Ver. 273. *Do thy Lightnings from the Clouds, &c.*] *Cœcique innubibus ignes.* That is (say *Servius* and Others) not such as we cannot see (for the Contrary is manifest) but the Cause of which we know not: Meaning (I suppose) that *Iarbas* in his Indignation would say, we are not sure they come from

Jupiter, as it is commonly imagined.

Ver. 278. *A Tract of Tillage Land.*] So I rather take *littus arandum*: Tho' Others, not improbably, think it signifies Ground to build upon; according to That in the Fifth Book

----- *Urbem designat aratro.*

Ver. 281.----His *Lydian Bonnet bound, &c.*] For so the Word *Mitra* was anciently used, and that in an effeminate Sense. So in the ninth Book---*habent redimicula mitræ. Subnexus &c.* i. e. *subnexus*, or *subligatus mitrâ circa mentum, &c.* or *habens mentum subnexus*: Those who read *subnexus* make no Sense of it.

Ver. 283. *While we with Gifts supply, &c.*] In the Original it is *Quippe*, Ironically; for *Scilicet*: Or perhaps more strictly, for *Because*; which is more sarcastical: We are therefore Unfortunate, because we are Religious.

Ver. 285. *Before his Altars, &c.*] Orig. *araspæ tenentem.* For the Custom of holding the Altars, see the Antiquarians.

BOOK 4. *VIRGIL's ÆNEIS.* 239

Of Lovers, heedless of their better Fame.
 Then *Mercury* he Thus instructs : Dispatch,
 My Son, invite the Winds, on Pinions glide ; 290
 And to the *Trojan* Chief, who loiters now
 At *Carthage*, and forgets the Realms by Fate
 Allotted to him, These my Words convey,
 And wing my Message thro' the fleeting Air.
 Tell him, his beauteous Mother did not promise 295
 A Son like Him ; Whom not for This she twice
 Rescu'd from *Grecian* Jav'lins : But a Prince,
 Who *Italy* should rule, a Nation big
 With Empires, fierce, and terrible in War ;
 Should by his Deeds assert th' illustrious Blood 300
 Of *Teucer*, and to all the World give Laws.
 If by the Fame of so sublime a Fate
 He is not fir'd ; and will no Toil endure
 For his own Glory : Does the Father's Love
 Envy *Ascanius* *Rome's* Imperial Tow'rs ? 305
 What does he purpose ? With what Prospect stay
 Among That hostile People ? nor regard
 The rich *Lavinian* Fields, and future Race
 Destin'd to rule *Aufonia* ? Bid him fail ;
 This is the Sum ; be This my dread Command. 310
 He said ; The Son, preparing to obey
 His mighty Father's Will, first to his Feet
 Fast

Ver. 290.---*Invite the Winds.*] are Poetically said to invite it
 Wings, and Sails, are extended to unto them. Thus afterwards
 receive the Wind ; and therefore in this Book,

----*vocat jam carbasus Austros.*

Ver. 225. Orig. *Expeſtat* for The Word is very often us'd in
cunſtat. Ver. 228. *Vindicat*, that Senſe. Ver. 237. *Hic noſtri*
 for *inducit* ; i. e. *eripuit*. *nuntius* ; for *a nobis*.
 V o t. II. L

Fast binds the golden Sandals, which on Wings
 Bear him aloft, as o'er the Seas, on Earth
 He flies, and round him whirls the rapid Air. 315
 Then takes his Wand: With this pale Ghosts he calls
 From Hell; sends others to Those dreary Realms;
 Gives, or breaks Sleep; and Eyes unseals from Death.
 Aided by This, he drives the Winds, and cuts
 Th' opposing turbid Mists; and now discerns, 320
 In his swift Flight, the Top, and lofty Sides
 Of rocky *Atlas*, who sustains the Sky.
Atlas, whose piny Head with low'ring Clouds
 Is wrap'd, and beaten with the Winds, and Rain:
 Snow hides his Shoulders; from his hoary Chin 325
 Streams roll, and stiffen'd hangs his icy Beard.
 Here first *Cyllenius*, pois'd on even Wings,
 Alighted; Thence with all his Body's force
 Flings himself headlong from the steepy Height
 Down to the Ocean: Like the Bird that flies, 330
 Low,

Ver. 318. ----- *Eyes unseals* from Death.] *Servius* gives it a quite different Construction; *signat*, i. e. *claudit* contrary to the Sense of all other Expositors, to the *Roman* Custom of opening the Eyes of the Dead upon the Funeral Piles, and to the plain Meaning of the Word. *Resignat* ex or à morte.

Ver. 319. Aided.] *Fretus*, for *adjutus*: We rely, or depend upon That which helps us. The Wand assisted him in flying.

Ver. 323. *Atlas*, whose piny Head with low'ring Clouds, &c.] Were there no other Poetry in the World; This alone would shew it's Force, and Energy. What Image can be more affecting! And it is the more so to

me; because I think the Idea of *Atlas* supporting the Sky is, in itself one of the most senseless and ridiculous of all the monstrous Fictions of the Hea-then Superstition. And yet *Virgil* has so described this Man-Mountain; that we exceedingly admire what before we condemned. I shall add no more to what I have said of it in my Preface.

Ver. 330. Like the Birds, &c.] A Cormorant, Sea-Mew, Moor-Hen, or some such Bird, that preys upon Fish; Therefore *Piscosus scopulos*. *Homer* (from whose 5th *Odyssey* This is taken) calls it the *ἁλὶ γλῶσσι*, the Sea-Mew, or Gull.

Low, skimming o'er the Surface, near the Sea,
Around the Shores, around the fishy Rocks :
So *Mercury* in Air, 'twixt Earth and Heav'n,
Shooting from his maternal Gandfire, flew,
And cut the Winds, and *Libya's* sandy Shore. 335

Soon as he There with wingy Feet arriv'd ;
He saw *Æneas* busily employ'd
In building Forts, and Streets : A Sword he wore
Studded with Jasper ; and a Gown, that flam'd
With *Tyrian* Crimfon, from his Shoulders hung ; 340
A Present which the Royal *Dido* gave,
And wrought the vary'd Silk with Threads of Gold.
Strait he invades him : Thou art then engag'd
To build, and beautify fair *Carthage*-Tow'rs,
Uxorious Man ! ah ! thoughtless ! unconcern'd 345
For thy own Kingdom, and thy own Affairs.
The Sov'reign of the Sky, whose awful Nod
Shakes Earth, and Heav'n, has sent me from above,
From bright *Olympus* : His commands I bring,
And waft his Message thro' the fleeting Air. 350
What dost thou purpose ? with what Prospect waste

Thy

Ver. 334. *His Maternal Grandfire.*] For *Atlas* was *Mercury's* Grandfather by his Mother *Maia's* side.

Ver. 335. *And cut the Winds, &c.*] *Volabat*, and *secabat* in the Original, ver. 255, 256. make a scurvy Rhime, which I wish had been alter'd ; as well as two or three more in the *Æneis*. And here I cannot but take notice, that in all This Translation I never met with above half a dozen acci-

dental Rhimes to disturb me. Which is to me an Argument against That way of Writing ; since Those Jinglings do not naturally fall in, but must be hunted after.

Ver. 336. *Soon as he there--- arriv'd.*] I have not rendered *Magalia* ; which is not material. Tho' the City was building ; yet there might be near it some *Magalia* Cottages (see *Æn.* 1. 425.) still standing, as before.

Thy Time, unactive, on These *Libyan* Coasts ?
 If by the Fame of so sublime a Fate
 Thou art not mov'd, and wilt no Toil endure
 For thy own Glory ; yet at least regard 355
 Thy Heir, *Ascanius*, and his rising Hopes ;
 To whom th' *Italian* and the *Roman* Realms
 Are due from Fate. When *Hermes* Thus had spoke ;
 In his mid Speech abrupt he far withdrew
 From mortal Sight, and vanish'd into Air. 360
 Confounded, and amaz'd, *Æneas* stood :
 Up rose his Hair erect ; and to his Mouth
 His Speech with Horror cleav'd. He longs to go,
 And leave That pleasing Kingdom, Thunder-struck
 At such a Message, and the God's Command. 365
 What should he do ? With what soft Words attempt
 To sooth th' impatient Queen ? How introduce
 The first Discourse ? His wav'ring Mind divides
 A thousand ways ; now This, now that resolves ;
 And turns on ev'ry Side it's shifting Thoughts. 370
 At length This Resolution he approves :
Mnestheus he calls, *Sergestus*, and the brave
Cloanthus ; bids them privately prepare
 The Fleet, and draw their Forces to the Shore ;
 Provide all fit Materials ; and conceal 375
 The Cause of such an unexpected Change :
 Tells them, that while th' indulgent Queen remain'd
 Unapprehensive, ignorant, nor fear'd
 That Loves so well confirm'd could be dissolv'd ;
 He would explore th' Approaches to her Soul, 380
 Watch

Ver. 358. *Spoke.*] *Tali ore* ; Orig. *Classem aptent*, &c. *sup-*
for voce. There is a pretty *ple* [*jubet.*] Ver. 290. *Arma*
 Elegance in That. Ver. 289. means all *Stores*.

Watch all the softest Seasons of Address,
 And think on proper Measures. These Commands
 With joyful Haste they eagerly obey,
 And execute his Orders. But the Queen
 (Who can delude a Lover ?) soon perceiv'd 385
 The Fraud, and first his future Motions saw,
 Fearing ev'n Safety : The same impious Pest,
 Fame, gave her the Alarm ; the Fleet was rigg'd,
 And all prepar'd to sail. Distracted, wild,
 She rages ; and, incens'd, o'er all the Town 390
 Roves, like a Bacchanal ; when at the Name
 Of *Bacchus*, his triennial Orgies swell
 Her Breast with Madness ; and *Cytherea's* Top
 Invites her, echoing with nocturnal Sounds.

At length *Æneas* Thus she first bespeaks. 395
 And couldst thou hope, perfidious, to conceal
 So black a Crime ? and silent leave my Coasts ?
 Cannot my Love, nor thy once plighted Faith,
 Nor *Dido's* cruel, and untimely Death
 (For Death inevitable must ensue) 400
 Detain thee ? Even to Winter's scowling Sky
 Your Navy you expose, and haste to stem
 The Deep amidst tempestuous Northern Winds,
 Ah cruel ! What, if Kingdoms not thy own
 Thou didst not seek, and still old *Troy* remain'd ; 405
 Should *Troy* itself be fought o'er stormy Seas ?
 Me dost thou fly ? By these distilling Tears,
 By thy Right hand (since Nought else I've reserv'd
 To wretched Me) by our connubial Rites,
 And Hymenéal Loves but yet begun ; 410
 If ever I have aught of thee deserv'd,

Or any thing of mine was e'er to thee
 Delightful ; pity my declining State ;
 And oh ! if yet there's any room for Pray'r,
 Be yet intreated, yet thy Purpose change. 415
 'The *Libyan* Nations, for Thy sake incens'd,
 And fierce *Namidian* Tyrants are my Foes ;
 My *Tyrians* too offended : For Thy sake
 My Honour is extinguish'd, lost ; and That
 By which alone I soar'd above the World, 420
 My once unfully'd Fame ; To whom by thee
 Dying am I abandon'd, cruel Guest ?
 Since That's the only Name which now remains,
 Instead of Husband. Wherefore should I stay,
 'Till my unnatural Brother lay my Walls 425
 In Ruin ? Or *Jarbas* to his Realms
 Transport me Captive ? Had I but from Thee
 Some Pledge before thy Flight ; did any young
 Little *Æneas* play about my Hall,
 Expressing thee in Looks ; I should not seem 430
 Entirely lost, forsaken, and betray'd.
 She

Ver. 421. *My once unfully'd*
Fame.] *Fama prior* : My former
Reputation, which was
 good, and is now changed for
 bad. This may seem to need
 no Comment ; and yet, I know
 not how it happens, That *prior*
 in This Place is a little odd to
 my Apprehension.

Ver. 424. *Wherefore should I*
stay ?] In this Place ; or in
 This Life : It may be Either.
Quid moror ? An, &c ? Strictly

to the Orig. " What do I (i. e.
 " can I) stay for, or expect ?

" That *Pygmalion* should, &c ?

Ver. 428, 429. *Did any young*
little Æneas, &c.] This Ar-
 gument, if not immodest, may
 be thought indecent, and im-
 proper. And it is so, according
 to our Manners : But we must
 consider the Difference of Cus-
 toms and Conversation in diffe-
 rent Ages and Countries.

She said ; He, aw'd by *Jove's* severe Command,
Fix'd held his Eyes, and smother'd in his Breast
The struggling Pain ; At length in brief reply'd.

Your Favours, great, and numerous, conferr'd 435
On me, fair Queen, you justly may recount,
Nor shall I once deny ; nor e'er forget
Elija, while I'm mindful of my self ;
While Life inspires this Frame. In brief I'll speak,
Full to the Cause : 'Twas never my Design 440
(Misrepresent me not) to leave your Coasts
With secrecy ; nor did I ever think
Of Nuptial Rites, or such a Contract meant.
Me did the Fates permit to lead my Life

By

Ver. 400. *Full to the Cause.*] *Pro re pauca loquar.* According to it, or as it requires : Tho' some refer *pro* to *pauca* Thus ; I shall say but little. considering the Greatness of the Cause.

Ver. 444, &c. *Me did the Fates permit, &c.*] It is from These Verses chiefly that some Criticks draw their Arguments of Insensibility, and downright Ingratitude in the Hero. He positively tells the Queen (say they) that the Gods indeed commanded him to *Italy* ; but if he could follow his own Inclination, he would return to his own Country, &c.---So that This quite destroys the Force of what is urged in his Excuse from the Commands of Heaven ; *his own Inclination* being to leave her. But they misunderstand the Sense of the Place, and the Signification and

the very Tenses of the Verbs ; which are as easy, as plain Grammar can make them. He does not say ; he *would now* build *Troy*, but that he *would have* built it : 'tis *posuissim* not *ponerem* : 'Tis *colerem*, indeed, and *manerent* ; but both These Words suppose the City to be *already built* ; and do not imply that if it were now so, he would *now return* to it ; but that he would *never have left* it. For This Remark I am in the main obliged to Monsieur Segrais : Only he would have *colerem* for *coluissim*, &c. and brings parallel Places to prove That Licence of putting one Tense for another : Of which without question there are multitudes of Instances ; But here is no Occasion for it ; The Sense being far better, if the Words be taken in their plain grammatical Construction.

By my own Conduct, and compose my Cares 445
 To my own Wish; I had regarded first
 My Native Walls, and *Ilium's* dear Remains :
Priam's high Palace had again been rear'd,
 And for my vanquish'd Country I had built
 New-rising *Troy*. But now *Apollo's* Shrines, 450
 Now *Lycian* Oracles direct my Course
 To *Italy*, our lov'd, our promis'd Realm.
 If You, a *Tyrian* Princess, are detain'd
 By *Carthage-Tow'rs*, and please yourself to see
 A *Lybian* City rising; who can grudge 455
 The *Trojans* Liberty to fix their Seat
 In *Latium*? Let Us too have Leave to seek

A

Ver. 450. *New-rising Troy*.] All the Expositors, except *Rueus*, make *recidiva* the same as *rediviva*; and he makes it just the contrary, *iterum caduca*. See him upon the place; and also upon Ver. 322. of the Seventh Book. The Sense is good either way: But I follow the Stream of Interpreters.

Ver. 453, &c. *If you a Tyrian Princess*, &c. With the humblest Deference to *Virgil*, This seems but poor Arguing, and indifferent Sense. The Queen does not complain of him (and it would have been very idle if she had) for settling in a foreign Country, (for That he must have done, if he had staid with *Her*) nor for his having had a Design upon *Italy* in particular, before his Amour at *Carthage*. But what she blames him for is his deserting her *Now*, after he had so deeply engaged himself; upon which, according to her Doctrine, he ought

to have altered his Resolution. To what purpose therefore does *Æneas* set himself to prove, as it were in Form, what no body denies, that it was in itself very lawful for him to seek a foreign Country in general, and *Italy* in particular? The Truth is, I am no great Admirer of This Speech in the Main. Though *Æneas* does not appear insensible; yet a little more Tenderness might not have misbecame him. Ver. 357. Orig. *Caput*. The Word *Caput* often signifies the whole Person. So just before Ver. 354. *capitisque injuria cbari*. Where, by the way, *subaudi* the Repetition of the Word *admonet* mention'd just before. The Injury I do him puts me in mind that I ought to go; and makes him seem to chide me, &c.

Ver. 457. *Let Us too have leave*, &c.] It may be either *fas sit*, or *fas est*.

BOOK 4. VIRGIL's ÆNEIS. 247

A foreign Land. As oft as Night obscures
 The World with dewy Shades, and fiery Stars
 Rise in the Sky ; my Father's troubled Ghost 460
 Admonishes, and frights me in my Dreams.
 My dear *Ascanius* chids me for my Stay ;
 Whom of th' *Hesperian* Kingdom I defraud,
 And fatal destin'd Fields. Nay just ev'n now
 Th' Ambassador of Heav'n from mighty *Jove* 465
 Dispatch'd, (I call to witness both Those Pow'rs)
 Brought me his Mandates thro' the fleeting Air :
 I saw the God in open Light of Day
 Ent'ring your Walls ; and in These Ears receiv'd
 His Voice. Disquiet not with vain Complaints 470
 Yourself, and me : 'Tis with Regret I seek
 Th' *Italian* Coasts.

Thus while he spoke, she silently intent
 Ey'd him averse ; and roll'd her glaring Balls
 Around ; from head to foot survey'd him o'er, 475
 Speechless a while ; and Thus in Rage reply'd.

Nor art thou of a Goddess-Mother born ;
 Nor is thy Birth from *Dardanus* deriv'd,
 Perfidious Wretch : But *Caucasus*, with Rocks
 Horrid, disclos'd thee from it's flinty Sides, 480
 And fierce *Hyrcean* Tygers gave thee suck
 For

Ver. 472. *Th' Italian Coasts.*] he ends his Speech and turns
 If *Virgil* designedly left any from her.
 Verse imperfect, (as I believe Ver. 476. *Speechless.*] *Lum-*
 he did not) certainly it was *inibus tacitis.* See the Note
 This *Italian non sponte sequor.* on Book i. 830. This is an-
 Because it seems to express the other great Instance of what I
 positive abrupt manner in which have there observed,

For why should I dissemble ? Or what worse
 Can I expect ? Did he once give a Groan
 To see me weep ? Did he once bend his Eyes ?
 Or shed one Tear in Pity to my Love ? 485
 To which of his Barbarities shall I give
 The Pref'rence ? Now no more the Queen of Gods,
 Nor *Jove* beholds these things with equal Eyes.
 True Faith is no where to be found : Him tofs'd
 On Shore, of all things indigent, I here 490
 Receiv'd ; and made him Partner of my Throne.
 (Fool that I was !) repair'd his shatter'd Fleet,

And

Ver. 482. For why should I dissemble, &c.] *Had I any Authority for it ; I would read it, Nam quid dissimulem, aut quæ me ad majora reservem ?* For That must be the Meaning ; and all agree it is so. *Ad Majora*, i. e. *ad graviores injurias ab illo inferendas* : Not *ad majores preces à me effundendas* ; as *De La Cerda* strongly interprets it.

Ver. 483. Did he once, &c.] Most elegant and pathetic is This Transition from the second Person to the third. It implies two things. 1st, Her Aversion : She will not speak to him ; but of him. 2^{dly}, An Appeal, as it were, to the Standers by : Which the Impotence of Rage and Distress is always apt to make. *Num fletu ingemuit nostro* &c ? Observe too the Antithesis. Did He so much as groan, while I wept ?

Ver. 486, 487. To which of

his Barbarities, &c.] *Quæ quibus anteferam ?* *Servius*, and others interpret it ; *Where shall I begin ? What shall I speak of first ?* But *Ruæus*, and one of the *Variorum* Annotators take it, as I have render'd it. I like That best ; because I do not see how *anteferre* can signify to *speak of first*.

Ver. 489. True Faith, &c.] *Nusquam tuta fides*. For *tuta* to mean *vera* or *certa* is a little harsh. Some understand it Thus ; 'Tis not safe to trust any body.

Ver. 490. On Shore.] Some point it ; *ejectum, littore egentem* : Others ; *ejectum littore, egentem*. I chuse the latter, tho' Both are very good. *Ejectum [è navi] littore*, for *in littus*. Perhaps after all, He means *ejectum [è patriâ]* : and then *littore* must relate to *egentem*.

Ver. 492. Repair'd, &c.] *Classem [pene] amissam [refeci]*. These

And hospitably fav'd his Friends from Death.
 Furies distract me! Now *Apollo's* Shrines,
 Now *Lycian* Oracles have warn'd him hence ; 495
 Th' Ambassador of Heav'n, from mighty *Jove*
 Dispatch'd, brings dreadful Mandates thro' the Air.
 Belike, the Gods are wond'rously concern'd
 For his Affairs ; That Care disturbs their Rest.
 I nor detain thee, nor refel thy Words. 500
 Away for *Latium*, by the Winds; go, seek
 Thy Kingdom o'er the Waves : For me, I hope,
 If the just Gods have Pow'r, thou wilt receive
 Thy due Reward among the Rocks ; and there
 Call oft on *Dido* : Wrapt in dusky Flames, 505
 I'll follow thee ; and, soon as icy Death
 Has freed my Soul from Flesh, in ev'ry place
 My Ghost shall haunt thee : Villain, thou shalt feel
 My Vengeance ; I shall hear it, and That Fame
 Shall reach my Ears among the Shades below. 510

This said, she, in the Middle of her Speech,
 Breaks off abrupt, and sick'ning flies the Light;

With

These Words are understood : will not admit of That Word
 And yet all is very plain ; *Clas-* in That Sense ; which is the
fem seeming to be govern'd of same, as *Dead. Absens*, i. e.
reduxi ; tho' it really is Not. *Mortua*. In farther pursuance
 Ver. 506. I'll follow thee.] of This Explication, we explain
 In the Original it is *Absent* I'll the next Verse but two,
 follow thee. But our Language

Audiam, & hæc manes veniet mihi fama sub imos :

---- I shall bear it ; and That Fame

Shall reach my Ears among the Shades below.

This to an *English* Reader may Ghost would rejoyce to hear it
 appear very strange. Her Ghost in the other World. It is to
 was to persecute him, and her be noted therefore that the
 Heathen

With Loathing turns her Eyes from his ; and leaves
 Him wav'ring, and a Thousand things to say
 Irresolute, in Fear : Her Maids support 515
 Her Body, as she sinks into their Arms,
 And lay her fainting on the Royal Bed.

But good *Æneas*, tho' he much desir'd
 By comforting to ease her Grief, and sooth
 The Tempests of her Passions ; groaning deep, 520
 And stagger'd in his Mind by mighty Love :
 Yet executes the dread Commands of Heav'n,
 And to his Fleet repairs. Then all at once
 The *Trojans* urge their Toil, and from the Dock 524
 Draw their tall Ships: The new-pitch'd Gallies float ;
 Unfashion'd Timber from the Woods they bring,
 And leafy Oars, thro' Eagerness and Haste ;
 Studious of Flight.

Then crouding thro' the Streets you might behold,
 And

Heathen Superstition made a | the Person : according to That
 Distinction between the *Umbra*, | ascribed to *Ovid*,
 the *Manes*, and the *Spiritus* of |

--- *Tumulum circumvolat umbra,
 Orcus habet manes, spiritus astra petit.*

Ver. 513. *With Loathing turns
 her Eyes from his.*] For That,
 I am persuaded, is the Meaning
 of *seque ex oculis* [illius] *aver-*
tit, & aufert ; not that she
 ran away, as all the Expo-
 sitors interpret it. She turn'd
 her Head from him, and hid
 her Face, with Detestation of
 him, with Shame and Confu-
 sion. *Linquens* indeed means her
 going away ; probably at least :
 For even that may relate to her
 fainting.

Ver. 514, 515. *To say irre-*
solute.] In the Orig. 'tis not
 only *parantem multa dicere*,
 but *cunctantem* [i. e. hæsitantem]
multa dicere. I have used
 the same *Regimen* of the *Infini-*
tive in English, as apply'd to
irresolute. These Expressions in
 our Poetry I take to be not on-
 ly allowable, but elegant. There
 are many such in our best Au-
 thors. *Irresolute to do*, &c. i. e.
not resolute to do, &c. but doubt-
 ing, and hesitating about it.

And rushing from the Town. As when the Ants 530
Mindful of Winter, waste a heap of Corn,
To store their Granaries. Along the Fields
Goes a black Troop ; and in a narrow Path
Their Booty they convey : With all their Strength
Some on their Shoulders push the cumbrous Grains ;
Others bring up the Rear, and chide Delay ; 536
The Path all smokes, and hot the Work proceeds.

Then, *Dido*, what were then thy Thoughts? What
Groans,

At such a Prospect, heav'd thy throbbing Breast?
When from a Turret's Top thou didst behold 540
The Hurry of the Shore, and all the Sea
Confus'd with mingled Noises? Cruel Love!
To what Extremes does not thy Tyrant Pow'r
Urge mortal Breasts? Again dissolv'd in Tears,
Spight of her Rage, and Pride, again she tries 545
Suppliant Intreaties, and submissive bows
Her haughty Soul to Love: That, e're she dy'd,
No Measures unattempted might be left.
My dearest *Anna*, from all Parts, thou seest,

Rushing

Ver. 530. *As when the Ants,*
&c.] *De La Cerda* is in such
a Rapture upon This Simile ;
that he challenges all *Greece*,
and *Homer* it's Prince, all the
Iliad, and all the *Odyssee*, to
equal it. I confess, I am not
of his Opinion : I think it is
better as a *Description*, than as
a *Simile* : The Expressions are
very elegant : But the Idea is
none of the most *delightful* in
it *self*, nor the most *applicable*
in the *Comparison*.

Ver. 554. ---- *Again dissolv'd*
in Tears.] *Ite iterum in lacrimas.* We feel That elegant
Expression in the *Latin* ; but it is
impossible to render it in *English*.

Ver. 548. *Unattempted.*] O-
rig. *Ne quid inexpertum frustra,*
&c. i. e. *frustra* [licet expertum.]
There must be some such
Thing to make out the Sense.

Ver. 549. *My dearest Anna,*
&c.] I wonder *M. Segrais*
should say (as he does) that
This,

Rushing they croud the Shore; their Sails unfurl'd 550
 Invite the Breezes, and with joyful Haste
 The Shouting Mariners have crown'd their Ships.
 Could I have e'er expected such a Blow
 Of cruel Fate as This; my Soul could then
 Have born it: Yet This only Favour grant 555
 Thy wretched Sister; for That faithless Man
 To Thee alone uncommon Rev'rence paid,
 Trusted his Secrets with Thee; Thou alone
 Didst know the soft Approaches to his Soul,
 And all the proper Seasons of Address. 560
 Go, Sister; and This Message suppliant bear
 To the proud Foe. I never did conspire,
 At *Aulis*, with the *Greeks*, to overturn
 The *Trojan* State, nor sent a Fleet to *Troy*;
 Nor e'er disturb'd his bury'd Father's Dust. 565
 Why does he stop his unrelenting Ears
 To my Intreaties? Whither does he fly
 So hasty? This last Favour let him grant
 To his unhappy Lover, let him wait
 An easy Voyage, and permitting Winds. 570
 I now no more petition him to yield
 The Rights of Nuptials, which he has betray'd;
 Nor

This, and That in the Sixth
 Book, *O pater anne aliquas*,
 &c. (for That he must mean)
 are the only Passages which he
 has observed in which Speeches
 are inserted without the intro-
 ductory Tags of *sic ait*, *sic fa-*
ciat, &c. When there are many
 more such Instances. As Book
 i. 735. in the Original. Book
 ii. 322, 577, 657, 675, 707.

With many more, which I
 need not mention; and which
 I have always imitated in my
 Translation. This is one Rea-
 son why there do not seem to
 be so many Speeches in *Virgil*,
 as there really are. See *Pre-*
face.

Ver. 557. *To Thee alone, &c.*
 That is, excepting *her self*.

Nor urge him to relinquish his gay Hopes
Of Italy, and Empire: All I beg,
Is but a soothing Interval, some Rest, 575
And Respite to my Passion; 'till my Fate
Shall to Misfortune reconcile my Soul,
Subdu'd by Grief, and teach me how to mourn.
Pity thy Sister; This last Boon I crave:
'This let him grant; I'll then dismiss him free, 580
And crown his Satisfaction with my Death.

Thus she her Suit express'd; Such mournful Pray'rs
Her weeping Sister carries, and repeats:
He by no Tears is mov'd; untractable,
And deaf to all Intreaties; Fate forbids; 585
And Jove, o'er-ruling, stops his pitying Ears.
As when rough Alpine Winds, with struggling Gusts,
This

Ver. 581. *And crown his Satisfaction with my Death.*]

Quam mihi cum dederit, cumulatam morte remittam.

Among the many Readings of This Verse, some with very meagre Sense, and others with none at all; I have chosen That of *Ruæus*; which not only makes it good Sense, but very pathetical. The Cambridge Editor is of another Opinion: but gives no Reason to support it.

Ver. 587. *As when rough Alpine Winds, &c.*] Few Si-

milies, if any at all, even in *Virgil* himself, are more noble and beautiful than This. It gives us a perfect Image of the great and deep Impressions which are made upon the Hero, and yet of his Stedfastness in not being subdued by them. The Ideas are entirely correspondent, and the Expressions altogether admirable.

--- It stridor, &c.

--- *Affiduis hinc atque hinc vocibus Heros
Tunditur* ---

which last Word is the most elegant and expressive, that could possibly have been thought of:

Ipsa

This way, and that, contend t' o'erturn an Oak
 Stubborn with aged Timber ; Roaring loud
 The Branches bend ; The stiff Trunk bows ; The Leaves
 Thick falling strew the Ground : It self fast clings 591
 Fix'd in the Rocks ; and high as it uprears
 It's tow'ring Head in Air, so deep it's Root
 Shoots downwards to the Centre. With such Force,
 And ceaseless Noise, the Hero on all sides 595
 Is batter'd ; and within his manly Breast
 Confines the Pain he feels : His Mind persists
 Unmov'd and Tears roll down his Cheeks in vain.

Then,

Ipsa hæret scopulis ----

Mens immota manet ----

Consternunt terram concusso stipite frondes :

---- Lacrimæ voluntur inanes.

This last Clause is by some Expositors and Translators apply'd to the Tears of the *Queen*, and *her Sister*, not of the *Hero* ; which is but plain Sense at best, and a Tautology besides : Whereas the other is to the last degree noble, and pathetic. Some Commentators will have it, That this Simile too is taken from *Homer*. That Poet indeed has two Comparisons from the Wind blowing upon a Tree ;

One in the Sixth, the other in the Twelfth Book of the *Iliad* ; but neither of them like This in any other Respect. There would certainly have been such Things in Nature as Winds, and Trees, and the blowing of Those Winds upon Those Trees ; tho' *Homer* and *Virgil* had never been born.

Ver. 591. *Thick falling strew the Ground*].

----- Et altè

Consternunt terram concusso stipite frondes.

Altè, for *diu*, or *jugiter cadentes* (as some will have it) is a Sense unheard of. *Ruæus* refers it to the Trunk of the Tree ; *Stipite* profunde *concusso* : But then the placing of the Words is harsh. *Altè* *consternunt terram* (says *De La*

Cerda) i. e. *copiose implent terram*. This is certainly the Sense : *Altè* ; They lie *high*, or *deep* ; For the thing is in effect the same. Others read it *altæ* in the Adjective agreeing with *Frondes*.

Then, terrify'd with Fate, th' unhappy Queen
 Implores to die ; and sickens to behold 600
 The bright Convex of Heav'n . To make her urge
 Her Enterprize, and leave the hated Light ;
 When pious Gifts she on the Altars laid
 Smoking with Incense (horrid to relate !)
 She saw the Liquors facred to the Gods 605
 Turn black ; and as the holy Wine was pour'd,
 It

Ver. 605. *She saw the Li-* and the *Dreadful*, and the *Won-*
quors, &c.] If it be possible derful, joined with the *Pa-*
 to determine which Passage in thetical, reign thro' the Whole
 the Æneis is the very best of all, to a degree unutterable. After
 surely it is This. The *ac* the Account of the Wine turned
baumus and the *ac* *ac* into Blood, it follows

Hoc visum nulli, non ipsi affata sorori.

That *Secresy* is such an Image of the Chapel consecrated to
 of cool Horrour, as can be no *Sicbaus*, with what Terrour
 Secret to any one that has the are we struck at the dismal
 least Notion of Human Na- Sound as well as Sense of
 ture. But after the Mention

Hinc exaudiri voces, & verba vocantis
Visa, viri, &c.

Nothing can be more fright-ful ; but what follows is more
 elegant :

Solaque culminibus ferali carmine bubo
Sæpe queri, & longas in fletum ducere voces.

I know I have cited These cause I take them to be the
 Verses in my Preface, and in best extant, if That can be
 my *Præl. Poet.* yet cannot for- said of any two Verses whatso-
 bear repeating them here ; be- ever.

Multaque præterea vatium prædicta priorum
Terribili monitu horrificant

carries dread enough :

---- *Agit ipse furentem*
In somnis ferus Æneas ---
 is still higher : But

---- *Semperque*

It chang'd to putrid Blood. This dire Portent
 From All, ev'n from her Sister, she conceals.
 Besides, within her Court a Marble Dome
 There stood, devoted to her former Lord ; 610
 Which with uncommon Honour she rever'd,
 With snowy Fleeces, and fresh Garlands crown'd.
 Hence Groans are heard, and her dead Husband's Voice
 Seeming to call aloud ; when gloomy Night
 Obscures the World : And, on her Palace-Top, 615
 The lonely Owl with oft-repeated Scream
 Complains, and spins into a dismal Length
 Her baleful Shrieks. Nor less the Warnings, giv'n
 By ancient Augurs, fright her restless Mind
 With terrible Predictions. In her Dreams 620
 Cruel *Æneas* persecutes her Soul
 To Madness. Still abandon'd to her self,
 Cheerless, without a Guide, she seems to go
 A long, a tedious Journey, and to seek
 Her *Tyrian* Subjects on deserted Coasts. 625
 So raving *Pentheus* Troops of Furies sees,
 Two Suns, and double *Thebes* : So mad with Guilt
Orestes,

----- *Semperque relinqui*
Sola sibi, semper longam incommitata videtur
*Ire viam, & *Tyria* deserta quærere terram,*

is (as I have elsewhere * re-
 marked) an Image altogether
 admirable. And the more so ;
 because it is an Image purely
 in Idea, not of any corporeal
 or sensible Phantasm. We feel
 it ; and can no way explain it,
 but by saying we do so. Then

what could better close These
 Descriptions, than Those Si-
 miles, of *Pentheus*, and *Orestes*,
 expressing the Madness of De-
 spair ; and the Conclusion of
 the Whole with That deep and
 dreadful Impression.

-----*Ultricesque sedent in limine Diræ !*

Orestes, agitated on the Stage,
Flies from his Mother's Ghost, with Torches arm'd,
And black infernal Snakes ; revengeful Fiends 630
Sit in the Doors, and intercept his Flight.

Therefore when all the Furies in her Breast
She had conceiv'd, o'ercome with wild Despair,
And resolute to die ; the Time, and Means
She with herself contrives : and Thus accosts 635
Her mourning Sister ; (her Design conceals,
And smooths her Visage with dissembled Hope.)
Rejoyce with me, my Sister ; I have found
A sure Expedient, which will either bring
My Lover back, or free me from my Love. 640
Near Ocean's Limits, and the setting Sun,
On *Æthiopia's* Bounds, there is a Place,
Where mighty *Atlas* on his Shoulders turns

The

Ver. 635. *She with herself contrives.*] *Exigit*, i. e. *Meditatur, exacte disquiris, desinit, ad certum redigit*. I have observed before that the Word *Exigo* is used in a great Variety of Significations.

Ver. 641. *Near Ocean's Limits, and the setting Sun, &c.*] That no Circumstance of Horror might be wanting to introduce the Fate of This unhappy Princess ; To *Prodigies* succeeds *Magick*. The dismal Solemnity and infernal Religion of which exceedingly heightens the Terror in the Catastrophe of This Tragedy. And That doubtless was the only Reason which moved the

Poet to insert it : But then he takes care to keep That Reason concealed, by amusing his Readers with Another. By a Pretence of endeavouring to bring back *Æneas*, or to cure her own Love, the Queen imposes upon her Sister ; and by the same Pretence the Poet imposes upon his Reader. The Description of the Magick Ceremony, and Funeral Preparation is of a Piece with the rest ; that is, in full Perfection, and never enough to be commended.

Ver. 643. *On his Shoulders turns.*] *Torquet*, i. e. say many Expositors, *fulcit, regit* ; But how That can be, I cannot imagine. Tho' *Servius*

The rolling Axis studded o'er with Stars.
 Hence a *Massilian* Priestess came ; who kept 645
 The Temple of th' *Hesperides*, with Food
 Supply'd the Guardian Dragon, in his Meals
 Honey infus'd, and drowsy Poppy's Juice,
 And in the Tree preserv'd the sacred Boughs.
 She undertakes with Charms to disengage 650
 Whome'er she pleases, others to involve
 In restless Cares ; to make swift Streams stand still,
 And backwards turns the Stars : From Hell she calls
 Nocturnal Ghosts ; The Ground, you'll see, will groan,
 Beneath her Feet, and Oaks from Hills descend. 655
 Be all the Gods my Witnesses, and Thou,
 My

vius himself mentions no plain it by *sphærica vertigine*
 more than *sustinet, portat*. But *voluit* ; according to That of
 I agree with Those who ex- *Ennius* more plainly,

Qui cælum versat stellis fulgentibus aptum :

From which This of *Virgil* is taken. *Atlas* may be supposed by some Motion of his Body to turn the Sphere : Or imagine him to be a mere Mountain, and without Motion ; yet since the Sphere turns, or rolls upon him, he may by a Poetical Transferring of Ideas be said to turn, or roll it. See the Note on Ver. 830. Book I.

Ver. 645. Hence a *Massilian* Priestess came.] Orig. *A Massilian Priestess* [who came] from hence was shewn to me. *Hinc* [quæ venit] *mibi Massylæ gentis monstrata sacerdos*. Next Ver. [Quæ fuit.] *Hesperidum templi custos, epulasque &c.*

Ver. 648.----Drowsy Poppy's Juice.] If the Dragon was to be wakeful (as all Guards ought to

be, and This *Hesperian* one is accordingly stiled *wigil*, and *per-wigil* by the Poets) it seems strange that *Poppies* should be any Part of his Diet. *Servius* answers that they might have a different Effect upon Him from what they have upon Men. *Rueus* gives two Reasons, which I will not transcribe ; because I like neither of them. I rather answer with *De La Cerda* ; *Poppies* might be given him to take off something of his *Fierceness*, but not in such a Quantity as to incline him to Sleep.

Ver. 655. Oaks from Hills descend.] In the Original it is *Ornos, Wild-Albes*. This Licence is allowed to all Translators in Verse ; and needs no Apology.

My dearest Sister, with Regret I fly
 For Aid to Magick Arts. Do thou erect
 A Pile with secrecy in th' inner Court,
 Beneath the Cope of Heav'n ; and on it place 660
 The Trojan Arms, which in the Chamber fix'd
 That Traytor left, his Cloaths, the genial Bed
 On which I was undone : T' abolish all
 The Villain's Relicks, is our form'd Design ;
 And such Direction the sage Priests gives. 665

This said, she silent stood, and o'er her Face
 A dying Paleness spread : Yet Anna's Thoughts
 Never suspected that her Sister meant
 Her Fun'ral, on pretext of sacred Rites ;
 Could not conceive so frantick a Despair, 670
 And fear'd no worse than when *Sichæus* dy'd ;
 Therefore obeys her Orders.

But in th' interior Court, and open Air,
 A lofty Pile with Pitch-Trees and cleft Oak
 Is built: The Queen with Garlands hangs it round, 675
 And

Ver. 657.----*With Regret I fly, &c.*] *Me invitam accingier ad magicas artes.* (we may imagine) that the Magical Intention of burying *Æneas* in Effigie, as it were,

Ver. 669. *On Pretext.*] *Prætendere funera sacris.* Either *Prætendere*, for *tegere*, *celare* : was to cure the Queen's Love, &c. Next line, *Ergo jussa parat* [*faceßere.*]

Ver. 675. *Is built: The Queen &c.*] *Orig. The Pile being built* [i. e. by *Anna*] *the Queen, &c.* It is afterwards said that She [the Queen] laid *Æneas's* Raiment, and Sword, &c. upon it ; whereas she had commanded *Anna* to do it, and 'tis said before that she obey'd her Orders. Should This be made an Objection,

And crowns it with a fun'ral Wreath : Above,
 The Hero's Raiment, and the Sword he left,
 And his Effigy on the Bed she lays,
 Not ign'rant of the future. Altars stand
 Around ; And, with her Tresses scatter'd loose, 680
 The Priestesses thunders o'er three hundred Gods,
Erebus, Chaos, three-shap'd Hecate,
 Virgin *Diana's* triple Form. The Place
 With fancy'd Waters of *Avernus'* Fount 684
 She sprinkles. Herbs are brought by Moon-light mow'd
 With brazen Scythes, big, swol'n with milky Juice
 Of noxious Poison ; and the fleshy Knot
 Torn from the Forehead of a new-foal'd Colt,
 To rob the Mother's Love.
 Her self with one Foot bare, and Robes unbound, 690
 Before the Altars, with a season'd Cake,
 And pious Hands, resolv'd on Death, invokes
 To witness all the Gods, and ev'ry Star

Conscious

jection, it would be a very slender Criticism indeed. She bade her Sister do it ; who accordingly brought the things thither, in order to place them, as she was bid. But the Queen coming before the Other had done it, thought fit to do it herself.

Ver. 675.----*With Garlands bangs it round.*] *Intenditque* [i. e. *cirgit*] *locum fertis*.

Ver. 684. *Fancy'd.*] Orig. *Simulatos*, i. e. by *Dido*, and the Priestesses : *Fancy'd*, i. e. by *Anna*, and the rest : For it was all a Pretence to deceive

them. Ver. 513. Orig. *quæ-runtur* for *conquiruntur*.

Ver. 689. *To rob the Mother's Love.*] *Et matri præreptus amor.* This cannot be translated literally. *Amor* for what she loved : It seems she would eat it ; if it were not immediately snatched from her, after the Birth of the Foal. The *fleshy Knot*, or an Excrecence of Flesh upon the Forehead of it, is not named in the Original ; but, according to all Annotators, That is the Thing intended.

Ver. 692, 693.----*Invokes to Witness, &c.*] *Tum si quod non æquo*

Conscious of Fate, and whate'er Pow'r regards
And vindicates the Cause of injur'd Love. 695

'Twas Night, and weary Mortals o'er the World,
Lay with sweet Sleep refresh'd : The rustled Woods,
And roaring Seas no more are heard ; The Stars
Roll sliding in the Middle of their Course. 699
The Fields all hush'd ; The Beasts, and painted Birds,
Which haunt the liquid Ponds, and thorny Brakes
In silent Night, reliev'd with soft Repose,
Forget their Cares, and lose the Toils of Day.

Not

æquo fœdere amantes Curæ numen habet, justumque memorque, precatur. To be resolved Thus: *Si quod numen justum, memorque [i. e. vindex] curæ habet [curat] amantes non æquo fœdere, [non æquali affectu, non pari fide junctos] precatur [illud.]* If I sometimes invade the Province of *Ruæus* in his interpretation, and of *Minellius* in his Notes ; 'Tis purely in *usum Tyrorum* : Those who know no Latin cannot read it ; and Those who know much, need not. Let it be here observed, however, that I have explained very many Words, and Passages, which neither *Ruæus*, nor *Minellius*, nor any body else, has explain'd.

Ver. 696. 'Twas Night ; and weary Mortals, &c.] This Description is so celebrated ; that we need not enlarge upon it's particular Beauties. It will rather be proper to take notice of an Objection, or two, which some have urged against it. How comes Sleep to be attributed to inanimate things, such as Trees, Fields, and Seas ? The Answer commonly given by Annotators, is *Continens pro re contenta*. But that is a dark account of the Matter : For besides that (as I shall shew) there is a much more satisfactory Solution ; the Birds and Beasts are mentioned immediately afterwards :

---- *Pecudes piæque volucres, &c.*

Monsieur *Segrais* therefore justly disapproves of This Answer, tho' without telling us why ; but, I think, puts a much worse in the room of it. The Reason, says he, of This Exaggeration, is to shew the Rage of *Dido's* Love ; every thing in the World being asleep except her self. But the Question returns ; is That Exaggeration natural ? For if it be not allowable in it self ; it is faulty, whatever use the Author had to make of it. But the Objection

Not so the wretched *Dido* ; No sweet Sleep
 Lulls her a moment ; In her Eyes, or Soul, 705
 Not for a Moment she receives the Night :
 Her Pangs redouble ; Love with boiling Foam
 Rages afresh, and with a various Tide
 Of waring Passions fluctuates in her Breast.
 Such Thoughts as These she with her self revolves, 710
 What

Objection is frivolous upon another account. Not only Poetical Licence, but Poetical Imagining is very inconsiderable ; if a Poet may not use such a Metaphor, as is here supposed. I say *supposed* ; for in reality, after all, here is no such thing : The Words are

---- *Silvæque, & sæva quierant*
Æquora ; cum medio volvuntur sidera lapsu,
Cum tacet omnis ager, &c.

And I hope *Rest* and *Silence* may be attributed to Words, Fields, and Seas ; if *Sleep* may not. *De La Cerda* indeed tells us *quies humanos somnos indicat* ; It does sometimes, but not always, as he supposes ; imagining it to be a Metaphor in This place, for which I see no manner of Reason : 'Tho' if it were so ; it would be not only justifiable, but elegant. Admitting all This, says another Set of Objectors ; how come the *Woods* and the *Seas* to be so very *silent* by *Night* ? They are more noisy by *Night* than by *Day* ; the *Silence* of other Things contributing to it. Yes, if they are noisy *at all* ; but cannot *Woods* and *Seas* be *quiet* and at *rest*, as well as *Animals* ? And are they not actually so, if there be no *Wind stirring* ? This therefore is not a Description of the *Night* in general (as 'tis commonly thought) any more than of a *stormy* one in particular ; but of a *still, quiet Night* ; as it was most proper to suppose This to be ; because such an Antithesis of Ideas heightens the *Horror*, and the *Pathos* of the Queen's outrageous Passion ; every thing being at rest, but her self. For *Virgil* has taken care to make That Opposition which *Monsieur Segrais* speaks of, for the Reason which he alledges : And assuredly there never was any thing more *pathetical* than That sudden *Transition*, which gives such a surprizing, and affecting Turn to our Thoughts, from

---- *Corde oblita laborum*
 To
At non infelix animi Plœniffa ----

What shall I do? Derided shall I try
 Again my former Lovers? And with Pray'rs
 Suppliant sollicite the Numidian Lords,
 Whose proffer'd Vows so oft I have disdain'd?
 Or shall I go, attend the Trojan Fleet.
 And be obedient to their worst Commands?

715

Because

And therefore Mr. Lee took Virgil right, when in his admirable Tragedy of *Theodosius*, (for admirable it is in the main, notwithstanding a considerable Quantity of Bombastick Rant, and Nonsense; according to Lee's Custom, which he can't

live without, even in his best Plays) he put the following Description into the Mouth of *Varanes*; a Description not of *Night* in general, but of the particular unusual Silence of *That*, in which he was speaking.

'Tis Night; dead Night: And weary Nature lies
 So fast, as if she never were to rise.
 No Breath of Wind now whispers thro' the Trees;
 No Noise at Land, nor Murmur in the Seas,
 Lean Wolves forget to howl at Night's pale Noon:
 Nor wakeful Dogs bark at the silent Moon;
 Nor bay the Ghosts, which glide with horror by
 To view the Caverns where their Bodies lie.
 The Ravens perch, and no Presages give,
 Nor to the Windows of the Dying cleave.
 The Owls forget to scream; No midnight Sound
 Calls drowsy Echo from the hollow Ground.

Only I think he was overseen in one Expression----- Nor Murmur in the Seas: The calmest Nights cannot silence the Falls of Waters, nor the Murmuring of Tides: so far otherwise, that they are heard the louder, for

That very Reason. But then they are at rest, as much as they are capable of being: And the Noise they make is more drowsy, than Silence it self. According to That of Mr. Lee in another place *,

And lulling Murmurs roll'd from neighb'ring Seas.
 And of Mr. Dryden †,

---- The Waves more faintly roar,
 And roll themselves asleep upon the Shore.

Which Verses, by the way, tho' boldly expressed, are in my Opinion very good; at least

preferable to his famous Description in the Conquest of Mexico.

Because I have assisted them, and find
 My Favours with such Gratitude repay'd ?
 Or grant I would ; Who of That haughty Crew
 Would suffer me, or in their stately Ships 720
 Receive me scorn'd ? Not yet, alas ! convinc'd,
 Poor, undone Wretch, not yet dost thou perceive
 Perjur'd *Laomedon's* perfidious Race ?
 What ? shall I then accompany, alone,
 The shouting Mariners ? Or round inclos'd 725
 With all my *Tyrians* ? Those whom scarce I drew
 From

*All things are hush'd, as Nature's self lay dead ;
 The Mountains seem to nod their drowsy head :
 The little Birds in dreams their Songs repeat,
 And sleeping Flow'rs beneath the Night-dew sweat.*

This childish Fustian Mr. Rymer * very formally compares with This Description of *Virgil's*, which we are now considering : Which is just as if one should make a grave Dissertation upon the Comparison between a Guinea and a Farthing. Nay, He prefers This of *Dryden's* ; and has the presumption to mend *Virgil's*, by changing *voluntur fidera lapsu* into *librantur fidera cursu* : Because the latter forsooth has the softer Sound. It had need be better in Sound, because I am sure tis worse, in Sense : Nay 'tis well if *librantur* be any sense at all. But besides ; it unluckily happens that the Sound is altered

for the worse, as well as the Sense. *Voluntur* is no rough, or rattling Word, nor any thing like it ; but it may be strong, or weak, according as it is pronounced : Both the Vowels, and Consonants are soft ; much softer to my Ears than *librantur* : in which the *b* and *r* put together are harsh enough. I am sure *lapsu* is both in Sound, and Sense, as smooth and sleepy a Word as could have been thought of ; at least much more so, than *Cursu*. But I have said so much of Sleeping ; that I doubt my Reader will sleep over it.

Ver. 717. *Because I have assisted them, &c.*] ----- Quiane

* If be be (as he is said to be) the Translator of Rapin's *Reflections upon Aristotle's Treatise of Poetic*. See Pref. to That Translation, p. 22, 23, &c

From *Sidon*, shall I drag to Sea again,
 And bid them spread their Canvass to the Winds ?
 No ; Die, as thou deserv'st : and with the Steel
 Cure all thy Pains. Thou, Sister, by my Tears 730
 O'ercome, to sooth my frantick Love, didst first
 Expose me to the Foe ; and load my Soul
 With all This Anguish. Could I not have liv'd
 Free, like the Savages, without a Crime,
 Free from the Nuptial Bed ? and ne'er have known
 Such Plagues as These are ? Broken is the Faith 736
 I vow'd to dead *Sichæus*. Such Complaints
 She burst, with Sobbing, from her tortur'd Breast.

Æneas, in his lofty Ship, resolv'd
 Upon his Voyage, and prepar'd to sail, 740
 Securely slept. To Him the Form Divine
 Returning, just the same in Mien, and Look,
 Appear'd in Dream, and Thus again advis'd :
 Resembling *Mercury* in ev'ry Part,
 His Voice, Complexion, and his yellow Hair, 745
 And well-proportion'd beauteous Limbs of Youth.
 Canst thou in This Conjunction, Goddess-born,
 Indulge thy Sleep ? Nor think what Dangers round
 Inclose thee, thoughtless Man ? Nor dost thou hear
 The *Zephyrs* breathe propitious on the Main ? 750
 She

auxilio juvat ante levatos, &c.
 Spoken Ironically, and with In-
 dignation : *An quia juvat me*
 [i. e. *prodest mihi*] illos à me
ante levatos fuisse auxilio ?

Ver. 734. Free, like the Sa-
 vages, &c.] *Degere more feræ.*
 This Idea is said to be harsh ;
 But I see no Reason for it ;
 especially considering that the
 Queen, while she says so, is

really little better than *feræ*,
 mad, if not wild.

Ver. 749. Inclose thee.] *Nec*
quæ circumstant te deinde peri-
cula ---- That deinde, [i. e. *mox*,
brevi, posthac] must, I think,
 suppose *invasura*, or some such
 Word understood. To account
 for it, *Servius* imagines *cir-*
cumstant to be for *circumstatura*
sint.

She resolute on Death, revolves her Plots,
 And Mischiefs dire ; and with a various Tide
 Of warring Passions fluctuates in her Breast.
 Will you not fly with eager Haste, while yet
 'Tis in your Pow'r to fly ? You strait will see 755
 With Ships the Ocean crouded, hostile Brands
 Glare on the Billows ; and the Shore in Flames,
 In Hurry, and Confusion ; if the Morn
 O'ertake you lingering on the *Tyrian* Coasts.
 Rise, break Delay : A Woman is a Thing 760
 Still various, and uncertain. Thus he spoke,
 And mingled with the dusky Shades of Night.

Æneas, at the sudden Vision struck
 With Horrour and Surprise, springs from the Bed,
 And rouses up his Mates : Wake, wake, my Friends, 765
 Sit to your Oars, with haste unfurl your Sails.
 The God again has urg'd us, sent from Heav'n,
 To speed our Flight, and cut the twisted Cords.
 Thee, Holy Pow'r, whoe'er Thou art, with Joy
 We follow ; and again thy dread Commands 770
 Obey : Be Thou assistant at our Need,
 And guide the Stars propitious in the Sky.
 He said ; and from the Scabbard swiftly draws
 His flashing Sword, and with the Steel unsheath'd

Divides

Ver. 760. ---- *A Woman is a Thing, &c.*] This is certainly, as Mr. *Dryden* says, a most severe Satyr upon the Female Sex. But I do not think, with him, that *Animal* is to be understood to make it Grammar. Every body knows, that where *Res* is understood, the Adjective is turned into the Neuter Gender ; which makes the Sarcasm more bitter. 'Tis not so much as *Animal* ; 'tis only a *Thing* ; as Mr. *Dryden* has truly translated it : And therefore I the more wonder at his Remark upon it. Ver. 581. Orig. *Rapiuntque feruntque* [omnia sibi obvia.] 'Tis a known Phrase expressive of *Haste*, and *Hurry*

BOOK 4. VIRGIL's ÆNEIS. 267

Divides the Cables : With like Ardour fir'd 775
 All haste ; They rush, they leave the Land ; With Ships
 The Sea is cover'd o'er : With all their Strength
 They dash the Foam, and sweep the briny Waves.

Aurora, from Tithonus' saffron Bed

Now rising, sprinkled-o'er the World with Light ; 780
 Soon as the Queen perceiv'd the dawning Day,
 And from a Tow'r beheld the Navy move
 With even Sails, the empty Ports, and Shores
 Abandon'd : With repeated Blows she beats
 Her beauteous Breast, and rends her yellow Hair : 785
 Shall he then go ? The Fugitive ? O Jove !
 She cry'd, and make my Kingdoms thus his Sport ?
 Will they not rush to Arms ? From all the Town
 Pursue ? While others from the Docks swift plunge
 My Ships into the Sea ? Go, fly ; bring Fire ; 790

Quick,

Ver. 776. ---- They leave the Land -----] *Littora deseruere.*
 It was not by a Poetic Licence, merely to fill up his Verse, that Virgil here used a Verb in the *preter* Tense joined with so many in the *present* : There is a wonderful Elegancy in it expressing their *Haste*, and *Swiftness*. They are *gone*, while we are talking. *Lest the Shore* in *English* would not here be suffered : Or if it were ; it would not express the same thing : So great is the difference in the peculiar Turns of Languages.

Ver. 779. *Aurora from Tithonus' Saffron Bed, &c.*] " We may observe (says the Author of *Virgil's* Life before Mr. Dryden's Translation) it is an art peculiar to *Virgil* to intimate the Event by some preceding Accident. He hardly ever describes the Rising of the Sun, but with some Circumstance which fore-signifies the Fortune of the Day. For Instance ; when *Æneas* leaves *Africa* and Queen *Dido*, he thus describes the fatal Morning ;

Tithoni croceum linquens Aurora cubile.

" And for This Remark we stand indebted to the curious Pencil of *Pollic.*" I confess This Beauty is too curious for my dull Apprehension : For how a *Woman's* rising from her Husband, as usual, and leaving him in Bed, gives any Hint of a

Quick spread your Canvass, strongly ply your Oars.
 What was't I said ? Where am I ? What Distraction
 Has turn'd my Brain ? Unhappy *Dido* ! Now
 Thy cruel Fate stabs home. Then was the Time
 To act, when you resign'd your Sceptre. This, 795
 This is his Faith, and Honour, who, they say,
 Carries about his wand'ring Country-Gods,
 Where'er he goes ; and on his Shoulders bore
 His aged Father. Could I not have torn
 His mangled Limbs ; and strew'd them on the Sea ?
 Have murder'd his Associates ? stabb'd his Son ? 801
 And serv'd him up at Table to the Sire ?
 But grant that doubtful is th' Event of War ;
 Whom should I fear, when I resolv'd to die ?
 I should have scatter'd Firebrands thro' his Fleet, 805
 His Hatches fill'd with Flames, extirpated
 The Son, the Father, all the cursed Race ;
 And fall'n my self upon the slaughter'd Heaps.

Thou

Man's finally abandoning, and deserting his Mistress, I do not understand. Besides ; This very Verse is twice or thrice us'd by Virgil upon other occasions. Ver. 794. *Thy cruel Fate stabs home.* *Nunc te fata impia tangunt.* Some read *facta* ; understanding it of her own Guilt : As before

Non servata fides cineri promissa Sichææ.

And indeed to This Reading, and Interpretation I rather incline ; but because the other is good Sense, I translate according to the generality of Copies.

Ver. 794, 795. ---- *Then was the Time To act, &c.* *Tum decuit, cum sceptrâ dabas.* An elliptical, or imperfect Sentence. *Tum decuit* [*Te bello eum prosequi*] *cum sceptrâ dabas* [*illi.*]

You should *then* have acted in this manner, when you resigned your Power to him ; or at least (for it may imply no more, tho' the other is stronger) made him a Sharer in it : Or, you should have done the former, instead of the latter. *Now* it is too late. *En dextra fidesque* [*illius*] *quem, &c.* *Dextra* : because the *Right-hand* was given as a Pledge of Faith.

Thou Sun, who in thy fiery Course survey'st
 The Works of Men; Thou *Juno*, of These Cares 810
 Conscious Interpreter; Thou *Hecate*,
 Whose Name is howl'd at Midnight thro' the Streets;
 You, Ye avenging Furies, and Ye Gods
 Of dying, lost *Eliſa*: To my Words
 Attend; inflict on Crimes the Vengeance due, 815
 And hear my Pray'rs. If Fate's unmov'd Decree,
 And mighty *Jove*'s resistless Will, ordain
 That This perfidious Traitor must arrive
 Safe in the Port, and reach the destin'd Land;
 Yet, plagu'd with War by a bold Nation rais'd, 820
 Banish'd his Country, ravish'd from th' Embrace
 Of lov'd *Iulus*, let him beg for Aid,
 And see the barb'rous Murder of his Friends:
 At last, on hard Conditions forc'd to sue
 For Peace, his Kingdom let him ne'er enjoy, 825
 Nor wish'd for Light; but fall before his Time,
 And lie unbury'd on the common Sand.
 This I implore; and with my Blood pour forth
 This dying Pray'r. Then you, my *Tyrians*, vex
 With Hate immortal all their future Race; 830
 And pay that grateful Off'ring to my Ghost:
 Between These Nations let no League, or Truce
 Be

Ver. 815 ---- Inflict on Crimes
 the Vengeance due.] Meritum-
 que malis advertite numen. Ap-
 ply your avenging Power [Nu-
 men] to punish these Criminals,
 as they deserve.

Ver. 816. ---- If Fate's un-
 mov'd Decree, &c.] Hic termi-

nus, i. e. [Definitio, Decretum
 Fatorum] hæret, i. e. immobilis
 figitur. A Metaphor from
 Land-marks. Thus we say in
 English, Fixed and Determined;
 speaking of a Decree, or Re-
 solution.

Be made : Thou, some Avenger, from my Dust
 Arise, to prosecute with Fire and Sword
 The *Trojan* Exiles ; Now, in after times, 835
 Whenever Strength sufficient shall be giv'n ;
 Let Shores to Shores be adverse, Seas to Seas,
 And Arms to Arms : Let late Posterity
 With stern Defiance wage eternal War.

She said ; And ev'ry way her wav'ring Thoughts 840
 Divided, and contriv'd with swift Dispatch
 To break off Light detested. Then in brief
Barce, *Sichæus'* Nurse, she Thus bespeaks ;
 (For in the Grave her own was laid at *Tyre* :)
 Dear Nurse, my Sister *Anna* hither send ; 845
 Bid her with Water from the living Stream
 Her Body sprinkle o'er, and with her bring
 The Victims, and the Sacrifice ordain'd
 For Expiation : And do you your self
 Your Temples with a holy Fillet bind ; 850
 I mean to finish the Religious Rites
 To *Pluto*, which already I've prepar'd,
 To end my Cares, and fire the *Trojan* Pile.

She said ; The other, with th' officious haste
 Of Age, her Orders studiously obeys. 855

But at her dire Design the desp'rate Queen
 Trembling, and rolling round her sanguine Eyes,
 (Her quiv'ring Cheeks with intermingled Spots
 All fleck'd, and pale at near-approaching Death)
 With frantick pace into the inner Court 860
 Rushes, and furious eagerly ascends
 The lofty Pile, unsheaths the *Trojan* Sword,

A Present not design'd for such a Use.
 There, when the Trojan Robes, and conscious Bed
 She saw; she paus'd a while in Thought, and gave 865
 A space to Tears: Her Body then she flings
 Upon the Bed, and speaks her dying Words.
 Ye dear Remains, while Heav'n and Fate were kind;
 Receive This Soul, and free me from These Cares,
 I've liv'd, and finish'd the allotted Course 870
 Which Fortune gave me: Now my Royal Ghost
 Must go enlarg'd down to the nether World.
 I've

Ver. 863. *A Present not design'd, &c.*] The Word *Present* in English answers to *Munus* in Latin; and the Sense in both is equally ambiguous. I cannot think with *De La Cerda*, and Others, that *Virgil* supposes it given by *Æneas* to *Dido*; a Sword being a very improper Present from a Knight to a Lady, from a Lover to his Mistress: But rather, with *Ruæus*, that it was formerly a Gift to *Æneas* himself from Somebody else, and casually left behind him in the Chamber: Which last Clause is much favoured by what the Queen says before,

---- *Tbalamo quæ fixa reliquit.* Ver. 495.

This Account I think the more tolerable of the Two; tho' the first Clause of it is strained, and makes a great Addition to the Sense without any Authority from the Words: And the last is far from being certain, as *Ruæus* supposes. For why must *reliquit* necessarily imply a casual leaving it behind? Could it not be left, and given too? That other indeed is the easiest and most obvious Sense; and we should never think of any but That, were it not for This unlucky *Munus* in This place. The former of these Explications agrees best to the Word, and the latter to the Sense.

Ver. 868. *Ye dear Remains, while Heav'n, &c.*] *Dulces exuvie dum fata, &c.* i. e. Ye Remains, which were dear to me, while, &c.

Ver. 872. *Must go enlarg'd, &c.*] Either because They supposed the Soul to expand it self, upon it's Release from the Body: Or because the Fear of Those who see Apparitions makes them appear larger than they really are. This Book II. 773.

Nota major imago,

I've built a stately City, seen my Walls,
 Punish'd my barb'rous Brother, and reveng'd
 My murder'd Husband. Happy had I been, 875
 Ah! more than happy; had the *Trojan* Fleet
 Ne'er touch'd my Coasts. Thus having spoke, she press'd
 Her Face upon the Bed: And shall I then
 Die unreveng'd? Yes; Thus to die, ev'n Thus,
 Is better than to live. May from the Sea 880
 The cruel *Trojan* view This fun'ral Blaze,
 And with him bear the Omens of my Death.

Thus while she spoke; th' Attendants saw her fall,
 The Sword all frothing, and her Hands besmear'd
 With Blood: Loud Cries ascend the vaulted Roof;
 Fame thro' th' astonish'd City wildly flies; 886
 With shrill Laments, with Groans, and female Shrieks
 The Houses ring; and Tumult rends the Sky.
 As if all *Carthage*, by th' invading Foe,
 Or ancient *Tyre* were fall'n; and raging Flames 890
 O'er Tops of Houses, and of Temples roll'd.

Half dead, amaz'd, and trembling with Affright,
 Her Sister heard; she tears her Visage, beats
 Her Breast, and rushing thro' the midst calls loud
 Upon the dying Queen. Was it for This, 895
 My Sister? Did you then with study'd Fraud
 Deceive me? And for This did I prepare
 The Pile? These Altars? and the holy Fires?
 What shall I first complain of, thus forlorn?

Did

Ver. 897. *For This did I pre-* for me? Which would not found
pare the Pile, &c] Litterally; well in English. Verse. 680.
Did see Pile, &c. prepare This Orig. *Struxi* [rogum.]

Did you disdain to let your Sister die, 900
And share Fate with you? Me you should have call'd
To the same Death; We should have perish'd Both
In the same Hour, and by the same Despair.

I too This Pile erected; and invok'd
Our Country-Gods: Ah! wherefore? That I might
Be absent, Cruel! at your Hour of Death? 906
Me Sister, and Your self you have destroy'd;
Your City, our *Sidonian* Lords; and all
The State. Bring Water from the limpid Stream;
I'll bathe her Wounds, and catch her straggling Breath;
If any yet hang hov'ring o'er her Lips. 911

So saying, she ascends the lofty Pile;
And her expiring Sister in her Arms
Embraces, sighing deep; and with her Robe
Dries up the clotted Gore. She strives with pain 915
To lift her heavy Lids, and fainting sinks;
The Wound infix'd sounds deep beneath her Breast.
Thrice, leaning on her Arm, she feebly rais'd
Her Body; Thrice roll'd back upon the Bed:
With swimming Eyes seeks the last Light of Heav'n,
And groans to find it. Then the Wife of *Jove*, 921
Pitying her tedious Pange, and struggling Death,
Sends *Iris* from above, to disengage

Her

Ver. 683. ---- 4. Orig. *Date*,
vulnera lymphis Abluam. Ei-
ther; *date*, *lymphas*, *abluam* iis
vulnera. Or *date*, i. e. *finite*,
permitte; *abluam*, &c. Ver.
685. *legam* [eum] i. e. *excipiam*.

Ver. 906. *Be absent, Cruel!*
at your Hour of Death.] *Sic se-*
positâ ut crudelis abessem. A.
Funeral Word; to which an-
swers ours in English, *Laid out*,
Thus Book II. 644.

---- posuit affati discedit corpus.

Her agonizing Soul. For since she fell
 Neither by Fate, nor by a Death deserv'd ; 925
 But dy'd unfortunate before her Time,
 Transported by a sudden Passion's rage :
 As yet *Proserpina* her yellow Hair
 Had not shorn off ; nor to the *Stygian* Shades
 Consign'd her. *Iris* then, with saffron Wings, 930
 Dewy, and drawing from th' opposing Sun
 A thousand various Colours in the Sky,
 Alighted swift ; and hov'ring o'er her Head,
 This Lock to *Pluto* sacred, by Command,
 I bear : and from This Body set thee free. 935
 She said ; and with her Right hand cut the Lock ;
 At once the vital Heat is all extinct,
 And Life dissolving fleets into the Winds.

Ver. 924. *Her agonizing Soul.* *Luſtantem animam nex-
 asque resolveret artus. i. e. ani-
 mam ab artibus.* So in Eng-
 lish ; to separate the Soul and
 Body, or the Soul from the Body.

Ver. 925. *Neither by Fate,*
 &c.] Not by Fate ; that is,
 not by a natural Death : Nor
 by Descent ; because when the
 Mind is hurried away by the
 Transport of a sudden, impe-
 tuous, and almost irresistible
 Passion, he supposes the Per-
 son to be scarce a free Agent,
 and to be pitied rather than
 condemned. This indeed is very
 false Doctrine : But consider, it
 is Heathen, not Christian,

Doctrine. As for the Fable of
Proserpine's cutting off the Lock,
 and the Reason why she does
 not so soon do it to Those who
 die by a Casualty ; it is an In-
 stance of the foolish Heathen
 Superstition : And an Explica-
 tion of it would be very little
 instructive, and not at all en-
 tertaining, to the English Rea-
 der. Ver. 399. Orig. A young
 English Lad would (by way of
 Anglicism) be apt to construe
damnaverat Orco, *damned to*
Hell : But *damnaverat* here is
 no more than *destinaverat*, *con-*
signed ; And *Orco* no more than
 the State of the Dead, or of de-
 parted Spirits.

The End of the Fourth Book.

VIRGIL'S ÆNEIS.

BOOK the FIFTH.

Monsieur *Segrais* discourses so well in the Introduction to his Remarks upon This Book; that I cannot here better entertain my Readers, than by translating a Part of it.

“ The same Reason, says He, which caused the
 “ Variety I took notice of in the First Book, upon
 “ on the Description of That pleasant Place” [He
 means the retired Harbour at *Est in secessu longo locus*, &c.] “ which the Poet presents to the Reader,
 “ immediately after the Picture of the dreadful
 “ Tempest, was doubtless the Cause of That
 “ Variety which we find between This Fifth, and
 “ that which precedes it. The Poet, judicious in
 “ every thing, having conceived the Representation
 “ of These Sports as a great Embellishment to
 “ his Work, because it is a Subject capable of
 “ much Ornament, judged farther that he could
 “ no where better insert it, than in This place, to
 “ make an agreeable Opposition to what he had
 “ treated of in the Fourth Book; not doubting but
 “ that it was requisite to recreate the Spirits of his
 “ Reader, grieved and afflicted by the Tragical
 “ Death

“ Death of *Dido*. That beautiful Order, which is
 “ remarkable through This whole Poem, discovers
 “ it self particularly in the Detail of This Book :
 “ These Sports, varied by the Diversity of their
 “ own Nature, are still more so by his Manner of
 “ relating them, by the different Scene, and the
 “ different Success, and by the Rewards propor-
 “ tioned to the Dignity of the Contention, and the
 “ Quality of the Contenders. The Actions of the
 “ Hero are conducted with no less Judgment. The
 “ Poet considered, that the Person whom he
 “ would propose as a Patron to Others, ought not
 “ to be regarded in the most sublime, and impor-
 “ tant Actions only : He thought fit, after the Ex-
 “ ample of *Homer*, to humanise his Hero a little ;
 “ and to shew him as well in Sports and Diver-
 “ sions, as in the other Occurrences of civil Life.
 “ Let any one then consider the Equity, and Hu-
 “ manity, which accompanies all his Actions ; and
 “ all the Decencies, which he is made to ob-
 “ serve.”

This is very well remarked : Only I think Mon-
 sieur *Segrais* is not exact in his Parallel between
Achilles and *Aeneas*. The *Grecians* being naturally
 rough, and fierce ; it was more requisite to huma-
 nise *Him* by These Diversions, than the *Trojan*,
 who was *humane* in his natural Temper and Dispo-
 sition. To These Observations of the *French* Cri-
 tick it may be added, that tho’ These Recreations
 are diverting, yet there is nothing in them light or
 trifling : He is a Hero even in Sports, and his very
 Mirth is Majestick. What an Air of Grandeur
 is in

---- *Risit pater optimus olli ! &c.*

Kings

Kings are sometimes merry ; but then they are merry *like Kings*. This Book is famous above all others for Description ; I mean *pure Description*, abstracted from every thing else. There is a great deal of it in all the other Books ; but then it is mixed with *Passion*, or with *Business* : But here the Matter being light, the Description is the main, almost the only thing, which engages our Attention. And it's being so deeply engaged is an undeniable Argument, that the Painting is excellent. We read scarce any thing with more Pleasure ; and yet it rather strikes the *Imagination*, than moves the *Passions* : That was sufficiently done in the foregoing Book ; and now the Poet, to shew his power over us, is resolved to please us quite another Way. Description therefore is the main Business of This Book ; and I think there is nothing extant equal to it : All the Motions of the Body, the Ardour and Vehemence of the Mind, Sea, and Land, Art, and Nature, exhausted. But tho' the Sports are the *chief* Subject of This Book, they are very far from being the *only* one ; as some Readers are apt to imagine, tho' they see the contrary. These Diversions so take up their Thoughts ; that they mind nothing else. And yet much more than one Third of it is employ'd about other Matters : The Storm, and their being providentially driven on a Coast, which was the last but one, that they had failed from ; The Reception they met with there ; And the Sacrifice at the Tomb of *Anchises*, &c. Afterwards, the burning of the Ships, the most surprising and important Incident that could have happened : The Hero's Distress upon it ; The Machine of *Anchises's* Ghost ; And the first Hint of the Hero's going to Hell ; The leaving a Colony behind them ; The passionate Parting of the Friends ;

The

The noble Machine of *Venus* and *Neptune* ; And lastly the Death of *Palinurus*. If I mistake not, some Books of *Homer* contain not more Matter than This, even setting aside the Sports ; which yet are the chief Subject of it : Whereas his 23d *Iliad* has nothing, but the Funeral of *Patroclus*, and the Games celebrated on That Occasion.

Meanwhile *Æneas* gain'd the middle Sea,
 Bent on his Voyage ; and before the Wind
 Plough'd the dark Waves ; back looking on the Walls,
 Which now with hapless *Dido's* fun'ral Blaze
 Shone red : What Cause had lighted such a Flame, 5
 Was secret ; But the Knowledge of Despair
 Implacable, from violated Love,
 And what a frantick Woman's Rage could do,
 To sad Prefage incline the *Trojans'* Breasts.

Now on the full extended Main, the Land 10
 No more appear'd ; but all was Sea, and Sky :
 A dusky Cloud hung gather'd o'er his Head,
 Bringing on Night, and Storm ; Upon the Waves
 Lay horrid Darkness ; From the lofty Deck
 The Pilot's self, ev'n *Palinurus*, cries, 15
 What.

Ver. 3. Plough'd the dark Waves.] *Fluctusque atrox*, &c. The Sea is of almost all Sorts of Colours at different Times ; Blackish, when it is rough, and not quite stormy ; especially if it be dark Weather. This seems a Hint to the ensuing Tempest.

Ver. 6, --- 10. But the Know-

ledge, &c. ---- Breasts.] *Duri magno---- notumque furens ---- ducunt. i. e. Notitia durorum dolorum, ---- amore polluto (i. e. læso, violato) [& notitia istius rei, scil.] furens quid ---- ducunt ---- pectora Triste per augurium. Per for in or ad : So Lib. VI. 743. per amplum Minusur Elysium.*

What Clouds, alas ! envelop all the Heav'ns ?
 Or what, great Neptune, does thy Will intend ?
 This said, he gave Command to furl their Sails,
 And strongly ply their Oars : Then turns oblique
 His Canvass to the Wind, and Thus proceeds. 20
 Magnanimous Æneas, should ev'n Jove
 By promising assure my Voyage safe ;
 I could not in This Weather hope to reach
 The Coasts of Italy : The Winds transverse
 Roar chang'd, and from the low'ring West arise ; 25
 And all the Air is thicken'd to a Cloud.
 Nor have we Strength to bear against the Strefs
 Of Sea, and Sky : Since Fortune all o'erpow'rs ;
 Her let us follow, and where-e'er she calls,
 Direct our Course. Nor is the Distance great, 30
 As

Ver. 18. ----- To furl their Sails.] *Colligere arma*. The Word *Arma* signifies all sorts of Instruments. It being here joined with *colligere* ; *De La Cerda* is very positive, and *Ruæus* seems to favour That Opinion, that it signifies only the Sails. This, I confess is harsh : *Arma* instead of *vela*. But as it certainly signifies in it's widest Sense all the Instruments of the Navy, and therefore the Sails must at least be included : I have translated it according to the above-mentioned Interpretation ; because it is most convenient for our Language. Ver. 19. Orig. *Transversa* is Adverbial. I have often remark'd upon These things.

Ver. 21, 22. ----- Should ev'n Jove ----- By promising, &c.]

Ancient Sailors, as well as modern ones, were apt, it seems, to talk profanely ; and especially in a Storm. However, as the Character of *Palinurus* is good in the main, we should hardly excuse *Virgil* for putting This Sentence in his Mouth ; did we not consider that *Faith in God* is a Virtue peculiar to the true Religion ; And that the best Heathen were but Heathen. See the Note on Ver. 522, and 523, of the Second Book.

Ver. 27. Nor have we Strength, &c.] *Neque tendere tantum*, &c. We are not able to bear against the Tempest, so much as the Tempest is to bear against us. *Ruæus* for *tantum* puts *quidem* ; but That makes it bad Latin.

As I conceive, to *Eryx*' faithful Shores,
Fraternal Coasts, and to *Sicanian* Ports ;
If I rememb'ring rightly trace the Stars.

Then good *Æneas* ; so indeed I long
Observ'd the Winds require, and you in vain 35
Oppose them : Turn your Sails : Is there a Land
To me more acceptable, and on which
I sooner would desire our Ships should rest ;
Than That, in which reserv'd for me survives
Trojan Acestes ? and whose Bosom holds 40
My Sire *Anchises*' Bones ? This said, they steer
Strait to the Port : Th' auspicious *Zephyrs* swell
Their Sails : The Fleet bounds swiftly o'er the Deep ;
And joyous on the well-known Shore at length
They land. Them distant on a Mountain's height, 45
Admiring their Arrival, and the Ships
Of his lov'd Countrymen, *Acestes* meets,
With Jav'lins arm'd, and horrid in the Hide
Of a rough *Libyan* Bear. He to the River
Crimisus, of a *Trojan* Mother born, 50
And not unmindful of his ancient Race,
With Gratulation welcomes their Return,
His rustick Entertainment joyful gives,
And with his friendly Aid relieves their Toils,

Soon

Ver. 47, 48. ---- Horrid in
the Hide, &c.] This would be a
strange Dress for a modern
Monarch ; and may seem so for
any Monarch to some modern
Readers. But to Those who
have a Genius for Antiquity,
This antique Habit gives a most
agreeable Idea. The same Ma-

jefty, Simplicity, and rough
Garb is given to *Evander*. Book
VIII.

Ver. 53. His rustick Enter-
tainment, &c.] The Word
gaza does not signify *Wealth*
and *Treasure* only, as it is com-
monly supposed ; but any sort
of *Possession* whatsoever.

Soon as the Morn, fresh smiling from the East, 55
 Had put the Stars to flight ; from all the Shore
Æneas summons his assembled Friends,
 And Thus bespeaks them from a rising Ground.
 Ye gen'rous *Trojans*, sprung from Blood Divine;
 One yearly Circle is by rolling Months 60
 Complete, since in the Grave we laid to rest
 The Mortal Relicks of my Godlike Sire ;
 And consecrated Fun'ral-Altars rais'd.
 And now That Day, if I remember right,
 Is come, by me (so You, ye Gods, decreed) 65
 For ever honour'd, and for ever mourn'd.
 This Day did I on *Libya's* barren Sands
 In Exile live, or on the *Græcian* Sea
 Detain'd, or in *Mycenæ* ; annual Vows
 Ev'n then I would perform, and solemn Poms ; 70
 And on his Altars pile th' Oblation due.
 Now to my Father's self, his Bones, and Dust
 (Not without Providence, and Heav'n's Design,
 As I suppose,) we come, and enter safe
 These friendly Ports. Come on then ; let us all 75
 Honour This Festival with Joy, implore
 From Him propitious Winds, and Leave to pay
 These

Ver. 66. *For ever honour'd, and for ever mourn'd*] This Image of Filial Piety is extremely affecting : and gives us a very sensible melancholy Pleasure : A good Son, even all the Days of his Life, never reflecting upon the Death of his Father (especially of a good Father) without Grief for his Loss, and Honour for his Me-

mory. And it is proportionably the same with regard to all other *Relations*, and *Friends*, as well as *Parents*, tho' not in the same Degree. Ver. 55. *Orig.* *Ulerd* means agreeably to their *Wishes* in this *Respect*, tho' they were *driven* thither.

Ver. 76, 77. ----- *Implore From Him propitious Winds.*] *Poscamus* [*ab illo*] *ventos*, and *Poscamus*

These annual Oblations, when our Walls
 Are built, and Temples sacred to Him stand.
 Two Heads of Kine *Acestes* sprung from *Troy* 80
 Gives you for ev'ry Ship; Invite the Gods,
 Your Own, and His, to celebrate the Feast.
 Besides; If on the Ninth returning Morn
 The Day shall smile serene, and with it's Beams
 Brighten the World; I will appoint a Prize 85
 First to our Naval *Trojan* Crew; Our Ships
 Shall try their Swiftneſs: Next whoe'er excels
 In Running; or, conſiding in his Strength,
 Lances the Jav'lin, or the feather'd Shaft;
 Or with the rigid Gauntlet dares the Fight; 90
 Let all be preſent, and expect Rewards
 Adjudg'd to Victors: With your Voices all
 Affenting

Poscamus [ab illo] *ut velit*, &c. and diſjointed. *Anchises*, it ſeems,
 is certainly the Senſe: But the who was a Hero in This World,
 Expreſſions are a little defective, is a God in the Other,

Vocatur & hic quoque votis.

Ver. 80. *Two Heads of Kine*, Senſe here is far better in the
 &c.] That *numero* would be re- other Conſtruction, *ſi* being
 dundant in Proſe; but it is conditional; *alumn* and *radix*
 otherwiſe in Poetry. expreſſing not the Day in ge-

Ver. 83. *Besides; If on the Ninth*, &c.] *Si* abſolutely, neral, but a fair Day in par-
 for *when*, or as ſoon as, may ticular. This is confirmed by
 be admitted; as I ſhall ſhew in the Deſcription of That Day
 my Note on the 987th Verſe when it came. Ver. 104 of the
 of the Sixth Book. But the Original.

*Expeſtata Dies aderat, nemque ſerena
 Auroram Phaëtontis equi jam luce vehebant.*

Ver. 90. *Or with the rigid Gauntlet*, &c.] Some refer Blood ſticking upon them, af-
crudo to the raw Hides of which ter the Fight. Concerning Theſe
 they were made; Others to the Weapons, ſee more in the Note
 on Ver. 454.

Assenting join, and bind your Heads with Boughs.

He said; and with his Mother's Myrtle-wreath
His Temples crowns: The same does *Elymus*, 95

And old *Acestes*; young *Ascanius* next;

Then all the Youth. Directly to the Tomb

He from th' Assembly goes, by Thousands round

Attended: For Libation here he pours

Two Bowls of Wine unmix'd upon the Ground, 100

Two of warm Milk, and two of holy Blood;

Then scatters purple Flow'rs, and Thus he speaks.

Hail sacred Sire! Again, ye Ashes, hail,

In vain revisited! And Thou, the Ghost

Of Him who gave me Birth! The Gods deny'd 105

To Us, with Thee, to gain th' *Italian* Shore,

Ausonian *Tyber*, and the fatal Fields.

He said; and from the Bottom of the Shrine

A slipp'ry Serpent, vast, sev'n Volumes roll'd,

Sev'n Spires; he gently twines around the Tomb, 110

And

Ver. 100. *Of Wine, &c.*] *Mero Baccho, &c.* The Ablative has here the force of the Genitive: *plena* understood. *Mero* is Adjective.

Ver. 103. ---- *Again, ye Ashes hail.*] *Iterum* must relate to *salvete*; not to *recepti*, as *De La Cerda* would have it; which makes it a Redundancy at best, if not a Tautology. *Recepti*, I think, can have no tolerable Meaning, but That which I have chosen. The difference between *Manes*, *Anima*, and *Umbra* has been taken notice of in my Note up-

on the 506th Ver. of the Fourth Book. To render them all three in our Language, would be not only ungraceful, but impertinent.

Ver. 107. *Ausonian Tyber, &c.*] There is an Elegancy in *quicumque est* (expressing *Doubt*, and *Dissatisfaction*) which I cannot well translate.

Ver. 109. *A slipp'ry Serpent, vast, &c.*] No Animal whatsoever has been the Subject of so many Poetical Descriptions, Similes, and Allusions, as a *Snake*; none indeed being upon all accounts so fertile of Poetical

And o'er the Altar glides: Cerulean Streaks,
 And burnish'd Spots, distinct with Drops of Gold,
 Brighten'd his Back, and glitt'ring Scales: As when
 From th' adverse Sun the show'ry Bow reflects
 A thousand various Colours in the Clouds. 115

Æneas wonders at the Sight: The Snake,
 Drawing in length his sinuous, tardy Train,
 Among the Jars, and polish'd Goblets slides,
 And softly licks the Feast; then harmless creeps
 Back to the Bottom of the Tomb, and leaves 120
 The tasted Altars. He the more renews

The

cal Images. *Virgil* especially, both in his *Georgics* and *Æneis*, has made the utmost use of it; Monsieur *Segrais* thinks too much. He has indeed represented it under a great Variety of Appearances, and given it all the Turns of which it is capable. This Creature is generally represented as noxious; and an Idea of Terror is at-

tached to it: But it is sometimes otherwise. To pass over many Instances, *Ovid* paints the Serpents into which *Cadmus*, and his Wife, and *Æsculapius* were transformed, in very delightful Colours: And This, which is here described by *Virgil*, is not only innocent, but amiable;

*Ceruleæ cui terga nota, maculosus & auro
 Squammam incendebat fulgor, &c.*

Let That only be considered; in *Milton* more beautiful than to say nothing of the rest. And That of the tempting Serpent, there are not many Descriptions Book IX.

---- Towards Eve

Address'd his way; not with indented Wave,
 Prone on the ground, as since; but in his rear,
 Circular Base of rising Foulds, that tour'd
 Fould above Fould, a surging Maze; his Head
 Crested aloft, and Carbuncle his Eyes:
 With burnish'd Neck of verdant Gold, erect
 Amidst his circling Spires, that on the Grass
 Floted redundant: Pleasing was his Shape,
 And lovely----

Ver.

The destin'd Honours to his Father's Shade ;
 Uncertain, whether to their Sight appear'd
 The Genius of the Place, or of his Sire.
 Five Sheep, obsequious to th' accustom'd Rite, 125
 He sacrifices ; next, as many Sows,
 And Heifers black ; then pours the Wine from Bowls,
 Invoking great *Anchises*' Soul, dismiss'd
 From *Acheron*. Nor less his Friends, as Each
 With Store was furnish'd, offer Gifts, and load 130
 The Altars, sacrificing Oxen slain :
 Others in order Cauldrons fix ; and, stretch'd
 Along the Grass, o'er Heaps of burning Coals
 Place Spits, and fry the Entrails on the Fire.
 Th' expected day was come ; And *Phæbus*' Steeds 135
 Brought the ninth Morning with unclouded Light :
 Loud Rumour, and the great *Acestes*' Name
 Excite the neighb'ring States ; With shouting Crouds
 They fill the Shore ; to see the *Trojans*, All,
 And Some to try their Fortune in the Games. 140
 First in the Centre of the Cirque are plac'd
 The Prizes ; sacred Tripods, Wreaths of Greens,
 And Palms for Victors ; Arms, and purple Robes,
 Talents of massy Silver, and of Gold :
 And from the Middle of the high-rais'd Earth 145
 The

Ver. 91. Orig. *Serpens* is the Participle of *Serpo* ; not the Substantive *Serpens*. I mention This, purely for the Use of *Beginners* (as I have a thousand other Things) who may stick at This Word ; because the whole Discourse is about a *Serpent*. As for the *Genius Loci*, and *Famulus Parentis* ; it is another Article of Pagan Theology : And we need say no more of it. Ver. 103. *Viscera torrent* may either mean *toasting the Flesh* ; or (distinct from That) *broiling or frying the Entrails*. See Note an Book VI. 327.

The Trumper's Sound proclaims the Sports begun.

First four selected Ships, from all the Fleet,
Equal, begin the Strife with pond'rous Oars.

His swiftly-failing *Priſtis Mneſtheus* plies

With sturdy Rowers: *Mneſtheus*, after made

150

Italian,

Ver. 147. *First four selected Ships, &c.*] Tho' These Sports, as I said, are calculated for pleasing the Imagination, rather than moving the Passions; yet even the latter of These Effects is in some measure produced by them. The Subject of them is not important enough to move the Passions, as the Expression is commonly used; but notwithstanding That they are moved in some degree, whether we know it, and consider it, or

no. Here is nothing indeed of the *Pathetical*; but here is a great deal of *Emotion*; and our *Spirits*, if not our *Passions*, are exceedingly agitated. Here is the Height of Expectation, and Suspense; of Admiration, and Surprise; a Hurry of Thought, a Rapidity of Action; from which, together with the Elegancy and Beauty of the Description, results great Pleasure. It is enough to make one's Heart beat, to read

*Intenti expectant signum, exultantique baurit
Corda pavor pulsans, laudumque arreſta cupido.*

But one has much ado to sit, or stand still, while he reads

---- *Finibus omnes
(Haud mora) proſilvere ſuis* ----

And

*Non tam præcipites biſjugo certamine campum
Corripuere, ruuntque effuſi carcere currus:
Non ſic immiſſis aurigæ undantia lora
Concuſſere jugis, pronique in verbera pendent.*

Of the ſame Kind, tho' with a different Modification, is That
in the Land-Race:

Effuſi, nimbo ſimiles----

Not leſs beautiful (tho' of a quite different Kind) is That in the next Description of the
Gauntlet-Combat;

*Nec mora; continuo, vaſtris cum viribus effer
Ora Dares, magnoque virum ſe murmure tollit,*

Every

Italian, Author of the Memmian Line :
 And *Gyas* in the huge *Cbimæra* rides,
 A City's Work ; Her with a triple Tire
 The *Trojan* Youth impel ; Three Banks of Oars
 Ascend : *Sergestus*, whom the *Sergian* House 155
 It's Founder boasts, in the vast *Centaur* fails :
 And *Scylla* of cerulean Colour bears

Cloanthus,

Every one of the Games has a complete Action by it self ; with a kind of Protasis, Epitasis, and Catastrophe. They all have (as they ought to have) some peculiar Incidents : As the First, Those of *Menætes* being thrown over-board, and *Sergestus* stuck in the Rocks : The Second, That of *Nisus*, The Third, That of *Entellus* falling to the Ground, (these two last with quite different Circumstances :) But they are all differenced from each other by separate characters, and Marks of Distinction. The First, by the various *Turns*, *Traverses*, and *Doubtfulness* of the Event, 'till the end of the Strife : The Second, by the *dubious Claim* of the Rivals, and a Kind of a point of Law to be argued, even after the Race is over : The Third, by the admirable Opposition of Characters between *Dares* and *Entellus* ; the One being young and nimble, but of an ordinary Stature ; the Other old and stiff, but of a gigantick Bulk ; and also by the insolent Confidence of the former, so agreeably rebuked by the Strength and Courage of

VOL. II.

the latter : The Fourth, by That Climax of Performances, if I may so call it ; every Adventurer still doing something more than him who went before him. That of the *Trojan* Boys is of a nature totally distinct from all the rest ; there being no particular Opposition, or Contention between particular Persons ; That, among Boys, being beneath the Dignity of Heroic Poetry ; tho' some particular Names and Characters are given : But it is a *fine Shew*, or Parade ; and therefore most elegantly and judiciously chosen to close the Whole.

Ver. 151. ----- *Author of the Memmian Line.* Observe the Judgment of the Poet in taking This seemingly little Occasion to derive the Pedigree of the most illustrious Families among the *Romans* : Thus on the one hand, doing Honour to his Country ; and on the other, giving an Air of Grandeur to the Sports which follow.

Ver. 153. *A City's Work.*] *Urbis opus* may either mean what I have render'd ; or *Opus* [instar.] *Urbis*.

N

Clautus, first of the *Cluentian* Race.

There stood a Rock at distance in the Main,
 Against the foaming Shore ; at certain times 160
 O'erwhelm'd and beaten by the swelling Waves,
 When North-East Winds tempestuous hide the Stars :
 In Calms it quiet rests ; and in the Sea
 Unmov'd, a Field appears, a Station fit
 For Cormorants, when pruning in the Sun. 165
 Here Prince *Æneas* from a leafy Oak,
 To guide the Sailors, plants a verdant Goal ;
 From whence they should return, and round direct
 In long Circumference their winding Course.
 Then All by Lot their places take ; and first 170
 The Chiefs in Gold, and Crimson, stand, from far
 Effulgent on the Decks : The other Youth
 With poplar Wreaths are shaded ; Smear'd with Oil
 Their naked Shoulders shine : Upon their Seats
 With strong-brac'd Arms intent they grasp their Oars ;
 Intent expect the Signal : Throbbing Fear 176
 Beats in their Breasts, and anxious Love of Praise.
 Soon as the Trumpet loudly sounds, at once
 All from their Barriers spring ; The Shouts confus'd
 Of Sailors rend the Vault of Heav'n ; The Sea 180
 Turn'd

Ver. 174, 176. *Intent*---*In-*
tent.] As That Word is re-
 peated in the Original, I have re-
 peated it in my Translation :
 tho' not meaning the same (as
 my Author does not) in both
 Places. The One relates to the
 Body, the other to the Mind.
Intenti expectant ---- [*habentes*]
Brachia intentæ. Some will have

it Thus. *Brachia expectant*
signum intenti in the *Genitive* ;
 understanding *portisculi* ; Him
 who was to give the Signal.
 But where does *Intentus* so sig-
 nify ?

Ver. 176, 177. *Throbbing*
Fear Beats in their Breasts, &c.]
 I hope the Reader does not ex-
 pect a verbal Translation of
baurit,

Turn'd upward froths beneath their dashing Arms :
At once they plough the Brine ; and all the Deep
Yawns wide, convuls'd with Oars, and trident Beaks.
With Force less rapid, starting from their Bounds,
The Chariots whirl, and smoke along the Field ; 185
Less earnestly the eager Charioteers,
O'er their swift Horses shake the waving Reins,

Hang

baurit, or *arresta* : Those who truly understand *Latin* know These Words cannot be literally rendered into *English*. The first of them has several elegant Significations not only in Verse, but in Prose ; which cannot be answered in any other Language. As That in the Tenth Æneid.

---- *Gladio latus baurit apertum.*

Where I can by no means agree with *Scaliger*, and *Ruæus*, that it is a Metaphor expressing the Drawing of the Blood from the Body ; as Liquor is drawn from a Cask : But rather that it expresses the full Blow, which he had at his Side. See the Note upon the 749th Verse of the Second Book.

Ver. 181. ---- Beneath their dashing Arms.] Some Commentators explain *adductis* by *tensis*, stretch'd out : But it is just the Contrary. Every body knows that, in Rowing, the Arms are alternately stretch'd out, and drawn up close to the Body : The latter is here ex-

pressed by *adductis*. And here we observe the great Advantage which the Latin has over our Language, by expressing the meanest and most common Ideas by graceful Words ; *adducti* sounds well ; but *drawn up*, or *drawn in* would be insufferably flat in This place.

Ver. 183. ---- Trident Beaks.] I wonder so many of the Editors can read it *Stridentibus*. For besides the false Quantity, This is a far better Description ; poetically expressing the three Spikes of the brazen Beaks, according to That of *Valerius Flaccus* quoted by *De La Cerda*,

---- *Spumas vomit ære tridenti.*

Ver. 184. ---- Starting from their Bounds.] *Immissis*, i. e. in *campum & carceribus*. *Jugis*

pro equis jugalibus ; The Elegancy of

---- *pronique in verbera pendent*

is admirable.

Hang prone upon the Lash, and bending fly.
 Then with the Party-favour of the Croud,
 With Shouts, and mix'd Applauses, all the Grove 190
 Refounds ; The Shores included roll the Noise ;
 And from the echoing Hills the Voice returns.
 Amidst the Throng, and Hurry on the Waves,
 Before the rest, first *Gyas* scuds away :
 Him next *Cloanthus* follows, with his Oars 195
 More happy ; but his Vessel by it's Weight
 Detains him tardy : After These, with Sails
 Equal, the *Prifis*, and the *Centaur* strive
 To run the foremost ; Now the *Prifis* gains,

Now

Ver. 191. ---- The Shores included, &c.] Begirt, hemmed in with Woods, and Hills.

Ver. 199. To run the foremost. *Locum tendunt superare priorem*. That is, (say some Commentators) *contendunt utraque prior*. Others, *locum priorem*, i. e. *a prioribus occupatum*. I cannot think This latter is the Sense : Because tho' it is true they set no Bounds to their Endeavours upon the

Whole, and every one would be first ; yet Those two being now the last, and just even with one another, *æquo discrimine*, their more immediate Contention must be between *Themselves*, who should be the foremost of *them two*. The former therefore is the better Interpretation : But then there is a Difficulty in it, which none of the Expofitors take notice of. Why

---- *locum superare priorem* ?

One would think it should be *occupare*, or some Word equivalent to it. I answer, tho' their more immediate Thought was to *outrun each other*, yet not so as to exclude the most ardent Desire of going farther ; and therefore I take This to be an elegant Insinuation of the Eagerness, and Vehemence of their Desire, not only to be

barely foremost, but to be *very much* so. Emulation and Ambition have no Bounds : And so the Word *superare* is very Emphatical. *Æquo discrimine* (as above) i. e. *spatio*, or *intervallo*.

Ibid. Now the *Prifis* gains.] It is not material whether we read *babet*, or *abit* ; the Sense being the same. The former

is

BOOK 5. VIRGIL'S ÆNEIS. 291

Now the huge Centaur wins on Her ; Now Both 200
Together with united Fronts are born :

And the long Gallies plough the briny Deep.

They now approach'd the Rock, and reach'd the Goal ;

When Gyas first, and Victor, in mid Sea

Calls to Menates, Pilot of his Ship ; 205

Whither so far decline you to the Right ?

Hither direct your Steerage, love the Shore,

And let our Rowers raze the left-hand Rocks ;

Leave Others to the Deep. He said ; But old

Menates, fearing hidden Shelves, detorts 210

His Rudder to the Ocean: Why so far

Diverse, Menates ? Nearer to the Shore,

Gyas

is more agreeable to our Way of Speaking: *The Red* has it ; *the Blue* has it : But the latter is the better *Latin*. For as to what *De La Cerda* says of *Hoc habet* in the Twelfth Book, the Sense is directly contrary to That which he imagines ; as I shall shew, when I come to remark upon That Passage.

Ver. 203. ----- Reach'd the Goal.] The English Reader will be apt to think that if they reached the Goal, as the Word is used among Us, the Contention was over. But he is to know that among the Ancients, the *Meta*, or Goal, was not the End of the Race: but the Contenders were to go round it.

Ver. 206. Whither so far,

Now shaves with level Wing the Deep ----

&c.] *Quo tantum mihi dante abis ?* There is an Elegancy in that *mihi*, which we cannot imitate. And there are many Instances of the like nature.

Ver. 207. Love the Shore.]

Littus ama: i. e. approach near to it. Thus *Horace*; ---- *amatque Janua limen*. If This be

elegant in *Latin* it is so in *English*: For it is an Idiom, not of *Language*, but of *Poetry*.

The same may be said of many others ; which I think should be literally translated. Ver. 170.

Orig. *Radit iter*, &c. The Poetical Use of *Radere* in *Latin*, to skim along, or touch upon, is well known: *Milton* (and tho' it is somewhat bold, he is in the right of it) gives the same Sense to *shave* in *English*.

Gyas again calls out aloud ; and sees
Claanthus close, and pressing on his Stern :
 He, betwixt *Gyas*, and the sounding Rocks, 215
 Interiour, skims the left-hand way, and swift
 Outstrips his Rival, and beyond the Goal
 Smooth shoots along, and gains the safer Seas,
 The Youth, with Rage and Disappointment fir'd,
 (Tears running down his Cheeks) his Dignity 220
 Forgetting, and the Safety of his Friends,
 Push'd slow *Menætes* from the high-built Deck
 Precipitate into the Sea ; Himself
 As Pilot takes his Place, exhorting loud
 His Crew, and turns the Rudder to the Shore. 225
 But old *Menætes*, from the Bottom deep
 At length emerging, heavy in his wet,
 And brine-drench'd Garments, crawling, climb'd the
 Of the tall Rock, and fate upon the Dry. [Top
 The *Trojans* laugh'd, to see him fall, and swim ; 230
 And from his Breast disgorge the brackish Waves.
 This unexpected Change with eager Hope
 Fires *Mnestheus*, and *Sergestus*, lagging last,
 To vanquish *Gyas* thus retarded. First
Sergestus takes his place, and to the Rock 235
 Approaches ; yet not all his Vessel first,
 Part first, the Rival *Pristis* presses part
 Close with her Beak. Then *Mnestheus*, thro' the Crew
 Walking along the Middle of his Deck,
 Excites

Ver. 230. *The Trojans laugh'd*, laughed at his falling, and
 &c]. *Rident*, and *risere*, in dif- swimming, so they now laugh
 ferent Tenses may here seem a at his vomiting up the salt
 little strange. But there is a Water.
 Reason for it: As they before

Excites his Mates : Now, now, *Heſorean* Band, 240
 Riſe to your Oars ; You, whom from ruin'd *Troy*
 I choſe Associates : now That Strength exert,
 That Spirit which you ſhew'd on *Libyan* Sands,
 Th' *Ionian* Sea, and *Malea's* tumbling Waves.
Mneſtheus now ſtrives not to be crown'd the firſt ; 245
 Yet Oh! ——— But let Thoſe conquer, whom thy Pow'r,
 Great *Neptune*, favours : Let us yet diſdain
 To be the laſt ; So far o'ercome, my Friends,
 And That Diſgrace forbid. With utmoſt Force
 They tug their Oars ; With vaſt repeated Strokes 250
 The Beaky Veſſel trembles ; And the Sea
 Flies back : The panting Labour ſhakes their Limbs,
 And clammy Mouths ; Sweat flows in Rivers round.
 Fortune to Theſe the wiſh'd for Honour gave :
 For while *Sergeſtus*, furious in the Strife, 255
 And

Ver. 244. ---- *Malea's tumbling Waves.*] *Sequi*, it is true, is ſometimes put for *perſequi* ; implying ſomething of *Terror* and *Hoſtility*. But here I take *ſequacibus* to mean no more than Waves rolling, and tumbling upon one another.

Ver. 251, 252. ---- *And the Sea ---- Flies back.*] *Subtrahiturque ſolum*. *Flies back* : i. e. either is really driven, or daſhed back by the Oars : or ſeems to fly back, becauſe the Ship flies forward ; as ---- *Terræque urbæque recedunt* : or rather Both may be included in *Subtrahitur*. The Word *Solum* does not always ſignify the *Earth* ; but is put for *quodlibet i'vont-*

pover, any thing that is under another : And ſo the Sea with reſpect to the Ships is the *Solum*, i. e. the *Subjectum*, or *Subſtratum*.

Ver. 255. *For while Sergeſtus, furious in the Strife.*] I know nothing in all the *Æneis* ſo particular as This Incident of *Sergeſtus* ; which is judiciously dropped, and reſumed in the Courſe of the Narration. The Poet ſeems ſ'cayer upon This Subject ; as the *French* elegantly expreſs it, by a way of Speaking in Their Language not to be rightly imitated in Ours. *Virgil* makes himſelf merry with This ſame unfortunate *Sergeſtus* : But (which

And heedless, urg'd his Foredeck to the Shelves,
 Interiour, and within a narrow Space
 Of Sea confin'd; amidst the jutting Rocks
 He stuck, unfortunate: The Rocks rebound;
 Among their craggy Points the stubborn Oars 260
 Stand cracking, bent; The Foredeck shatter'd hangs:
 The Crew of Sailors rise, and clamour loud,
 Detain'd,

is his exquisite Art) tho' there is an Air of Mirth thro' the whole; there is nothing little, or ludicrous. Here is no Jest; and yet here is a great deal of pleasant Wit, arising from the Naturalness of the Description (if I may be allowed to make such a Word) and from nothing else. We read a noble and solemn Description of a Kind of Misfortune too, and yet cannot forbear laughing:

*Namque furens animi, dum proram ad saxa suburget
 Interior, spatioque subit Sergestus iniquo:
 Infelix saxis in precurrentibus hæsit.*

Notwithstanding That grave infelix, the Man who does not almost smile, even at That Verse, I believe does not well understand it. But afterwards the Pother which the Mariners make among themselves upon this sad Accident is more diverting:

*Consurgunt nautæ, & magno clamore morantur,
 Ferratasque fudes, & acuta cuspide contos
 Expediunt; fractosque legunt in gurgite remos.*

And the Pleasantry still rises after Mnestheus has passed by him:

*Et primum in scopulo luctantem deserit alto
 Sergestum, brevibusque vadis, frustra que vocantem
 Auxilia, & fractis discentem currere remis.*

Which last especially is elegant beyond Imagination. But after the whole Game is over, and the several Antagonists rewarded according to their Deserts; when we have quite forgotten poor Sergestus, and think to hear no more of him; This unfortunate Adventurer comes lagging at last, wriggling his Vessel side-ways, and edging in as well as he can:

*Cum sævo a scopulo multa vix arte revulsus,
 Amissis remis, atque ordine debilis uno.
 Irrisam sine honore ratem Sergestus AGEBAT.*

And

Detain'd, embarrass'd ; Iron Spikes, and Poles
Of sharpen'd Oak they ply ; and on the Gulf,
Industrious, gather up the broken Oars, 265
But *Mneſtheus* joyful, and with That Success
Itself more vig'rous, with his rowing Croud,
And all the Winds invited to his Sails,
Gains the prone Deep, and swiftly shoots away
Upon the open Ocean. As a Dove, 270
Which in some hollow Pumice feeds her Young,
Rous'd on a sudden from her Covert, flies
Into the Fields ; and, scar'd, with flutt'ring Noise
Against the Roof her sounding Pinions beats :
Then, smoothly gliding thro' the quiet Air, 275
Skims the thin Way, nor moves her nimble Wings.
So *Mneſtheus*, so the *Priftis*' self divides
Th' extremest Ocean ; so the Force impress'd

It-

And then follows that incomparable Similitude, comparing his maimed Galley to a battered and half-demolished Snake ; of which more shall be spoken when it comes more directly under our Consideration. It is the Opinion of Some, that *Virgil* makes *Sergeſtus* thus glorious ; because the *Sergian* Family (descended from Him, as he before tells us) was of no good Reputation in *Rome* ; Ca-

tiline being a Branch of it : A Conjecture by no means improbable.

Ver. 269. *Gains the prone Deep, and swiftly shoots away.* After the Embarrassment of the Ship sticking in the Rock in the foregoing Verses ; how agreeable is the Change of Ideas to That of another Ship, smoothly and swiftly shooting along by her, described in These Lines ;

*At letus Mneſtheus, successuque acrior ipſo,
Agmine remorum celer', ventisque vocatis,
Prona petit maria, & pelago decurrit aperto.
Qualis spelunca subito commota columba, &c.*

The wonderful Elegancy of which Simile shall be considered hereafter ;

Itself impels her flight : And first she leaves
Sergeſtus ſtruggling with the lofty Rock, 280
 Pent up among the narrow Shelves, in vain
 Calling for Help, and learning how to run
 With broken Oars. Then *Gyas*, and the huge
Chimæra's Bulk he follows ; She, becauſe
 She loſt her Pilot, yields. *Cloanthus* now 285
 Alone remains, juſt ent'ring in the Port ;
 Him he purſues, and with his utmoſt Strength
 Cloſe urges : Now the Noiſe redoubles ; All
 With Shouts encourage him ; The Sky reſounds
 With deaf'ning Clamour. Theſe diſdain to loſe 290
 Th' Advantage they have gain'd, and burn to ſtake
 Their Lives for Glory : Thoſe Succeſs inſpires ;
 They can, becauſe 'tis thought they can : And Both
 Perhaps

Ver. 280. *Struggling with,*
 &c.] In *Scopulo luſtantem*.
 That in may ſeem particular.
 Either, *luſtantem* ; [& *hæren-*
tem] *ſcopulo* : or *luſtante-*
eum ſcopulo. Or (which per-
 haps is the beſt of all) in ſhould
 be left out : *luſtor* having the
 ſame Regimen with *certo, pug-*
ne, &c.

Ver. 290, 292. *Theſe -----*
Theſe.] The former, *Cloanthus*,
 and his Men. The latter,
Mneſtheus, and His. The for-
 mer *Indignantur*, *ni teneant*
decus proprium ; i. e. *jam acqui-*
ſitum. The latter, *Succeſſus*,
 &c. i. e. over *Sergeſtus*, &c.

Ver. 293. *They can becauſe*
'tis thought they can.] When
De La Cérda ſays upon This
 Paſſage, *Sententiam nota dig-*

nam Marone ; *Poſſunt, quia*
poſſe videntur : I wiſh he had
 explained it, as well as praiſed
 it. *Ira* (continues he) *ſæpiſſime*
ſit in conatibus. *Ira* ? How ?
Poſſunt (ſays *Ruæus*) *quia poſſe*
sibi videntur ; *De La Cérda*,
 and all the Commentators I
 have ſeen (except One) are
 of the ſame Opinion : *They can*,
becauſe they think they can.
 But how plausible ſoever This
 may appear at firſt ſight ; I
 doubt it is not good Senſe at
 the bottom. If by *poſſunt* be
 meant, in the ſtricteſt Signifi-
 cation, that they really can,
 becauſe they think ſo ; it is not
 true. I agree with *De La*
Cérda that ſuch an Opinion
 exceedingly animates the Con-
 tenders, and contributes to the
 Victory,

Perhaps had born the Prize with equal Keels ;
 Had not *Cloanthus*, stretching to the Sea 295
 His Hands, Thus vow'd, and Thus invok'd the Gods.
 Ye Gods, who rule the Ocean which I sail ;
 Victor before your Altars, on This Shore,
 To you a snow-white Bull I will present,
 Oblig'd by Vow ; and on the briny Deep 300

Scatter

Victory, and sometimes actually obtains it : But sometimes too it is otherwise ; And it actually is so in This very Instance : For *Mnestheus* and his Friends lost it, notwithstanding That Confidence. However, Mr. *Dryden* and *Ogilby* translate it according to This Interpretation. If by *possunt* he meant only that they can in their own Opinion ; it is saying nothing, but only proving a thing by it self. They think they can, because they think they can. Bishop *Douglas* translates it exactly so. And Lord *Lauderdale* seems to take it so, tho' in Words somewhat different :

----Not a Man

But thinks to win, because he thinks he can.

He certainly thinks he *shall* win, if he thinks he *can* ; for the only *Doubt* concerns their *Power* ; their *Will* is *unquestionable*. It may indeed be urged, that tho' This is very bad arguing in it self ; yet it may be good Sense in *Virgil* to say they argued in That manner. They think they are able, and then again from thence argue that they are so : Or (which comes to the same) one confident Thought brings on another, and That too a greater : Which doubtless is very agreeable to Nature and Experience : And This, it may be, is no bad way of accounting for the Difficulty before us. Monsieur *Segrais* renders it Thus :

Presument que, pour vaincre, ils n'ont qu'a le vouloir.

Which can be only part of the Sense, and amounts to no more than that they think they are able. *Servius* takes *possunt* for they can in their own Opinion ; and *videntur*, for *videntur* aliis, non sibi : They think they are able, because others think so. The Spectators favour them, as above

---- cunctique sequentem
 Insequantur ----

And

Scatter the Entrails, pouring purest Wine.
 He said; And him beneath the lowest Waves
 The whole Assembly of the *Nereids* heard,
 And *Phorcus*, and the Virgin *Panopea*;
 And old *Portunus* with his ample Palm 305
 Himself push'd on the Vessel: She more swift
 Than Wind, or feather'd Arrow, flies to Land,
 Within the Harbour's deep Recess secure.
Æneas then, observant of the Form
 By Custom fix'd, together calls the whole 310
 Assembly; by the Herald's Voice aloud
 Declares *Cloanthus* Victor; and his Brow
 With verdant Laurel crowns. On ev'ry Ship
 Three Heifers, to be chosen, he bestows,
 A silver Talent's massy Weight, and Wine, 315
 As Prizes. To the Conqueror first he gives
 A Cloak, with Gold embroider'd, edg'd with Fringe
 Of

And That animated them with Hope and Courage. This Sense is good; but the Construction is a little harsh. However it be, I have translated it indefinitely, as it is in the Original; so that either, or both of These Interpretations may be apply'd to it. Take it which way you will; *possunt* cannot be taken *strictly*, for their being *really* able to conquer; because it is directly false both in *Reason* and *Fact*, and that in the very Instance now before us: But *possunt* in their *own Opinion*. After all, perhaps the best Account of the Matter is This. Take *possunt*, and *posse* not *relatively* to their Conquering in *This* Contention;

but *absolutely*, and *indefinitely*, for *potentem* or *potentes esse*, as the Word is sometimes used. They can *do much*, because they *think they can*. That *Opinion* of themselves *makes* them *perform Wonders*: Which is often *strictly true*.

Ver. 301. ---- Pouring purest Wine] *Vina liquentia*: Not liquid (for all Wine is so) but *limpid*; *clear*, *pure*, *fine*. So the Word generally signifies.

Ver. 314. To be chosen.] *Ternos optare juvencos*. i. e. ut optarentur, or *eligerentur*, purely Poetical Latin. Next Ver. the same; *dat ferre*: and a little after, *donat habere*. Ver. 251. Orig. *Mæandro*: i. e. *Flexu*: *Mæander* being a winding River.

Of *Melibæan* Purple, doubly round
 Entwining : And on *Ida's* leafy Top
 The Royal Boy, inwoven, with his Darts 320
 Urges in Chase the flying Deer, intent,
 And panting in the Colours ; Him the Bird
 Of *Jove*, descending swiftly from the Sky,
 Born on his hooky Talents snatch'd aloft :
 The aged Keepers stretch their Hands to Heav'n 325 ,
 In vain ; and angry Dogs bark high in Air.
 To Him whose Merit held the Second place
 A Coat of Mail he gives, compact with Hooks,
 And wrought with triple Tissue, to defend
 At once, and deck the Warriour ; Which himself 330
 Victor near rapid *Simois*, and the Walls
 Of lofty *Troy*, had from *Demoleus* torn :
 Two Servants, *Sagaris*, and *Phlegeas*, scarce
 Could with joint Strength upon their Shoulders bear
 The various Vestment ; Yet in This long since 335
Demoleus clad, the straggling *Trojans* drove.
 Two Brazen Cauldrons to the Third he gives,
 And Silver Bowls with Figures rough emboss'd,
 And now rewarded All, and proud with Wealth,
 They walk in pomp, with purple Fillets bound 340
 About their Heads : When with much Art, and Pain,
 Torn

Ver. 320, &c.] *The Royal Boy*
inwoven, &c.] This is a most
 beautiful Piece of Painting in
 all it's parts : And if no Painter
 has yet copy'd it ; I would re-
 commend That Work to some
 Masterly Hand. Ver. 264.
 Orig. *indutus* [câ.]

Ver. 341, &c. --- *When with*
much Art, and Pain, &c.] The
 following Passage in *Terence* (a-
 mong many others) is justly
 admired for it's Strength, and
 elegant Expressiveness ; almost
 every Word being emphatical.
Quod ille unciatim vix de di-
menso

Torn from the cruel Rock, his Oars half lost,
 And one Side maim'd, *Sergestus*, tugg'd along
 His slow dishonour'd Skiff. As when a Snake
 Is catch'd (as oft it happens) on a Ridge 345
 Of rising Ground; whose Body cross'd afloat
 A brazen Wheel has mangled on the Road;
 Or some four Passenger with heavy Blow
 Has left half dead, and shatter'd with a Stone:
 He flying twists his Length in tortuous Wreaths, 350
 Part fierce with ardent Eyes, and hissing Tongue,
 Uprears aloft his swelling Neck in Air;

Part

mensi suo, suum defraudans ge- it out of *Virgil*, we may (a-
nium, comparat miser: Phorm. mong many others) produce
At. & Scen. I. And to match This:

*Cum sævo a scopulo multa vix arte revulsus,
 Amissis remis, atque ordine debilis uno,
 Irrisam sine honore ratem Sergestus agebat.*

Here too is scarce a Word with-
 out a strong, and elegant Em-
 phasis. *Sævo, multa, vix, arte,*
revulsus, Amissis remis, ordine
debilis uno, Irrisam, sine honore,
agebat. And the last Verse is
 so slow, and heavy; that one
 can hardly shove it along, as one
 reads it.

Ver. 344. *As when a Snake,*
 &c.] There never was a finer
 Simile than This. It will be
 objected perhaps, that a Ship
 is not like a Snake: I own it
 is not: any more than it is like
 a Dove, to which another Ship
 is compared a little before. But
 the Comparisons are so far from

being faulty upon This ac-
 count, that for This very Rea-
 son they are the more beauti-
 ful; considering that the par-
 ticular Circumstances, upon
 which the Similitudes turn, do
 so very nearly resemble. In the
 One, imagine a Ship struggling,
 and wit difficulty getting out
 from a narrow Passage, and
 then swiftly flying away into
 the open Ocean; how properly
 is it compared to a Dove, which
 first flutters in her Covert, and
 then glides as in Those incom-
 parable smooth Verses expres-
 sing the Thing by their very
 Sound;

---- *Aere lapsa quieto
 Radit iter liquidum, celeres neque commovet alas!*

In

Part damag'd by the Wound, retards him crush'd,
 Wriggling his Spires, and knitting Knots in vain.
 With such a Kind of Steerage, mov'd along 355
 The sluggish Galley; Yet she makes her Sails,
 And enters with full Gale the Harbour's Mouth.

Æneas, joyful for his Friends and Ship
 Return'd in Safety, to Sergestus gives
 The Prize allotted, Pholœ, a Slave 360
 Of Crete, not ignorant of Pallas' Art,
 And her two infant Sons beneath her Breasts.

This Sport thus ended; good Æneas goes
 Into a grassy Plain, begirt around
 With Woods on winding Hills; Amidst a Vale 365
 A Theatre's wide Cirque was form'd; to which
 The Hero with a Croud of Thousands went,
 And in the Middle of th' Assembly fate.

Here Those who in the rapid Race would strive
 With Prizes he invites: From ev'ry Part 370
 The

In This latter, what can better every Word of it. In This, as represent a Galley *shoved* along well as in the Description to with *Oars* on *one Side*, and with which it is apply'd, the same *none* on the *other*, &c. than a Vein of Pleasantry continues: Snake *found*, and *ferce* in the The Poet seems to make him- *upper parts*, and *maimed*, and self merry with a Snake in Tri- *disabled* in the *lower*! It is bulation, particularly in These Words *depressus*, *obliquum*, *gravis ictu*, and the last Line en- tirely

Nexantem nodos, seque in sua membra plicantem.

These Similes too, I suppose, Ver. 368. *And in the Mid- must be borrowed from Homer; dle of th' Assembly, &c.]*----*Ex-* because he has Comparisons ta- *tructoque resedit. Extructo* must taken both from *Doves* and *Ser-* relate to *Conseffu* just before: *pents*, though not resembling The *Assembly* being *ranged*, and These. *formed*.

The mingled *Trojans*, and *Sicilians* come ;
 First *Nifus*, and *Euryalus* :
Euryalus, by beauteous blooming Youth
 Distinguish'd ; *Nifus*, by the pious Love
 He bore the Stripling : Next to These appears 375
Diores, born of *Priam's* Royal Blood ;
Salius, and *Paron* next, *Acarinion*, That,
 And This *Arcadian*, sprung from *Tegea's* Race :
 Then two *Trinacrian* Youths ; This, *Elymus*,
 That, *Panopes*, in Wood-land Countries bred ; 380
 Who Followers of old *Acestes* came :
 With many more, whom Fame obscure conceals.
 Them Thus *Æneas* in the Midst bespeaks.
 Mark well my Words, and pleas'd Attention lend :
 Not one of all This Number shall from me 385
 Go unrewarded ; I'll on each bestow
 Two *Gnossian* Jav'lins, bright with polish'd Steel,
 And a carv'd Battle-axe, with Silver wrought.
 This Honour shall be One to All ; the Three
 Who first excel, shall diff'rent Prizes share, 390
 And with pale Olive bind their Heads : The First
 A Steed enrich'd with Trappings shall receive ;
 The Next an *Amazonian* Quiver, fill'd
 With *Thracian* Arrows, which a Belt around
 Incloses with broad Gold, a Buckle clasps 395
 With round smooth Diamond : Be the Third content
 With This *Argolick* Shield. He said ; They take
 Their Stations : And, the Signal giv'n, at once,
 Fleet

Ver. 372. First *Nifus* and *Euryalus*, in the Ninth
Euryalus.] A good preparatory Hint to the Episode of *Ni-* Book.

Fleet as a Tempest out they spring, and leave
 The Bounds, fly o'er the Field, and mark the Goal. 400
Nisus the First, and long before the rest,
 Swift shoots away ; more swift than Winds, or Wings
 Of Light'ning. Next, but far at distance next,
 Him *Salius* follows : Near to Him, the Third
Euryalus : 405
 Him *Elymus* succeeds : Whom pressing close,
Diores flies ; and justles Heel with Heel,
 Imminent o'er his Shoulder ; and had Room
 More wide been giv'n him, foremost he had sprung,
 Or left him doubtful. Now they panting reach'd 410
 The utmost Line, and almost touch'd the Goal :
 When *Nisus*, sliding on the slipp'ry Gore,
 Which there by chance, from Oxen slain, besmear'd
 The Ground, and verdant Grass, his tott'ring Steps
 Could not support ; but now, ev'n Victor, fell, 415
 Prone in the Mire obscene, and sacred Blood,
 Unfortunate : Yet not unmindful Then

Of

Ver. 400. *Mark, &c. Ultima* [spacia] *signant* [oculis.]

Ver. 404. *Near to him.* *Spatio post* [*Salium*] *relieto* ; i. e. almost, tho' not quite, all That Space. For tho' *Euryalus* was just up with him, (as they speak) yet he had not quite overtaken him.

Ver. 407, 408. ---- *Justles Heel with Heel, Imminent o'er his Shoulder.* [*Calcemque terit jam calce. Diores, Incumbens humero.* If *calce* signifies *heel* strictly ; *Diores* is not *behind Elymus*, but they run *side by side* ; *incumbens humero* being understood of his pressing upon

Elymus *side-ways* : and so the Heel of the one may touch the Heel of the other. Nor does the Poet say he was *behind* him, but rather intimates the *Contrary*. *Quo deinde sub ipso Ecce velat, calcemque, &c. sub ipso, for juxta ipsum.* Here's nothing of *behind*. This I take to be the best Reading (for Some read it *humeris*) and the best Sense of the Place : For Some interpret *calce* by *Synecdoche* the *foot* ; and conceive *Diores* to be *behind Elymus*, as *Ulysses* is behind *Antilechus* in *Homer*. The Curious may consult the Commentators at large.

Of Friendship, and *Euryalus*, oppos'd
 Himself to *Salius*, from the slipp'ry place
 Rising : He, tumbling on the clotted Sand, ' 420
 Extended lay ; *Euryalus* springs on,
 And, Victor by th' Assistance of his Friend,
 Comes in the First, with Shouts, and mix'd Applause.
 To Him the next comes *Elymus* ; and now
*Diore*s Third. Here *Salius* loud with Noise 425
 Fills the vast Cirque ; and to the aged Lords
 Appealing, claims the Honour which he lost
 By Treachery : Th' Affections of the Court
 Favour *Euryalus*, his graceful Tears,
 And Virtue heighten'd by his beauteous Form. 430
*Diore*s loudly aids That Plea, who came
 In vain entitled to the Last Reward,
 If *Salius* gains the First. Then Thus the Prince ;
 Unchang'd, my Youths, your Prizes all remain ;
 Nor is the Order of your Palms displac'd : 435
 Only permit me to commiserate
 Th' unhappy Fortune of my guiltless Friend.

This

Ver. 426. *To the aged Lords,*
 &c.] In the Orig. implet as ap-
 ply'd to *confessum cavea* is plain
 and natural ; but as apply'd to
ora parentum, it seems strange.
 But there are several Instances
 of this in the Poets : If a Verb
 suits well with one of the Nouns,
 they make no Scruple of ap-
 plying it to Both. This is an
 Idiom of Poetry ; and I have
 given other Instances of it. Ver.
 339. Orig. *tertia palma* for *se-*
rens tertiam palmam : This is
 another Poetical Idiom. Ver.
 346. *Qui subiit palmæ* [*tertiæ*
tristia] *frustra*, &c. *subiit*

palmæ : i. e. *accessit ad palmam*.
 Ver. 356. *Ni me [eadem] fortu-*
na tulisset ; for *ni ego tulissem---*
fortunam. Hypallage. Ver. 362.
Post ubi confecti [sunt] cursus ;
 & [*Æneas*] *dona peregit*.

Ver. 435. *Nor is the Order*
of your Palms displac'd.]---*Pal-*
mam movet ordine nemo. Tho'
 in the Original it is *palmam* in
 the Singular ; yet the Sense is
 the same, as if it were *palmas*
 in the Plural : For they had
 all their several Prizes, or
Palms, (---as *jam tertia palma*
*Diore*s (tho' the First had the
Palm $\alpha\alpha\tau' \alpha\zeta \chi\alpha\upsilon$.)

This said ; a huge *Getulean* Lion's Hide
 He gives to *Salius*, rough with heavy Furr,
 And golden Claws. Here *Nisus* ; If so great 440
 Your Pity for the Fall'n ; And such Rewards
 Attend the Vanquish'd : What due Prize remains
 For *Nisus* ? who deserv'd the choicest Palm ;
 Had he not met the same unlucky Chance,
 Which *Salius* shar'd : Then, pointing, shew'd his Face,
 And limbs, all smear'd with gory Dirt. On Him 446
 The Prince smiles graceful ; and commands to bring
 A shield, the Work of *Didymon's* Art,
 Torn by the *Grecians* from the sacred Posts
 Of *Neptune* ; and with That excelling Gift 450
 Distinguishes the well-deserving Youth.

The Race thus ended, and the Honours paid ;
 Now whosoe'er has Courage, and a Mind
 Present within his Breast, let Him approach ;
 With Gauntlets bind his Hands, and raise his Arms.
 He said ; And for the Combat two Rewards 456
 Propos'd ;

Ver. 455. *With Gauntlets* Variety as it is capable of receiving. And yet, as I said, *bind his hands, &c.*] The Naval Race, being a Subject of it is chiefly distinguished by the widest Extent, is by far the doubtful Claim of the Antagonists, after the Contention is longest of all the Games, and over : which is perfectly new, and contains the greatest Variety of Particulars. The Foot-Race, and very entertaining. But after which immediately follows the other, is of all the Subjects the most single, and narrow ; yet all, there is none of These it is so varied by the Poet, that Games, not even the First, which strikes me more than This it is very surprizing. Not only Third. It is distinguished from all the rest by This, that here is the Fall of *Nisus*, but That of not only Contending, but Fighting ; and that too with Danger of *Salius* upon him, and the Success of *Euryalus* purely by the *if Death* to the Combatants. Then the Nature, and Kind of the Combat is such, that it exceedingly engages the Attention. Assistance and Artifice of his Friend, are Circumstances which give This Sport as much

Propos'd ; the Victor's Prize, a Bull adorn'd
 With Gold, and Wreaths ; a Sword, and burnish'd Helm,
 The Solace of the Vanquish'd. No Delay
 Was interpos'd : Forthwith uprises stern, 560
Dares and, with the Murmur of the Croud,

Rears

----- *Sic deinde locutus,*
In medium geminos immani pondere cefius
Proiecit -----
Obstupere animi ; tantorum ingentia septem
Terga boum plumbo insuto, ferroque rigeant.
Ante omnes stupet ipse Dares, longeque recusat :
Magnanimusque Anchisiades & pondus & ipsa
Huc illuc vinclorum immensa volumina versat.

But while they are actually engaged ; we see their Motions, and hear the Clashing of their Gauntlets : We seem to be within the Wind of their leaden Fists, and are in some Concern for our own Jaws. The Descriptive Part is in Perfection throughout ; as it is always in This Book especially. *Emellus*' knocking down the Bull at last, when we thought all the Entertainment had been over, and so making the Prize of his Conquest the Object of a new one, is extremely surprizing, and delightful ; and closes the Whole with the noblest and fullest Period imaginable. But the greatest Beauty of all is not yet mentioned. Since neither of the Champions is killed, we are glad to see the vain Confidence of the young Challenger so well mortified by a brave old Man ; whose Interest we immediately espouse, as soon as he appears. Nothing can be more natural, and Heroic, than all his Speeches ; or than the Description of his Person.

Hæc fatus, duplicem ex humeris dejecit amictum,
Et magnos membrorum artus, magna ossa, lacertosque
Exiit, atque ingens media consistit arena.

And notwithstanding he excelled the other in Stature ; yet we still wish him Success, when we read

----- *Sed tarda trementi,*
Genua labant, vastos quatit æger anbelitus artus.

His Fall heightens our Concern for him ; But we are on fire, when we come to read

At non tardatus casu, neque territus Heros
Acrior ad pugnam redit, & vim suscitât ira ;
Præcipitemque Daren, &c.

And so on to

----- *pulsat, versatque Darete.]*

Rears his rough Visage, and prodigious Strength :
 He who alone with *Paris* durst contend,
 And at great *Hector's* Tomb struck down to Earth
Butes renown'd for Conquests, and of Bulk 465
 Unwieldy, boasting his *Bebrycian* Race
 In long Descent from *Amycus* deriv'd ;
 And stretch'd him dead upon the yellow Sand.
 Such *Dares* was ; and such he first uprears
 His lofty Head, provoking to the Strife, 470
 Shews his broad Shoulders, his alternate Arms
 Protends, and in mock Duel beats the Air.
 For him a Match is fought ; nor dares ev'n One
 From all That vast Assembly to approach
 The Challenger, or arm his Hands for Fight. 475
 He

All which by the way (especially That *pulsat verjatque*) makes as deep an Impression upon human Fancy, as Words and Ideas are capable of making. Nor is it with small Judgment, that *Virgil* here gives the Prize to a *Sicilian* ; that his *Trojans* might not carry off all the Honour of That Day's Transactions. I have only farther to observe upon This Piece, that had I borrowed *Ogilby's* Cuts, as Mr. *Dryden* did ; I would in This Copper-plate have changed the Clubs into Gauntlets. What he meant I cannot imagine. According to *Virgil's* Description, he might as well have armed them with Flails, or Hatchets, or Basket-hilted Cudgels, or with single Rapiers, or any other Weapons made use of by our Masters of the noble Science of Defence : I am sensible that some Learned Men will have it, that the *Cestus* was a sort of Club : But to prove the contrary, see the *Varicrum* Edition, *Ruæus*, and above all, *De La Cerda*. Tho' (as I hinted) if they had said nothing ; 'tis as plain as Words can make it, from the very Description of them which *Virgil* himself here gives us. The Word *Gauntlet* in *English* Poetry comes the nearest to it : For *Whirlbat* is no Poetical one. Concerning the different Spelling of This Word, consult the Commentators : Those who read it with a single *e* derive it from *Kæto* ; Those who are for the *æ* Diphthong derive it from *cædo*. Upon the Whole, see the 23d layr. of *Theocritus*.

He vaunting then, and thinking all declin'd
 The Contest, stands before *Æneas'* Feet ;
 No more demurs, but with his Left hand holds
 The Bullock's Horn, and Thus proceeds. If None
 Durst try the Combat ; where will be the end 480
 Of waiting thus ? How long must I delay ?
 Command me, Goddess-born, to take the Prize.
 A gen'ral Murmur thro' th' Assembly ran ;
 And all the *Trojans* with one Voice concur,
 To aid their Champion's Claim. *Acestes* here 485
 Thus chides *Entellus* with reproaching Words,
 As next upon the grassy Bank he fate :
Entellus, bravest Hero once in vain ;
 Will you so patient suffer such a Prize
 Without Contention to be born away ? 490
 Where is our *Eryx*, vainly boasted God,
 Your Master ? Where your Fame thro' all This Isle
 Renown'd ? and Trophies hanging round your Roof?
 To whom *Entellus*; 'Tis not that the Love
 Of Praise and Glory has my Breast thro' Fear 495
 Abandon'd : But my blood by freezing Age
 Is cold, retarded ; and my Strength benum'd
 Within my sapless Trunk : Did now That Youth
 Which once I had, and which yon Varlet proud
 So confidently boasts, did That remain ; 500
 I had

Ver. 476. *Thinking all de-* | *clis-born, &c.]* Or permit me :
clin'd, &c.] For I am confi- | For so in This, and such like
 dent That is the Meaning of | Cases, the Word *jube* signifies ;
excedere palmā ; go away from | Tho' I take the literal Transla-
 it, not pretend to it : Tho' all | tion *here* to be more elegant.
 the Commentators, take *ex-* | Ver. 394. Orig. *Ille sub hæc* :
cedere [se understood] for *ex-* | *sub* for *ad*. Ver. 414. *His ego*
cellere, cunctos. | *juetus* [sum pugnare.]

Ver. 432. Command me, God-

I had not hither come, induc'd by Hope
 Of This Reward, This comely shapen Bull
 Nor value I the Prize. This said, he flings
 Into the Midst two Gauntlets huge, of weight
 Enormous; Those which warlike *Eryx* wore 505
 In Fight, and whose stiff Leather brac'd his Arms.
 Amaz'd were All; so vast the sev'n tough Hides
 Of Bulls, with Lead and Iron sewn within:
 But more than all the rest, the Champion's self
Dares, aghast, and at a distance stands, 510
 Refusing; And th' illustrious *Trojan* Chief
 This way, and That, turns round the pond'rous Folds
 Immense: Him Thus the aged Sire bespeaks.
 What had been said, had any here beheld
 The Arms, and Gauntlets, brandish'd heretofore 515
 By *Hercules* himself? and that dire Fight,
 Here, on this Ground? These very Weapons once
 Your Brother *Eryx* wore; You see them still
 Besmear'd with Gore, and spatter'd Brains; With These
 He stood against the great *Alcides*: These 520
 I us'd, while better Blood supply'd me Strength,
 Nor envious Age as yet had interspers'd
 My Temples: But if *Trojan Dares* thinks
 These Arms unequal, and his pious Prince,
 And King *Acestes* have the same decreed; 525
 Let us have due Proportion in the Strife:
Dares, dismiss thy Terroure; I remit
 Great *Eryx*' Weapons; And do Thou, thy self,
 Put

Ver. 523. *My Temples.*] *Temporibus geminis.* I wish some
 other Word had stood in the place
 of *geminis.* Ver. 418. Orig.

Auctor [i. e. mihi ut pugnarem.]
 Ver. 419. *terga* for *tergora*
 [houm.] So above Ver. 405.

Put off thy *Trojan* Gauntlets. Thus he spoke ;
 And from his Shoulders flings his double Vest, 530
 Strips his huge Limbs, huge Bones, and brawny Arms ;
 And in the Midst with mighty Stature stands.
 Then Prince *Æneas* equal Gauntlets brings,
 And binds the Wrists of Both with equal Weight.
 Forthwith, erect, and high upon their Toes, 535
 Both stand, and fearless raise their Arms in Air ;
 Lean back their lofty Heads, to shun the Stroke,
 Mix Hands with Hands, and irritate the Fight.
 The one excelling in his nimble Feet,
 And confident in Youth ; the other strong 540
 In Limbs, and Bulk ; but slow with trembling Knees
 He staggers ; and the panting Labour shakes
 His huge-built Trunk. In vain repeated Wounds
 They aim alternate ; On their hollow Flanks 544
 The Strokes redoubled ring ; Their throbbing Breasts
 Are batter'd with loud Noise ; The bandy'd Blows
 Err round their Ears, and Temples ; And beneath
 The rigid Lead their cracking Jaws resound.
 Firm by his Weight in one fix'd Posture stands
Entellus ; with his Body, and quick Eyes 550
 Alone, eluding his Assailant's Strokes.

He,

Ver. 530.----*His double Vest.*] *Duplicem amictum.* Either great, for so *duplex* sometimes signifies ; or double ; or in the Plural, his two Coats : It matters not Which.
 Ver. 551.-----*Eluding his Assailant's Strokes.*] *Exit, i. e. eludit, or ewadit : Tela, i. e. Cestus, Ultro, Ver. 446. Orig.* not of his own accord ; but by the natural Tendency of his Body.
 Ver. 462. *passus* [est] Ver. 467. *Cede Deo* : Either to God ; and *Providence* : Or to a God ; meaning *Eryx*, *Entellus's* Master, who was a Goddess's Son, and Suppos'd to be deify'd Himself : Or perhaps *Entellus* himself,

BOOK 5. VIRGIL'S ÆNEIS. 311

He, like a Warriour, who a lofty Town
 Assaults by Storm, or under Arms besets
 A Castle on a Hill, now These, now Those
 Approaches tries, the Place all round with Art 555
 Exploring; and with various Efforts vain
 Urges his Foe. *Entellus* shews his Arm
 Rais'd high; The other swift foresees the Blow
 Descending from his Head, and nimbly slips
 Aside: *Entellus* on the empty Air 560
 Loses his Strength, and heavy to the Ground
 Falls with vast Weight; As falls an hollow Pine,
 Torn from the Roots, on *Erymanthus*' Top,
 Or lofty *Ida*. Eagerly intent
 The *Trojans*, and *Trinacrian* Youth arise; 565
 Heav'n rings with Shouts: And first *Acestes* ran,
 And from the Ground, commiserating, rais'd
 His Friend of equal Age. But, not dismay'd,
 Nor by his Fall retarded, to the Fight
 The Hero with redoubled Force returns; 570
 Rouses his Strength with Rage; Shame fires his Soul,
 And conscious Worth: O'er all the Field he drives
Dares precipitate; now with the right,
 Now with the left, reit'rating his Blows;

Nor

self, who behav'd like a God, had they not been call'd upon.
 more than like a Man. Ver. 487. I see no necessity
 471. *vocati*; call'd upon, i. e. why *Manu* must signify a Band
 by *Aeneas*. The Force of the of Soldiers. He did it partly
 Word lies in This: They with his own Hand; tho' others
 [*Dares*, and his Friends] were assisted him. Ver. 488. *tra-*
 so mortify'd by their Defeat, *jecto*, i. e. *extenso*, say some:
 that they did not think of the *cui* (I suppose they mean *quo*)
 inferior Prince; and so would *columbae per trajectory est*, say
 have went away without it, others.

VOL. II.

O

Nor Pause, nor Respite: Thick as Hail in Storms 575
 Rattles on Roofs, with such repeated Strokes,
 This way, and That, the Hero with both Hands
 Buffets his Foe; and turns, and whirls him round.
 Then Prince *Æneas* could no farther bear
 Such Fury to proceed, nor see the Rage 580
 Of fierce *Entellus*: But decides the Fight,
 And rescues fainting *Dares*, with These Words
 Consoling him: Unhappy! has so great
 A Frenzy seiz'd thee? Dost thou not perceive
 A Force unequal, and thy Fortune chang'd? 585
 Yield to a God. He said; and with his Voice
 Ended the Combate. Him, with tott'ring Pace
 Trailing his Legs along, on either side
 Swagging his Head, and belching from his Throat
 Thick Clots of Gore, and Teeth commix'd with Blood;
 His Mates, officious to their vanquish'd Friend, 591
 Lead to the Ships: They take the Helm, and Sword;
 And to *Entellus* leave the Bull, and Palm.
 The Victor here exulting in his Prize,
 And proud of Conquest; See, O Goddess-born, 595
 And You, ye *Trojans*, know from hence, what Strength
 My Body in it's youthful Days could boast,
 And from what Death This *Dares* you preserv'd.
 Thus having spoke, against the Bull's stern Front,
 The Conqu'ror's Prize, full opposite he stood; 600
 And just between his Horns, with Arm swung back,
 And rising to the Blow, he pois'd direct
 The massy Gauntlet; and between the Bones
 Deep dash'd it in his Brains: Down falls the Beast,
 Dead, trembling, to the Ground. Then o'er him Thus

The

The Champion speaks : In lieu of *Dares'* Death, 606
Eryx, to thee This better Life I pay ;
 Here Victor I resign my Art, and Arms.

Forthwith *Æneas* to the Sports invites
 All who with feather'd Shafts would try their Skill, 610
 And names the Prizes. With his ample Hand
 He from *Sereftus'* Ship a Mast erects,
 And on it by a Rope suspended ties
 A swift-wing'd Dove ; at which they all should aim
 Their Arrows : They assemble ; and the Lots 615
 Shuffled into a brazen Casque are thrown.
 With fav'ring Shouts *Hippocoon* First appears,
 Offspring of *Hyrtacus* : Then *Mnestheus* Next,

So

Ver. 606. --- In lieu of *Dares'* Death.] should have been paid, or of the Death which is prevented. One would think it should be Life instead of Life, I cannot here forbear transcribing Mr. Dryden's Translation rather than Life instead of Death. But tho' These may seem to be Contraries ; the which no Conclusion can be Sense is the same, whether we say in lieu of the Life which more full, strong, and great :

---- In *Dares'* stead I offer This ;
Eryx, accept a nobler Sacrifice :
 Take the last Gift my wither'd Arms can yield ;
 Thy Gauntlets I resign, and here renounce the Field.

Ver. 615. The Lots, &c.] not of standing, (for That was the same to all) in which each of the Archers should shoot : i. e. whether he should be first, second, or third, &c. which is commonly called in the first, second, or third, Place. None of the Annotators take any notice of This Passage ; which, I think, they might very well have done.

Ver. 616. *Hippocoon*.] *Locus Hippocoonis*. The Lot of each is called *Locus* : because it assigns the place in point of order, O 2 Ver.

So lately Victor in the Naval Strife,
 And crown'd with Olive-Greens : *Eurytion* Third, 620
 Brother to Thee, O *Pandarus* renown'd,
 Who once, commanded to dissolve the League,
 Didst first among the *Grecians* hurl a Dart :
Acestes to the Helmet's bottom sinks,
 The Last ; himself presuming to attempt 625
 The Sports of Youth. Then all with manly strength
 Bend their tough Eugh ; each with his utmost Force ;
 All from their Quivers draw their Shafts : And first
 Shot from the twanging Nerve *Hippocoon's* flies
 Along the Sky, beats the thin liquid Air, 630
 And on the Body of the Mast adverse
 Stands fix'd : The Mast, and frighted Bird at once
 Tremble ; And all the Cirque with Shouts resounds.
 Next eager *Mnestheus* with his bended Bow
 Stands ready, and his Eyes and Arrow aim'd 635
 Directs to Heav'n ; yet could not reach the Dove
 Her self, unfortunate ; but cut the Knots,
 And

Ver. 619. *So lately Victor*
in the Naval Strife.] *De La*
Cerda, and Others, will have
 it, that *Mnestheus* was Conque-
 rour in the strictest and first
 Sense ; because *Claonibus* con-
 quered by the Sea-Gods, not by
 Himself. But it is very strange
 that a Man should cease to be
 a Conqueror, because he hath
 the immediate Assistance of di-
 vine Power. At This rate,
Aeneas did not conquer *Turnus*.
 Others say, *Victor*, i. e. Vic-
 tor *secundus*, or *Victor duorum* :
 And That doubtless is the Sense :

But, I confess, it is not very
 good Sense ; and I wish *Virgil*
 had made choice of another
 Word. According to This, they
 were all Victors, except One.

Ver. 627. *With his utmost.*]
 By *Pro se quisque* is meant *pro*
virili sua, &c. each according
 to his Power.

Ver. 636. *To Heav'n.*] That
 is the Meaning of *alta petens*.
 Ver. 513. Orig. *contenta* for in-
 tenta level'd, and directed upon
 the Bow. Ver. 443. *inreditur*.
 See the Note on Book I. Ver. 54.

And hempen Ligaments, in which she hung
 Ty'd by the Feet upon the lofty Mast :
 She flies into the Winds, and dusky Clouds. 640
Eurytion then impatient, and long since
 Holding his ready Bow, and fitted Steel,
 Invokes his Brother ; and, in open Air
 Seeing the Dove now shake her sounding Wings,
 Transfixes her amidst the Clouds : The Bird 645
 Falls dead, and leaves her Life among the Stars ;
 And, tumbling, in her Body brings him back
 His sticking Arrow. The victorious Palm
 Thus lost, *Acestes* now alone remains ;
 Yet throws a Shaft into the empty Air, 650
 Shewing at once his Art, and sounding Bow.
 Here to their Eyes a Prodigy appears,
 Sudden, important : Which in after-times
 The great Event declar'd ; And Prophets skill'd
 In Augury, and dire Portents, tho' late, 655
 Explain'd the Omen. For in liquid Clouds
 The flying Arrow kindled ; mark'd its Way
 With Flames ; and vanish'd in the fleeting Winds.

A

Ver. 651. *Shewing at once his Art, and sounding Bow.*]
Shewing it ; i. e. *offering* it, or
making a shew of it. Tho'
 he was sensible that nothing
 was now to be done ; yet he shot
 his Arrow into the Air, &c.

Ver. 657. *The flying Arrow kindled.*] The Commentators
 imagine This to be a Prognostick
 of the Burning of the Ships,
 which happened just afterwards.
 But this is a mere Conjecture ;

and I rather think *Virgil* him-
 self meant not, and consequently
 did not intend we should under-
 stand, any thing *particular* by
 it. 'Tis a solemn Amusement ;
 and That's enough ; and Ig-
 norance in some things is more
 entertaining than Knowledge.
 Here is the Prodigy it self ; and
 That is sufficient. The Poet does
 not interpret it : And we may
 either interpret it as we please,
 or not interpret it at all.

As Stars oft falling draw a fiery Trail
 Of Hair, and whizzing shoot along the Sky. 660
 Amaz'd the *Trojans*, and *Trinacrians* stand,
 And pray the Gods: Nor does th' illustrious Chief
 Refuse the Omen; but embracing close
 Joyful *Acestes*, loads him with his Gifts
 Magnificently great, and Thus proceeds. 665
 Father, take you the Prize; For Heav'n's high King
 To You, by such auspicious Signs reveal'd,
 Honour above the common Lot decrees,
 This Present of *Anchises*' self receive,

A

Ver. 659. *As Stars oft falling, &c.*] *Refixa*; i. e. *cadentia*. The Nature of This Fourth Game is such, that it does not, like the rest, admit of various *Turns* and *Traverses*, to keep the Event long doubtful. Each of the Archers must *hit*, or *miss*; and there can be no intermediate Difference, but that One comes nearer to the Mark, than Another. *Virgil* therefore has given it all the agreeable Variety and Surprize, of which it is capable. The Sport still rises, as I said, in a Climax of Performances: Every one being still greater, than that which went before it. The first Marksman lodges his Arrow in the Mast; The Second cuts the Cord by which the Dove was ty'd: And the Third shoots her

flying. As for the Fourth, there is nothing left for Him to do; and yet he carries the Prize. How That comes to pass, I need not repeat: I only observe, that it is most curiously contrived to raise Admiration. One Thing particularly distinguishes This Game from all the rest. Here is no mention of the several Rewards given to the several Antagonists, except the First; tho' they all performed so well; And the Observation it self contains the Reason. It distinguishes This from the rest; and That is Reason sufficient. Variety must always be study'd by Those who write to please. The Description of the Whole is most beautiful. Only I take notice that we have

---- *Malo suspendit ab alto:*

---- *Malo pendeat ab alto:* And

---- *Caelo dejecit ab alto,*

a little too near together. Had *Virgil* lived to finish his Work; corrected some few things, even in the first Six Books, which it is very likely he would have are the most correct,

BOOK 5. VIRGIL'S ÆNEIS. 317

A Bowl emboss'd with Figures, which long since 670

Threïcian Cisseus to my Father gave,

To old *Anchises* ; as a lasting Pledge,

And Monument of Friendship. Thus he spoke ;

And with a verdant Laurel crown'd his Head ;

And to *Acestes* gave the Victor's Name. 675

Nor did the good *Eurytion* disallow

That Preference of Honour ; tho' himself

Alone transfix'd the Bird among the Clouds.

The Next Reward to Him is giv'n, who cut

The hempen Ligaments ; the Fourth, to him 680

Who lodg'd his feather'd Arrow in the Mast.

But good *Æneas*, having not dismiss'd

As yet the solemn Sports, *Epitydes*

The Governor of young *Iulus* calls,

And whispers Thus into his faithful Ear. 685

Go ; bid *Ascanius*, if his Troop of Boys

Be ready, and his Steeds prepar'd for View,

Bring to his Grandfire's Tomb his young Brigade ;

And shew Himself in Arms. Thus having spoke,

He bids retire, and form a Circuit wide 690

The

Ver. 686. *Go, bid Ascanius, if his Troop of Boys, &c.*] This Militia of Boys, being in great Repute among the *Romans*, in the Times of *Julius*, and *Augustus Cæsar*, and supposed to be derived from the *Trojans*, is most artfully and judiciously introduced by the Poet upon This Occasion, as commanded by *Ascanius*. This, of all the Descriptions, is perhaps the most laboured : It is wrought up

with exquisite Care ; and shines in the Perfection of Beauty.

Ver. 690. *A Circuit wide.*] *Decedere* [e] *Circo* ; and so make a Ring ---- *Campos jubet esse patentes*. Had I Authority, instead of *longo*, I would read *lato* ; the former being scarce good Sense. As it is ; I have ventur'd to depart from the Letter of the Original. Ver. 563. Orig. *Un* [incedit] *acies* &c.

The mingled Croud ; and clears the spacious Field,
 The Striplings march in Ranks, and shine alike
 On manag'd Steeds before their Parents' Eyes ;
 Them, as they go, with Murmurs of Applause
 The *Trojan* and *Trinacrian* Youth admire : 695
 All had their Hair, by Rite accustom'd, press'd
 With Garlands shorn : All bore two cornel Spears
 Prefix'd, and sharpen'd with a Point of Steel ;
 Some smooth light Quivers on their Shoulders wore ;
 And o'er their Breasts, about their Necks, hung down
 A winding Circle of obtorted Gold. 701
 Three Troops of Horse are form'd ; Three Chiefs ride
 round ;
 And following each of These twelve Warriour Boys,
 In Corps distinct, with equal Leaders, shine.
 One youthful Band exulting *Priam* led, 705
 Bearing his Grandfire's Name ; thy Princely Son,
Polites, destin'd after to increase
 Th' *Italians* ; Him a *Thracian* Courser bore
 Distinct with Spots ; his Fore-feet mark'd with White,
 His

Ver. 704. *In Corps distinct*, &c.] I am far from allowing a great *Licence* in adopting Words from foreign Languages, especially from the *French*, into our Heroic Poetry. But *Corps* is almost become *English* : And the *Latin* has such a Variety of military Words of this Kind (as *Agmen*, *Turma*, *Coborti*, *Caterva*, and many more) and the *English* so few which are Poetical ; that in This Case the Liberty which I

have taken is, I hope, pardonable

Ver. 709. *His Fore-feet.*] *Vestigia primi pedis* ; i. e. *anteriorum pedum*. The Conjecture of *De La Cerda* that *primi* signifies *dextri* is improbable. *Vestigia pedum* for *pedes ipsi*, qui *vestigia* imprimunt. Those Words *Vestigia primi alba pedis* should be in a Parenthesis. Ver. 575. Orig. *pavidus* (like *trepidus* very often) means Sollicitude for Fame, not Fear.

BOOK 5. VIRGIL's *ÆNEIS*. 319

His snow-white Forehead toſs'd aloft in Air. 710

Atys the Next ; from whom the *Attian* Race
Of *Romans* come ; *Atys*, the beauteous Boy,

And by the young *Iulus* lov'd : The Laſt,
And graceful in his Bloom, above them All,

Iulus ſhines on his *Sidonian* Steed, 715

Which faireſt *Dido* gave him as a Pledge,
And Monument of Love. The other Youths
Ride on *Trinacrian* Courſers of the King,

Aged *Aceſtes*.

The *Trojans* with Applauſe receive their Sons 720

Anxious for Fame ; delight to ſee them march,
And in their Childrens Looks their Parents trace.

When all th' Aſſembly, and their Father's Eyes,
Proud on their ſtately Steeds, they had ſurvey'd ;

To Them prepar'd *Epitydes* from far 725

Loud with a Shout, and with his ſounding Laſh,

The Signal gave : They equally divide ;

The three commanders open their Brigades

In ſep'rate Bodies ; ſtrait recall'd they wheel

Their Courſe, and onwards bear their hoſtile Darts. 730

Then diff'rent Traverſes, on various Ground,

And diff'rent Counter-traverſes they form ;

Orbs within Orbs alternately involve,

And raiſe th' Effigy of a Fight in Arms.

Now ſhew their Backs in Flight ; Now furious turn

Their

Ver. 730. Onwards ---- bear
their hoſtile Darts.] *Infestaque*
tela tulere. *Ruæus* interprets
tulere by *immifere*, hurled or
flung them at one another. But
That is a new Signification of
fero. Ver. 585. Orig. *Impe-*
diunt ; i. e. *intercunt*, *implicant*.

Ver. 735. Now ſhew, &c.]
Some read *terga fugæ nudant* ;
interpreting *nudant* by *præbent* :
But how that can be, I know
not. I read *fugæ* ; and take
nudant for *ostendunt* : A thing
being ſhewn by being naked,
Q 5

Their Darts ; Now all in Peace together ride. 736
 As when in lofty *Crete* (so Fame reports)
 The Labyrinth of old in winding Walls
 A mazy Way inclos'd, a thousand Paths
 Ambiguous, and perplex'd ; by which the Steps 740
 Should, by an Errour intricate, untrac'd
 Be still deluded : So the *Trojan* Boys
 Inextricable Motions shift, in Sport
 Flying, or fighting ; As when Dolphins cut
 The *Libyan*, or *Carpathian*, skimming o'er 745
 The liquid Deep, and wanton in the Waves.
 These Tilts, This mimick War, *Ascanius* first,
 When with it's Walls long *Alba* he inclos'd,
 Renew'd, and to the ancient *Latins* taught ;
 Which, when a Boy, himself, and his Compeers 750
 Of *Trojan* Race, had solemnly perform'd :
 The *Albans* taught it Theirs : Hence mighty *Rome*
 In order next receiv'd it ; and preserv'd
 Her Founder's Honour : and the Striplings now
Troy, or the *Trojan* Regiment, are call'd. 755
 Thus far to his Celestial Sire were paid
 The

Ver. 740. By which the Steps, &c.] I take *signa sequendi* to mean no more than *vestigia*. Ver. 601. Orig. *Patrium honorem* may mean either their Country's Honour ; or the Honour derived from their Fathers. The last is best. Ver. 598, 599. *priscos docuit celebrare* [ea] &c. Quo puer ipse modo [celebraverat ea.]
 Ver. 756. Thus far to his celestial Sire, &c.] From Sports and Diversions here is a sudden Change to the most disastrous Incident imaginable. *Virgil* shews his Judgment in nothing more than in Transitions, in diversifying his Scenes, and alternately raising and depressing the Mind of his Reader. Of This we have already given some Instances ; and shall have Occasion to take Notice of more.

The celebrated Games : Here Fortune first
Inconstant prov'd. While various solemn Sports
Honour his Tomb ; down to the Trojan Fleet
Saturnian Juno Iris sends from Heav'n,

763
And

Ver. 757, 758. Here Fortune first Inconstant prov'd.] it, we cannot but take particular Notice of the Machine of Juno and Iris ; This being an Event of so great Importance : The present Disposition of Mind, and Turn of Thought in the Trojan Women, by which they were more easy to be worked up to what followed ;

*Amisum Anchisen flebant, cunctæque profundum
Pontum aspiciabant flentes. Heu tot vada fessis.
Et tantum superesse maris ! vox omnibus una ;
Urbem orant ; tædet pelagi perferre laborem :*

The artful Speech of Iris, takes grees by which they were
king Advantage of such Their wound up to such a pitch of
Disposition : The several De- Madnefs :

*Hæc memorans, prima infensum vi corripit ignem,
Sublatæque procul dextra connixa coruscant,
Et jacit. Arrectæ mentes, stupescitque corda
Iliadum : ----*

And after old Pyrgo's Speech ;

*At matres primo ancipites, oculisque malignis
Ambiguae spectare rates, &c.
Cum Dea se paribus per cælum sustulit alis,
Ingentemque fuga secuit sub nubibus arcum.
Tum vero attonitæ monstris, atque furore
Conclamant, rapiuntque focis penetralibus ignem, &c.*

The unexpected agreeable Return of our Ideas to the Scene of the Sports at Anchises' Tomb, and the dismal Prospect of the Fire from thence ; The Rapidity of Ascanius in galloping away towards it, before all the rest ; and throwing his Helmet upon the Ground, &c.

---Nec exanimis possunt retinere magistri.
----- En ego vester
Ascanius. Galeam ante pedes projecit inanem,
Qua ludo indutus belli simulacra ciebat :

And breathes the Winds to speed her airy Course,
 Much in her Thoughts revolving : Nor was yet
 Her ancient Vengeance glutted in her Breast.
 The Virgin, seen by none, with wingy Speed
 Shoots thro' a thousand Colours of her Bow ;
 Sees the vast Concourse, and surveys the Strand,
 The Ports deserted, and th' abandon'd Fleet.
 But at a distance, on the Shore retir'd,
 The Trojan Dames bewail'd Anchises lost ;
 All fix'd their weeping Eyes upon the Sea ;
 So much (alas !) so much of Ocean still
 To be o'erpass'd by Us, already tir'd
 With Voyaging ! was all their gen'ral Cry :
 A City they implore ; and loath, and dread

765

770

The

The Shame, Guilt, Fear and Confusion of the Women skulking into Corners : The fine Transition from Their Fury

abating to That of the Fire increasing, and the Description of it in These most elegant Lines ;

*Sed non idcirco flammæ atque incendia vires
 Indomitas posuere : udo sub robore vivit
 Stupa, vomens tardum fumum ; lentusque carinas
 Est vapor, & toto descendit corpore pestis :*

The Distress of the Hero, and his pathetic Prayer ; The sudden Storm of Rain, and the Extinguishing of the Fire no less beautifully described than it's Burning before ; The Advice of Nautes seconded by That of Anchises' Ghost ; The prudent and important Resolution taken upon it ; The Lamentation of Those who were left behind, and the tender Parting of Them and Their Friends ;

*Exoritur procurva ingens per littora fletus ;
 Complexi inter se noctemque diemque morantur :
 Ipsæ jam matres, ipsi, quibus aspera quondam
 Visa maris facies, & non tolerabile numen,
 Ire volunt, omnemque fugæ perferre laborem :*

Every one of which Circumstances is either important, or delightful, or both ; and all of them most elegantly and judiciously managed.

Ver. 768, ----- On the Shore retir'd.]

BOOK 5. VIRGIL'S *ÆNEIS*. 323

The tedious Deep. She therefore, not unskill'd 775
In Mischief, flings her self into the Midst,
And lays aside her Goddess' Mien, and Dress ;
Chang'd into *Berœe*, the aged Wife
Of *Doryclus*, deriv'd from *Thracian* Blood,
For Ancestors and Offspring once renown'd ; 780
And Thus among the *Trojan* Matrons speaks.

O Miserable ! whom the Warriour *Greeks*
Drag'd not to Death before your native Walls ;
O Wretched Nation ! What disastrous Fate
Is still for thee reserv'd ? Sev'n Summers now, 785
After the Ruin of unhappy *Troy*,
Are roll'd ; since We all Lands, so many Rocks
Inhospitable, and so many Stars
Have measur'd : while upon the boundless Deep
We roam, and flying *Italy* pursue, 790
'Toss'd on the Waves. Behold These kindred Realms
Of *Eryx* ; and *Acestes* to our Toils
Indulgent : What forbids us here to fix
Our Rest, and give our Citizens a Seat ?
O my lov'd Country ! and her Gods in vain 795
Rescu'd from hostile Rage ! Shall then no Walls
Be ever giv'n to *Troy* ? Shall then these Eyes
Never again *Hæclorean* Rivers see,
Xanthus, and *Simöis* ? But come, and burn
These luckless Ships, with Me : For in my Dream 800
The Prophetess *Cassandra's* Ghost appear'd,
Seeming to give me flaming Brands : Here seek

Your

retir'd.] I do not remember to have met with the Word *Ac-
ta* (Shore) in any place, but This. It is from the Greek *ἀκτὴ*. Ver. 780. For Ancestors, &c.] *Nomen, natiq̃ue fuissent.* I confess the Poets take great Liberty in putting one Tense for another,

Your *Troy*, she cry'd ; This is your Mansion : Now
 Th' Occasion pushes on the great Event ;
 Nor are such Prodigies delay'd ; Behold 805
Neptune's four Altars here ; The God himself
 Gives Fire, and Resolution. Speaking Thus,
 She first impetuous snatch'd, and with her Hand
 On high uplifted, at a distance wav'd,
 And hurl'd the flaming Mischief : In suspense 810
 Arrest, the *Trojan* Matrons stand aghast.
 Here One, the first, the eldest of them all,
Pyrgo, the Royal Nurse of *Priam's* Sons
 So numerous ; Think not that here you see
Rhæteian Berœe, the Consort once 815
 Of *Doryclus* : Observe the Marks Divine
 Of Beauty ; see the Lightning of her Eyes,
 See what her Spirit, what her Looks, and Voice,
 And what her Mien, and manner, as she walks.
 My self, long since, left *Berœe* confin'd 820
 By Sicknefs, and with Indignation griev'd
 That She alone This Festival should want,
 Nor pay the Honours to *Anchises* due.
 Thus She.

But with malignant Ken the *Trojan* Dames 825
 Uncertain first, and doubtful, eye the Ships ;
 Doubtful, betwixt the fond unlucky Love
 Of present Mansions, and the Realms by Fate
 Inviting : When, uprais'd on even Wings,
 The Goddess mounts into the Air, and cuts 830
 Her Bow of spacious Arch beneath the Clouds.

But

ther.* But *fuisse* for *fuerunt*, [it. Had I the Authority of an
 or even for *fuerant*, seems ve- Editor, I would make it *fue-*
 ry much strained, especially *runt* ; and so put an End to the
 since there is no Occasion for Dispute.

Ver. 830, 831. ---- Cuts Her Bow, &c.]

Ingentemque fuga secuit sub nubibus arcum.

But at the Prodigy amaz'd, and driv'n
 To Madness, from the consecrated Hearths,
 Shrieking, they snatch the Fire; the Altars spoil; 834
 Throw Boughs, and Shrubs, and Brands: With loosen'd
 Among the Benches *Vulcan* rages fierce, [Reins
 Among the Oars, and Decks of painted Fir.
Eumelus to the woody Theatre,
 And old *Anchises'* Tomb, the Tidings brings,
 The Ships are burning; And Themselves behold 840
 The Smoke, and flying Cinders, in the Sky.
 And first *Ascanius*, as he led in pomp
 His Horse-Brigade, swift spurs his rapid Steed,
 Just as he was, directly to the Tents
 Confus'd; Nor could his Governors, half dead 845
 With Fear, detain Him: What new Frenzy's This,
 O miserable Citizens? He cry'd:
 Whither? ah! whither would you? Not the Ships
 Of hostile *Greeks*, but your own Hopes you burn;
 Me, your *Ascanius* here behold. This said, 850
 He flung his empty Helmet at his Feet,
 With which in Sport He rais'd the mimic War.
Æneas too, and all the *Trojan* Troops
 Together haste: The Matrons, on the Shore,
 Fly diverse, struck with Fear; and skulking seek 855
 The Woods, and Caves; Their Enterprize they loath,
 And

For *secuit*, *Ruæus* renders *fig-* through it. Ver. 663. Orig.
navit: But that is a Sense in *pictas puppes* [factas ex] *abiete*.
 which the Word is no where Ver. 855, 856. ---- Skulking
 used, that I know of. I am seek the Woods and Caves.]
 wholly of *De La Cerda's* Opin- There is a Prettiness in *ficubi*
 ion, that it is to be taken lit- not to be expressed in English.
 erally, in the Geometrical They seek them; *ficubi*, *fi*
 Sense; *A Line cuts a Circle*; *alicubi*, or *ubicunque* sunt.
 and She cuts here by flying

And conscious shun the Light ; Now chang'd, they own
 Their Country, and their Friends : And *Juno* flies
 Driv'n from their Breasts. Yet not for that does aught
 The fiery Tempest of it's Force, and Rage 860
 Abate : Beneath the warping Timber lives
 The smouldring Tow, and vomits lazy Smoke ;
 A lingring Vapour eats the Ships, and o'er
 The Fleet's whole Bulk the pitchy Plague descends.
 Nor does the Labour of the Heroes aught 865
 Avail, nor Rivers pour'd upon the Flames.
 Then good *Æneas* from his Shoulders rends
 His Robe, invokes th' Assistance of the Gods,
 And stretches out his Hands. Almighty *Jove*,
 If all the *Trojans* be not to a Man 870
 By Thee as yet abhor'd ; If human Toils
 Thy long experienc'd Goodness aught regards ;
 This flaming Ruin, Father, from our Ships
 Remove, and save the little State of *Troy* :
 Or, what alone remains, here strike me dead, 875
 Transfix'd with Lightning, if I so deserve ;
 And crush me with thy own avenging Hand.
 He scarce had spoke ; When black with rushing Rain
 A Tempest rag'd enormous, and the Hills
 And

Ver. 872. *Thy long experienc'd Goddes, &c.*] *Pietas antiqua*. To refer This to the Piety of the *Trojans* (as Some do) is intolerably harsh : To understand it, with *Servius*, of Piety which is gone from Earth to Heaven (alluding to *Astræa*, I suppose) is better : But I rather take it, with *Ruæus*, as I have rendered it. *Pietas* is a Word of a most extensive Signification in *Latin* ; tho' Piety

in *English* is not so. To apply *Piety* to the supreme God would be strangely absurd : But *Mercy*, or *Goodness* is often signify'd by *Pietas*.

Ver. 879. *A Tempest rag'd enormous.*] *Tempestas sine more furit* : i. e. *sine modo*, and *extra morem solitum*. So Book VIII. ---- *raptas sine more Sabinas*. Ver. 697. Orig. *Super* for *Desuper*.

And Fields with Thunder shook; O'er all the Sky 880
A Show'r with Water dark, and thicken'd Winds,
Turbid descends: The Vessels from above
Are fill'd; The half-burnt Timber drench'd; 'Till all
The Vapour stops extinct; And all the Ships,
Four only lost, are from the Pest preserv'd. 885

Struck to the Heart at this disastrous Chance,
The Trojan Chief now This, now That, revolves
Within his Breast; uncertain in his Cares,
Whether in *Sicily* he should reside,
Forgetful of the Fates; or seek the Coasts 890

Of *Italy*. The aged *Nautæ*, taught
Alone by *Pallas*, and with pow'rful Art
Illustrious made, This Oracle pronounc'd,
Explaining what the mighty Wrath of Heav'n
Portended, or the Scheme of Fates requir'd. 895

He then *Æneas* with consoling Words
Bespeaks: O Goddess-born, where-e'er the Fates
Call, or recall us, let us follow still;
Whate'er it be, all Fortune is subdu'd
By Patience. You have here of Race Divine 900
Trojan Acestes; Him, your willing Friend,
The Partner of your Cares and Counsels take:
To Him deliver Those who now remain
Superfluous from your Vessels lost, and Those
Who weary loath your glorious Enterprize, 905
And great Affairs; the aged Sires, and Dames,
Sick

Ver. 891. 892. ---- Taught | the Fates call, or recall us, &c.]
Alone by *Pallas*, &c.] That | Let but *Fata* signify the Di-
is, He was the only Person | vine Providence; and what
there present who was so gifted | Christian could teach us a Les-
by *Pallas*. *Unum* for *Præci-* | son more moral, and religious?
pium is too great a Strain. | Ver. 706. Orig. *responsa dabat*

Ver. 897, 898. ---- Where-e'er | [indicantia] vel quæ, &c.

Sick of the Sea ; and whatfoe'er is weak,
 Or timorous of Danger : Sever These
 From all the rest ; And let them on These Coasts
 Fatigu'd possess their Walls : The City's Name 910
Acesta, by Permission, shall be call'd.

This Counsel of his aged Friend inflames
 His Breast ; which still a thousand Thoughts divide :
 And Night, now driving on her sable Car,
 Possess'd the Pole : When suddenly the Form 915
 Of old *Anchises* seem'd to slide from Heav'n ;
 And from his awful Mouth These Accents fell.
 My Son, more dear to me than Life, while Life
 Remain'd ; my Son inur'd to *Trojan* Fates ;
 Hither I come, dispatch'd by Sov'reign *Jove*, 920
 Who sav'd the Remnant of your Fleet from Fire,
 And from high Heav'n at last Compassion shew'd.
 Yield to the wise Advice which *Nautes* gives,
 Mature in Age ; and to th' *Italian* Coast
 Transport the chosen Youth, the bravest Souls. 925
 A Nation hardy, and of Manners rough,
 Must by your Arms in *Latium* be subdu'd.
 But visit first th' Infernal Courts of *Dis*,
 And thro' profound *Avernus* come, my Son,
 To my Embraces : For the impious Gloom 930
 Of *Tartarus* accurs'd, and dreary Shades
 Detain not Me ; But in th' *Elysian* Fields,
 And happy Regions of the Blest I dwell.
 Thither with copious Blood of Victims black
 The Virgin *Sibyl* shall conduct you ; There 935
 Your future Progeny, and Walls by Fate
 Allotted, you shall learn. And now farewell :
 The dewy Night rolls on her middle Course ;

And

And with his panting Steeds the rising Sun
 Severe has breath'd upon me. Thus he said, 940
 And flew, like Smoke, into the fleeting Air.
 Whither, so sudden, do you whirl away?
 Æneas cry'd: Whom do you fly? Or who
 Drives you from my Embraces? Having spoke,
 He wakes the Embers, and the sleeping Fire; 945
 And with a holy Cake, and Censer fill'd,
 The Trojan Lar, and aged Vesta's Shrine
 Suppliant adores. Forthwith he calls his Friends,
 The chief Acestes; and to them relates
 What Jove commanded, what his much-lov'd Sire 950
 Advis'd, and what Himself had now resolv'd.
 Not intricate, or long was the Debate:
 Nor does Acestes Those Commands refuse.
 They separate the Matrons for the Town;
 And leave the willing Populace behind, 955
 Souls nought desirous of immortal Fame.
 Themselves renew their Benches, and replace
 Their half-burnt Planks upon their Vessels, fit
 Their Oars, and Cables; Few, but brave in War.
 Mean-while Æneas with a Plough describes 960
 The City's Limits; and by Lot assigns
 The Houses; Ilium, and the Seat of Troy
 He fixes here: Rejoycing in his Realm
 Trojan Acestes a new Court ordains,
 Summons the Fathers, and dispenses Laws. 965
 Then to Idalian Venus, on the Top
 Of Eryx' Mount, a Temple near the Stars

Is

Ver. 954. They separate the Matrons, &c.] Transcribunt among the Romans, apply'd to Colonies, or Persons transfer-
 urbi matres. Transcribere in red from one Country to another.
 This Sense was a Law-Word

Is founded ; and a spacious sacred Grove,
And Priest, are added to *Anchises'* Tomb.

And now both Nations nine whole Days had spent
In Feasts ; and Honour to the Altars paid : 971
Soft Breezes smooth'd the Sea ; and Southern Gales
Frequent again invite them to the Deep :

A loud Lament along the winding Shore
Arises : And embracing, Night, and Day, 975
Each other they detain : The Dames themselves,

And Those, to whom e'erwhile the Ocean's Face
Seem'd rough, and insupportable it's Gods,
Now willingly would go, and all the Toil
Of Flight endure. Them good *Æneas* cheers 980

With friendly Words ; and to *Acestes*, sprung
Of kindred Lineage, weeping recommends.
Three Calves to *Eryx*, to the Storms a Lamb
He then commands to sacrifice, and loose
The Cables all in order from the Shore. 985

Himself with Olive-Foliage shorn entwines
His Head ; and standing on the distant Deck,
A Goblet holds, and on the briny Deep
Scatters the Entrails, pouring purest Wine.
A Gale, behind their Stern fresh springing, speeds 990
Their Course ; The Crew with emulation fir'd
Dash the green Waves, and sweep the curling Foam.

But *Venus*, exercis'd, mean-while, with Cares,
Addresses *Neptune* Thus, and Thus complains.

The

Ver. 995. *The restless Malice, and insatiate Soul, &c.*] ers, nor Flourishes ; For the
This Speech of *Venus* to *Nep-* greatest part is Matter of Fact,
tune is another Instance of such and plain Narration : Yet it is
easy Writing, as it is not easy very beautiful ; because every
to imitate. Here are no Flow- thing is proper, just, and na-
tural, and at the same time
elegant :

The restless Malice, and insatiate Soul
Of *Juno*, force me, *Neptune*, to descend
To all Intreaties. Her no Length of Time,
No Piety can soften ; Nor subdu'd
By *Jove's* Command, nor by the Doom of Fate,
Does she desist. For Her 'twas not enough
With Hate unutterable to consume
The City from amidst the *Phrygian* Race,
And thro' all Kinds of Punishment to drag
It's Relicks : Ev'n the Ashes, and the Bones
Of ruin'd *Troy* she persecutes : The Cause
Of so much Fury She, no doubt, must know.
Your self can witness for me, on the Waves
Of *Libya* what a Hurricane of late
She rais'd, and mingled all the Sea with Heav'n,
Confiding

elegant: The Speech throughout being like the Goddess who speaks it, when she is *simplex munditiis*. *Neptune's* Answer likewise is chiefly Matter of Fact; but wonderfully great and noble. As it is an Allusion to some of the Transactions of *Homer's Iliad*; there is nothing in *Virgil* which has so much of the Air of *Homer*, or so nearly resembles his Style and Manner, as This Speech, the Introduction to it, and the Description after it.

*Tum Saturnius hæc domitor maris edidit æli.
Fas omne est, Cytherea, meiste fidere regnis,
Unde genus ducis : merui quoque ; sæpe furor
Compressi, & rabiem tantam cœlique marisque.
Nec minor in ternis (Xanthum, Simoëntaque testor)
Æneæ mibi cura tui. Cum Troia Achilles
Exanimata sequens impingeret agmina muris,
Millia multa doret leto, gomerentque repleti
Amnes, nec reperire viam, atque evolvere posset
In Mare se Xanthus, &c.
Subsident undæ, tumidumque sub axe tonanti
Sternitur æquor aquis, fugiunt vasto æthere nimbi.
Tum varia Comitum facies, &c.*

This last Description is almost a Translation of That of the 13th *Iliad*; and I know not whether the *Greek* or the *Latin* be the more noble.

Confiding vainly in th' *Æolian* Storms ; 1010
 'This in your Realms presuming.
 Oh Shame ! and Guilt ! Ev'n Now the *Trojan* Dames,
 Urg'd on by Her, have burnt the Fleet, and forc'd
 Their Friends to leave them in a Land unknown.
 What yet remains ; permit them, I implore, 1015
 To fail in safety o'er your Waves, and reach
Laurentian *Tyber's* Mouth : if I request
 Things lawful ; if the Fates Those Walls allow.
 To whom the Sov'reign of the Deep reply'd :
 You, *Cytheréan* Goddess, may expect 1020
 ('Tis all but just) whate'er my Realms can give,
 Which gave you Birth ; and I too have deserv'd
 Such Confidence : Oft have I curb'd the Rage,
 And wild Confusion of the Seas and Sky.
 Nor less employ'd by Land (I here attest) 1025
Xanthus, and *Simöis*) has been my Care
 For your *Æneas* : When *Achilles* dash'd
 In close Pursuit th' astoni'd *Trojan* Troops
 Against the Walls, and many Thousands sent
 To *Pluto* ; when th' encumber'd Rivers groan ; 1030
 And *Xanthus* could not work his Way, nor wind
 Himself into the Sea ; *Æneas* then
 'Gain'st *Peleus'* mighty Son engag'd, with Gods,
 And Strength unequal, in a hollow Cloud
 I rescu'd ; tho' I labour'd to o'erturn 1035
 What my self built, the Walls of perjur'd *Troy*.
 And still the same my purpose fix'd remains :
 Fear not ; He safe shall reach th' *Avernian* Port,
 Which

Ver. 1015. ---- Permit them,] dare tibi tuta vela, &c.
 I implore, &c.] Liceat (illis)]

Which you desire : One only there shall be,
Whom he shall seek upon the Ocean lost ; 1040
One Life for Many shall be giv'n.

When with these Words the awful Sire had cheer'd
The Goddeſs, and reliev'd her Breast with Joy ;
His wild Sea-Steeds he joins in Harnesſ, adds
The foaming Bridles, and diffuſes all 1045
The flowing Reins : In his cerulean Car
Lightly he ſkims the Surface of the Deep :
The Waves ſubſide ; The ſwelling Sea lies ſmooth
Beneath the thund'ring Axle ; And the Clouds
Fly from the vaſt Horizon. Various then 1050
The Forms of his Retinue ; Monſtrous Whales,
Old Glaucus' Train, Palæmon Ino's Son,
The nimble Tritons, and all Phorcus' Band ;
Tethis, and Melite upon the left,
Neſæe, Spio, and Cymodoce, 1055
Thalia, and the Virgin Panopea.

Here Prince Æneas' thoughtful Mind ſoft Joy
Alternate ſooths : He gives Command with ſpeed
To raiſe the Maſts, with Yards to ſtretch the Sails ;

At

Ver 1059. ----- With Yards Yards ſtretch'd along the Sails.
to ſtretch the Sails.] So Ruſus By the Words at once, I mean
(as well as all others) explains what Virgil does by *una* ; not
intendi brachia velis in his referring it to the ſeveral Ac-
Notes, [*brachia* for *antennas*] tions he ſpeaks of in point of
and yet in his Interpretation Time : For That would be a
renders it *admoveſe manus ad* Contradiſtion ; They would
wela. *Intendi brachia velis* may then ſack to the right and left
perhaps be an Hypallage for at the ſame Time. But the
intendi vela brachii : Tho' the Meaning is ; the Men in each
litteral Expreſſion will do. In Diviſion, aſt one and all, or
the one, the Sails ſtretch'd by all Hands aloft, as the Sailors.
the Yards : In the other, the ſpeak. *Torquent cornua, detor-*
quentque

At once They tug the Haulsers all ; at once 1060
 The left side now unfurl, and now the right,
 Now This, now That way, tack at once : The Fleet
 With it's own Breezes smoothly ploughs the Waves.
 Before them all, first *Palinurus* leads
 Th' embody'd Line ; The rest commanded steer 1065
 Their Course to Him. And now the dewy Night
 Had almost reach'd Heav'n's middle Arch : The Crew,
 On the hard Benches stretch'd beneath their Oars,
 Relax'd their weary Limbs with pleasing Rest.
 When, sliding from the Sky, like *Somnus* cuts 1070
 The dusky Air, and dissipates the Shades ;
 Thee *Palinure*, he seeks ; to guiltless Thee
 Bringing dire Dreams : High on the lofty Deck
 He fate, in *Phorbas*' Shape ; and Thus he spoke.
Iälian Palinure, the Seas themselves 1075
 Conduct the Fleet ; The even Breezes breathe ;
 An Hour to rest is given ; Recline thy Head,
 And from their Labour steal thy weary Eyes ;
 My self a while will execute thy Charge.
 To whom, scarce lifting up his heavy Lids, 1080
 Thus *Palinure* replies : And wouldst thou then
 Persuade me not to know the Ocean's Face

In

quentque : i. e. turn them sometimes one way, sometimes another. In the next Verses, *fecere pedem*, tacked about ; *Pes* the Rope by which the Sails are turned ; *Sinus* the Sails ; *Cornua* the Ends of the Sail-Yards.

Ver. 1063. *With it's own Breezes*, &c.] As *sua* for *pro-*

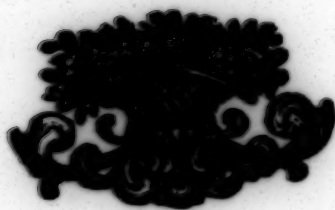
spera is no Idiom of the *Tongue*, but an Elegancy peculiar in *Idea* ; I see no Reason why it is not as well in *English* as in *Latin* : and therefore I have rendered it literally. *Their own Winds*, that is, such as they *wished* and *wanted*, such as *fit* them, and suit their Convenience.

In Calms? And in This Monster to confide?
 What! Shall I trust *Æneas* to the false
 Uncertain Winds? I, who so oft have try'd 1085
 The faithless Promise of th' unclouded Sky?
 He said; And sticking to the Rudder fast,
 Held it, and gaz'd intent upon the Stars.
 The God then o'er his Temples shakes a Bough
 Wet with *Lethæan* Dew, and steep'd in *Styx*; 1090
 And, as he strives, dissolves his swimming Eyes.
 Scarce had the first surprizing Sleep relax'd
 His Limbs; the God, incumbent o'er him, broke
 The Stern, and, with a Fragment of the Ship,
 Plung'd him precipitate into the Sea, 1095
 And often calling on his Friends in vain,
 Himself flies swift into the yielding Air.
 Yet not the less the Fleet secure pursues
 Her Course along the Waves; and fearless sails,
 By *Neptune's* Promise safe. And now they reach'd
 The *Syrens'* Shallows, dang'rous heretofore, 1101
 And white with Bones: Ev'n then the distant Rocks
 Bellow'd incessant, with the dashing Tides.
 When the brave Prince perceiv'd his floating Ship,
 Her

Ver. 1083. *In this Monster, &c.*] That is, the vast, devouring, merciless Ocean. Ver. 851. Orig. *Et for etiam* [cum sim.] Ver. 853. Orig. *Nusquam* for *nullo modo, nullatenus, non umino.*
 Ver. 1090. ----- Dissolves his swimming Eyes.] When the Eyes are vigilant, and intent; their Muscles are more straitned, and as it were braced, than in Sleep. *Cunctanti*, in the same Verse, implies (according to all the Expositors) his striving against Sleep: and so I have now rendered it. *Cunctanti*; being slow, i. e. unwilling to obey him. I formerly took it otherwise (and perhaps was then in the Right) for *cunctanti*.
 Vol. II. P

Her Pilot lost, to rove without a Guide. 1105
Himself then steers her o'er the darken'd Waves,
Deep groaning ; and his hapless Friend, distress'd,
Laments : Thou, *Palinurus*, who too far
Didst trust the smiling Face of Heav'n, and Sea,
Shalt naked lie upon a Strand unknown. 1110

The End of the Fifth Book.



Al
W
ry
He
rit
fui
An
Æ
and
As
Be
Op

VIRGIL'S ÆNEIS.

BOOK the SIXTH.

AMong the Heroes and Worthies inhabiting the Regions of Bliss in the other World, which are so deliciously described at the latter End of This Book ; *Virgil* has placed *pious Poets*, who sung and recited Things worthy of the God from whom they received their Inspiration :

Quique pii vates, & Phæbo digna locuti.

According to which Account, with respect to his Works in general, but more especially to This very Book in which That Description is contained, He is now himself the Chief of Those happy Spirits, and is more than the *Musæus* of his own *Elysium*. For among all the Monuments of Heathen Antiquity, there is Nothing comparable to the Sixth *Æneid* for Piety and Religion on the one Hand, and for the divine Energy of Poetry on the other. As it is the Longest of the First Six, so it is the Best of the whole Twelve : This is the general Opinion, and, I think, a very true one. For tho'

Others, especially the Five First, and yet more particularly the Second, and the Fourth, as also (allowing for some uncorrect Things) the Seventh, Eighth, and Twelfth, may be equal to it in their Kinds ; yet This is at least equal to every one of Them in all Other Respects, and in Kind superiour. It indeed contains such a Treasure of various Learning, so much Theology, Philosophy, and History, such excellent Reflections and Discourses upon the Immortality of the Soul, and the Happiness and Misery of a Future State, all adorned with such living Descriptions, and animated with such an inexpressible Spirit of Poetry ; as are all in conjunction no where else to be met with, and can here be never sufficiently admired. It is *certainly* the most *Noble*, and *perhaps* the most *Elegant* of all the *Æneis* : But it is more particularly marked by it's *Piety* and *Religion* ; and yet more by it's *Wonders* and *Surprizes* : For as the Fourth Book has far more of the *Pathetical* than of the *Marvellous*, tho' a great deal even of That ; so This has far more of the *Marvellous* than of the *Pathetical*, tho' Something too even of That. But we are not yet come to it's *most distinguishing* Character of all ; which is it's *Learning* : The Sixth Book is the most learned of the *Æneis* ; and that too in the best and most delicate Sort of Learning, the Philosophical and Religious. In what human Poetry do we meet with such fine Ideas, such spiritualized Speculations and Reflections ?

*O Pater, anne aliquas ad cælum hinc ire putandum est
Sublimes animas, iterumque ad tarda reverti
Corpora ? quæ lucis miseris tam dira cupido ?*

What

What Christian, by the way, can read Those Lines, without admiring This Heathen for rising so much higher than his False Religion, and being ashamed of himself for falling so far short of the True?

As the Descent of *Æneas* into Hell is the main Subject of This Book; This is the Second great Instance in which *Virgil* copies from *Homer*. He entirely takes the main Subject from Him; and not a little of his particular Matter. *Ulysses* going to consult *Tiresias*, and, when he is there, desiring to see his Mother, and having his Request granted; The Internal Sacrifice before his Descent; The distressful and imperfect State of Those Ghosts whose Bodies were unburied; The Meeting of *Ulysses* and *Elpenor*, from which That of *Æneas* and *Palinurus* is manifestly copy'd; His Meeting with the departed Heroes of his Acquaintance; The sullen Silence of *Ajax* transferred to That of *Dido*: The Torments of the Damned, particularly That of the Giants, and of *Tityus*; All These (and there are no more) are Circumstances transferred from the *Odysee* to the *Æneis*. But then in the former there is Nothing of the Golden Bough; No Description of the Entrance into Hell, to answer That noble one beginning at

Vestibulum ante ipsum, primisque in faucibus Orci,
and ending at

Irruat, & frustra ferro diverberet umbras:

Which, both for Fiction, and Description, is one of the finest Pieces of Poetry in Being: Nothing of *Styx*, *Acheron*, and *Charon*; No different allotted Mansions to the several Divisions of Spirits; Some *Tartarus*, but no *Elysium*: Not a

340 INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.

Word of That Philosophy, and Prophetick History which are some of the best parts of This Book; Not to mention very many other Particulars of less Consideration.

But tho' the Hero's Journey to the Infernal Regions be the *main* Subject of This Book, yet it is not the *only* one; a Fifth Part of it being employ'd about other Matters. And in This Conduct (as I hinted in my Observations upon the foregoing *Æneid*) *Virgil* seems to excel *Homer*. He never makes any one Transaction, however entertaining, or important, the *only* Subject of any *one* Book, but diversifies it with other Incidents. The Eleventh *Odyssee* has nothing but the Descent of *Ulysses* into Hell; as the Twenty Third *Iliad* has nothing but the Funeral of *Patroclus*, and the Sports upon That Occasion; and yet neither of Those Subjects contains near so great a Variety of Matter, as it's Counterpart in the *Æneis*. At the same time I consider the far greater Length of *Homer's* Poems; and for that very Reason I mention This Remark; because they would, in my Opinion, have been better, if they had not been so long. In That Part of this Sixth Book which precedes the Description of the Descent into Hell (the Beginning of which is at Ver. 237. of the Original,

Spelunca alta fuit, vastoque immanis biatu)

there are indeed several Hints, and preparatory Circumstances to it, artfully interspersed with other Subjects. But the Account of their Landing in *Italy*, the most Important Event that had yet happened; The fine Description of *Apollo's* Temple built by *Dædalus*, as also That of the *Sibyl's* Cave;

Cave; The inspired Rage of That Prophetess, the Description of which is the noblest Instance of Poetick Fire and Fury in the World; The Prayer of the Hero; The Prediction of the *Sibyl* containing a great Variety of the most important Events which were yet to happen; And lastly, the surprizing Death and Funeral of *Misenus*, are all Particularities of a quite different Nature. But with them, as I said, are most judiciously interspersed the Preparations to This great and wonderful Adventure, than which nothing can be more entertaining. For after the Request of *Æneas* that the *Sibyl* would conduct him to the Subterranean World, her Answer to That Petition, and her Advice concerning the Golden Bough which must be his Passport thither; immediately follows the Funeral of *Misenus*: In order to which, while they are cutting down Timber in a Wood, we are agreeably interrupted by This Reflection of the Hero (who

---*Opera inter talia primus
Hortatur socios, paribusque accingitur armis;)
Si nunc se nobis ille aureus arbore ramus
Ostendat nemore in tanto ! quando omnia verè
Heu ! nimium de te vates, Misene, locuta est.*

The Prospect of the Wood puts him in mind of the Golden Bough; as the Death of *Misenus* confirms his Belief in the Prophetess's Prediction, and Advice: And after his Prayer, his Goddess Mother sends her Doves to conduct him to it. After he has possessed himself of it, we return to the Funeral; and from a *Funeral* it is the most natural Transition to the *Regions of the Dead*.

*Hic actis, propere exequitur præcepta Sibyllæ.
Spelunca alta fuit, &c.*

For there That grand Adventure properly begins ;
as we before observed.

WEeping he spoke : and loos'd the Navy's Reins ;
And at th' *Eubæan* Coasts, on *Cumæ's* Shore,
At length arrives. They turn their Prows to Sea :
The biting Anchor moors their Ships ; And all
The Beach is cover'd with the winding Sterns. 5
The youthful Crew upon th' *Hesperian* Strand
Exulting leap : Part seek the Seeds of Fire
Latent in Veins of Flint ; Part seize the Woods,
Thick Haunts of Beasts, and Streams discover'd shew.

But good *Æneas* to the tow'ring Fane 10
Repairs, o'er which *Apollo* high presides ;
And to the spacious Cavern, where retir'd

The

Ver. 2. *And at th' Eubæan Coasts on Cumæ's Shore, &c.*] *Cumæ* in *Campania* of *Italy* was inhabited by a Colony from *Eubæa* in *Greece* ; and therefore both These Words are here made use of.

Ver. 8. ----- Part seize the Woods, &c.] *Ruæus* makes it collig'it ligna. Gathering of Wood is a low Idea to answer rapit silvas : I take rapit for rapidè occupat ; and silvas in it's literal Signification. They greedily seized upon the Woods, not only for Fuel, but for Pro-

vision : And therefore *lustra ferarum* was not added for nothing. The rest of the Commentators take no notice of This Passage. *Ogilby*, *My Lord Lauderdale*, and *Mr. Dryden*, take the Whole in *Ruæus's* Sense : Tho' the two first translate *lustra ferarum* ; the last omits it.

Ver. 12. *And to the spacious Cavern, &c.*] That Word *procul* does not always signify longe, at a distance ; but sometimes *præ oculis*, before one's Eyes. As it is of no great Consequence,

The venerable *Sibyl* dwells ; to whom
 Prophetick *Delius* an extensive Soul
 And Mind inspires, and future Things reveals. 15
 Now *Trivia*'s Thicket, and the golden Dome
 They enter. *Dædalus* (as Fame reports)
 On nimble Pinions flying *Minos*' Realms,
 Advent'rous to commit himself to Air,
 And by a wond'rous Voyage sailing, came 20
 To the cold North ; and swift on *Cbalcis*' Tow'r
 At length alighted. Gaining first these Coasts,
Phæbus, to Thee the Steerage of his Wings
 He consecrated ; and a Temple built,
 Capacious, vast : *Androgeos*' Death engrav'd 25
 Adorns the entrance ; Then th' *Athenians* doom'd
 To pay an annual Tribute (harsh Command !)
 Sev'n of their Sons ; the fatal Urn stands by.
 Full opposite the Isle of *Crete* appears,
 Answ'ring the Shore, and rais'd above the Sea. 30
 Here the dire Passion for a Bull is shewn ;
Pasiphaë by secret Art inclos'd ;
 The mingled Species, and the two-form'd Birth,
 That Monument of execrable Lust,
 The *Minotaur*. Here That laborious Dome, 35
 And

quence, I have omitted it in the Translation. *Secreta* ; i. e. *Penetralia*.

Ver. 32. *Inclos'd*.] It is true she was *inclos'd* in a wooden Cow, and so I have render'd it ; That being the Sense in the main : but *Supposita* cannot signify *inclusa*, tho' *Servius* so interprets it. *Supposita* directly signifies put in the place of another ; i. e.

the Cow. Here the next Word *Furto* may be either an Adverb, for *furtim* : Or be put for *adulterio* ; i. e. *ad*, or *in adulterium*. Ver. 40, 41, Orig. *nec sacra morantur Jussa viri*, must be in a Parenthesis. Ver. 42. *Excisum* [est] *lotus Euboicæ rupis in ingens antrum*. Ver. 47. *unus* for *idem*.

And Errour intricate ; But *Dædalus*,
 Pitying the Princess, and her boundless Love,
 The various Fraud, and Windings of the Maze
 Himself unravel'd, guiding with a Thread
 Her doubtful Steps. And not a little Part 40
 In so renown'd a Sculpture, had but Grief
 Permitted him, Thou, *Icarus*, hadst shar'd :
 Twice he assay'd to cast Thy Fate in Gold ;
 Twice fell the Father's Hands. Now all the Work
 Throughout with curious Eyes they would have trac'd ;
 Had not *Achates* sent before arriv'd, 46
 With Him, *Deiphobe* from *Glaucus* sprung,
 Priestess of *Trivia*, and the *Delian* God,
 Who Thus bespeaks the Prince : 'Tis now no Time
 With these Amusements to indulge your Sight ; 50
 'Twould more import you from a Herd untouch'd
 To sacrifice, as Custom due requires,
 Sev'n Heifers, and as many chosen Sheep,
 Thus She ; Nor were the sacred Rites delay'd :
 The Priestess to the lofty Temple calls 55
 The *Trojans*. Cut into th' *Eubæan* Rock
 A roomy Cave descended ; whither lead
 An hundred Entrances of wide Extent,
 An hundred Mouths ; where rush as many Sounds,
 The *Sibyl's* Oracles. And now they reach'd 60
 The Portal : When the Virgin, 'Tis the Time
 Now to enquire the Doom of Fate ; Behold,
 The God, the God, she cry'd. While thus she spoke ;
 Before

Ver. 63. *The God, the God,* [should omit the Repetition of
she cry'd.] It is wonderful the Word *Deus* : Than which
 that Lord *Lauderdale*, and Mr. [nothing can be more empha-
Dryden, in their Translations tical. The Earl of *Roscommon*
 thought

Before the Doors, her Looks, her Colour chang'd,
 Sudden ; Her Hair in wild Confusion rose : 65
 Enthusiastick Fury heav'd her Breast,
 And throbbing Heart ; More large her Form appear'd ;
 Nor spoke she mortal Accents ; when inspir'd
 By the more present God. Dost thou delay,
 Trojan Æneas, thy Requests, and Vows ? 70
 Dost thou delay ? she cry'd : For not 'till then
 The trembling Fane will open wide it's Mouths.
 This said, she silent stood : A chilling Fear
 Ran thro' the hardy Trojans' Bones ; Their Prince
 Thus from his inmost Bosom pour'd his Pray'rs. 75
 Phæbus, .

thought so, when in his *Essay* which shews us that in his O-
 on *Translated Verse* he refers pinion *Virgil* did not want
 to This admirable Passage ; *Fire* :

*Have you been led thro' the Cumæan Cave,
 And heard th' impatient Maid divinely rave ?
 I hear her now ; I see her roving Eyes ;
 And panting, Lo, the God, the God, she cries, &c.*

This Description of the Sibyl's | Prophetick Enthusiasm here in :
 | This place,

----*Cui talia fanti, &c.*

And as it is Twice afterwards resumed

*At Phæbi nondum patiens immanis in antro
 Bacchatur Vates, &c.*

And

Talibus ex adyto distis Cumæa Sibylla, &c.

are the finest Examples of the *videri* for [cæpit] *videri* ma-
 Poetick Enthusiasm that ever *vor*. But sure it is much more
 were found in any Author. But elegantly *major videri* [est :]
 as I have in my Preface, and the Infinitive being govern'd of
 elsewhere, taken notice of it ; the Adjective ; of which there
 I shall here remark upon it no are innumerable : Instances in
 farther. the Poets. *Greater to be seen,*

Ver. 67. *More large, &c.*] or to the Sight,
 All the Interpreters take *major*

Phæbus, who always did'st with Pity view
Troy's pressing Toils, and guide the *Dardan* Shafts
 Of *Paris* deep into *Achilles'* Blood :

So many Seas surrounding spacious Lands,
 Under thy Conduct, I have long explor'd ; 80

The far retir'd *Maffylians*, and the Fields
 Extended near the *Syrtes* : Now at last
 We touch the Coasts of flying *Italy*.

Let it suffice that Destiny thus far
 Has persecuted *Troy* : And all ye Gods, 85

And Goddesses, to whom the *Dardan* State,

And mighty *Ilium's* envy'd Glory shone
 Obnoxious ; 'Tis allow'd you now to spare

The *Trojan* Race. And Thou, Celestial Maid,
 Skill'd in Futurity (Realms not undue 90

By Fate I ask) permit our wand'ring Gods
 To fix our Colony on *Latium's* Coast.

To *Phæbus* then, and *Trivia* I will build

A Fane of solid Marble, and appoint
 Days festival, to honour *Phæbus'* Name. 95

Thee too magnificent Apartments wait
 Within my Realms ; Thy Fates to us reveal'd,

And secret Oracles I will preserve,

Propitious Maid, and chosen Men ordain.

Only to Leaves commit not, I implore, 100

Thy Numbers ; lest dispers'd they fly, the Sport

Of

Ver. 84. *Let it suffice that*
Destiny thus far, &c. This
 is not only imply'd ; but the
 literal Sense of *fuert* in This
 place rightly understood.

Ver. 88. 'Tis allow'd you,
 &c.] *Fas est* may either sig-
 nify it is permitted ; or it is
 just ; meaning it would be un-
 just to do otherwise : [See the
 Note

Of rapid Winds : but vocal sing our Fate.

He ended : But impatient in her Grot
Apollo's swelling Priests wildly raves ;
 Reluctant, lab'ring from her Breast to heave 105
 Th' incumbent God : So much the more He curbs
 Her foamy Mouth, subdues her madding Heart,
 And pressing forms her. Now spontaneous fly
 Wide-ope the Cavern's hundred spacious Mouths,
 And waft her Oracles into the Air. 110

O Thou, who hast by Sea such Toils endur'd ;
 By Land still greater wait thee : On the Coasts
 Of *Latium* (let not That disturb thy Breast)
 The *Trojans* shall arrive ; But they shall wish
 They never had : Wars, horrid Wars I see, 115
 And *Tyber* frothing with a Tide of Gore.
 Another *Simois* thou shalt not want,
 Another *Xanthus*, other *Doric* Camps :
 A new *Achilles* is for thee prepar'd
 In *Italy* ; and He too Goddess-born : 120
 Nor any where will *Juno* fail t'attend
 The *Trojans*. Suppliant in distress'd Affairs

Whom

Note upon the 93d Ver. of the 1st Book.] But I rather chuse the former: As if he should say, We have already suffered as much as Fate decreed ; and therefore Those Gods, who have hitherto been our Enemies, are now at Liberty to spare us.

Ver. 103. He ended.] I verily believe *Virgil* stop'd at *Ipsa canas ero* ; and went on with *At Phœbi nondum patiens*, &c. and some foolish Grammarian foisted in That fiat *finem dedit ore loquendi*. Ver. 84. Orig.

Sed terrâ graviera, &c. What is the Meaning of That *Sed* ? Why Thus by an Ellipsis ; *O magnis tandem pelagi defuncte periculis* ; [Defunctus es quidem illis,] *Sed terrâ gravi.ra manent*.

Ver. 121, 122. ---- Will *Juno* fail t'attend The *Trojans*.] There is a great Elegancy, by a Kind of Irony, in the Words *addita*, and *aberit*: And I hope I have in some measure imitated it in the Translation.

Whom shalt thou not, among the *Italian* States,
 What Towns, what Nations shalt thou not implore ?
 The Cause of so much Woe shall be again 125
 A foreign Consort to the *Trojan* Race,
 And foreign Nuptials.

Submit not Thou to Dangers ; but proceed
 More daring, than thy Fortune will allow.
 The way to Safety (which you least expect) 130
 Shall from a *Grecian* City first be shewn.

Thus the *Cumæan Sibyl* from her Shrine
 Sings mystic Verse ; and bellows in her Cave,
 Involving Truth in Darknefs : As she foams,
Apollo shakes the Reins, and goads her Breast. 135
 Soon as her Fury, and her rabid Mouth
 Had ceas'd ; the *Trojan* Hero Thus began.

No Face of Toil, or Danger, can to me,
 O Virgin, new, or unexpected, rise :
 Long have I form'd them all within my Breast, 140
 And preconceiv'd them. One thing I implore ;
 Since here 'tis said th' infernal Gate of *Dis*,

And

Ver. 128, 129. ---- But proceed More daring, &c.] Instead of *Quam* some Editors make it *Quum*. That, for aught I know may be the best Reading. For the other Expression is exceeding bold, and requires some grains of Allowance. Nor does That Passage from *Tacitus* quoted by *De La Cerda*, *fortes & strenui etiam contra fortunam*, come up to the Force of This: For it is one thing to swim against a Stream, and

another to swim more boldly and strongly than the Stream will suffer us. Besides, it seems not only to have too much Boldness, but too little Religion ; Both contrary to *Virgil's* Character: However, I take it with the Generality of Editors: only with This softning Interpretation ; more daring than Fortune would have you be, or would seem to permit you,

And gloomy *Acheron's* tumultuous Gulf
 Are open'd ; let me by permitting Fates
 To my lov'd Father's Sight and Presence go : 145
 Shew Thou the Way, and ope the sacred Doors.
 Him on These Shoulders, rescu'd from the Foe,
 Thro' Flames, and Storms of hostile Darts, I bore :
 He thro' all Oceans, Partner of my Flight,
 Infirm, endur'd all Threats of Sea, and Sky, 150
 Beyond his Strength, and what his Age requir'd.
 He too commanded me with earnest Pray'r
 Suppliant to beg your Counsels, and approach
 Your awful Temple : Pity, I intreat,
 Propitious Maid, the Father and the Son : 155
 For You *can* all things ; nor did *Hecate*
 Appoint you o'er th' *Avernian* Groves in vain,
 If *Orpheus*, trusting in his *Thracian* Lyre,
 And sounding Strings, could free his Consort's Ghost ;
 If *Pollux* by alternate Death redeem'd 160
 His Brother, and so often goes, and comes :
 Why should I name brave *Theseus* ? or the great
Alcides ? And I too descend from *Jove*.
 Thus He before the Altars suppliant pray'd ;
 Then Thus the Prophetess : *Anchises'* Son, 165
Trojan, of Race celestial ; The Descent
 To Hell is easy ; Night and Day the Gate

Of

Ver. 143. ---- *Acheron's tumultuous Gulf, &c.*] *Refuso* : i. e. *exundante, reverberato* ; impetuously dashed and rebounding. As B. VII. ---- *illisa refunditur alga*. The learned Reader will perhaps blame me for making so plain a Remark : But I know not how it happens, the Word seems a little difficult in This place; tho' it would be easy enough in another. Ver. 112. Orig. *Ille meum comitatus [est] iter* Ver. 132. *Sinu* for *flumine sinuoso*. I have elsewhere taken notice of the various Significations of this Word *Sinus*.

Of grievly *Dis* stands open : But to turn
 One's Steps, and re-ascend to upper Air,
 There, there's the arduous Task. A few, belov'd 170
 By fav'ring *Jove*, and by transcendent Worth
 Rais'd to the Stars, of heav'nly Parents born,
 This Privilege could gain. The middle Space
 Is all o'ergrown with Woods, and all around
 Inclos'd by black *Cocytus*' winding Stream. 175
 But if so fond a Love, such strong Desire
 Inflamm thee twice to sail the *Stygian* Lake,
 And twice to visit the *Tartarean* Gloom,
 Delighting to indulge so vast a Toil ;
 Attend to what must previous be perform'd, 180
 Within a shady Tree there grows retir'd
 A Bough, with Leaves, and pliant Sprigs of Gold,
 Held

Ver. 179. *So vast, &c.*] *Ruæus* explains *insano* by *vano*. But how can That be ? since his Labour was not vain ; for He carry'd his Point. *Ruæus* himself, B. II. 776. interprets it by *immodico* : And That is certainly the Meaning. *Magno*, or *vehementi*, says *Servius*, and *De La Cerda*. Thus the Word *improbus*, &c. as I have often observ'd.

Ver. 182. *A Bough with Leaves, and pliant Sprigs of*

Gold.] This Fiction is *Virgil's* own. As for the History, or Fable to which he is supposed to allude, I refer to the Commentators. For my own part, I have no great Opinion of That Mythology ; nor do I think there is much Occasion for it. The Fiction is entirely Poetical, and very Beautiful ; and That is sufficient. The Description of the Golden Bough shining in the middle of a thick shady Tree

Discolor unde auri per ramos aura refulset.

beautifully compared to *Mis-*
etææ in an Oak ; as also of it's

Rattling in the Wind, expressed by the very Sound of

---- *Sic leni crepitabat bractæa vento,*

is one of the most delicate Passages in *Virgil*. And the *Simile* is no more taken from *Ho-*

mer than the Fiction. Ver. 140. *Orig. aperta, i. e. secreta* [loca.]

BOOK 6. VIRGIL'S *ÆNEIS*. 351

Held sacred to th' Infernal Queen : This Branch
 The Grove all covert, and in Vales obscure
 The Shades surround : But 'tis allow'd to None 185
 The subterraneous Regions to explore,
 'Till from That Tree he crops the golden Shoot.
 This Gift the fair *Proserpina* ordains
 An Off'ring to herself: The first pluck'd off,
 Still other Gold succeeds, another Twig 190
 With the same vegetable Metal blooms.
 Thou therefore search it with uplifted Eyes,
 And crop it with thy Hand, by Rite prescrib'd.
 For if the Fates have destin'd thee, with ease
 Spontaneous it will bend, and meet thy Touch ; 195
 Else, by no Strength or Steel it will be hewn.
 Besides, a lifeless Body of thy Friend
 There lies (alas ! thou know'st it not) and all
 The Navy his unbury'd Coarse pollutes ;
 While thou art here consulting Fate's Decree, 200
 And ling'ring at my Doors : Him first commit
 To his due Earth, and hide him in a Tomb ;
 Black Victims (Those the first Lustration-) bring ;
 And then at last the *Stygian* Groves, and Realms
 Impervious to the Living thou shalt see. 205
 She ended ; and her Mouth in silence clos'd.

Æneas pensive, and with downcast Eyes,
 Leaving the Cave, walks musing, and revolves
 Within his secret Mind the dark Events.
Achates, faithful Partner, by his Side 210
 With equal Cares accompanies his Steps.
 Much by themselves, and variously they talk,

What

What lifeless Friend the Priests should design,
 What Corps to be interr'd: And as they came,
 They saw *Misenus* on the naked Shore, 215
 By a disastrous Death untimely slain.

Misenus, Son of *Æolus*, than whom
 None more expert with sounding Brass to rouse
 The Troops, and fire the Battle with Alarms.
 He first great *Hector* follow'd; fam'd in Fight, 220
 Near *Hector*'s Person, for his Fife, and Spear.
 Him when *Achilles* Conqu'rour spoil'd of Life;
 The valiant Hero to *Æneas*' Train

Added Himself; nor then obey'd a Lord
 Inferiour. But when o'er the Sea he blew 225
 His sounding Conch, and madly dar'd the Gods
 To Emulation; Him (if such a Fame
 Be credible) his Rival *Triton* plung'd
 Among the Rocks into the foaming Deep.

Therefore with loud Laments all round him mourn,
 Chiefly the pious Prince: Without Delay 231
 Weeping they execute the *Sibyl*'s Charge;
 Industrious to erect with Trees, and build
 To Heav'n the Altar of his Fun'ral Pile.
 Into an ancient Wood, the deep Recess 235
 Of Beasts they go: Down fall the pitchy Pines;
 With Blows of Axes Oaks, and Ashen Trunks,
 And splitting Timber, cleft with Wedges, sound;

And

Ver. 225. *Inferiour.*] *Non inferiora*; because *non inferioriorem Ductorem*. That Last (according to all the Commentators) is intended. Ver. 173.

Orig. *exceptum* [insidiis.] Ibid. *Si credere dignum est: i. e. æquum est credere; or dignum est creditu, for fide.*

And from the Hills the lofty Beeches roll.
Æneas foremost, with like Weapons arm'd, 240
 Encourages his Friends, and aids their Toil:
 These Thoughts revolves within his anxious Breast;
 And, looking round the Wood's immense Extent,
 Thus prays. May now to us That golden Branch
 It self discover in so vast a Grove; 245
 Since all things true, alas! too true of Thee,
Misenus, the Prophetick Virgin told.
 He scarce had spoke; When full before his Eyes
 Two Doves by chance came flying thro' the Sky,
 And pitch'd upon the verdant Ground: The Chief 250
 Soon knows his Mother's Birds, and joyful prays.
 Be You my Guides, if any Way there lie,
 And to That Wood direct my Course thro' Air,
 Where the rich Bough o'er shades the fertile Ground:
 And

Ver. 239. *Beeches.*] *Ornos.* in the middle of a dark thick
 See the Note on Ver. 655. of Tree, be supposed to contribute
 the Fourth Book. Ver. 187. any thing considerable to the
 Orig. *fi* for *O fi*, and That shading of the Ground? Se-
 again for *Utinam*. condly, If it did; how does

Ver. 249. ---- *By chance, &c.*] That distinguish it from the rest
 That is, it seemed so to Him; of the Boughs? *De La Cerda*,
 tho' it was really ordered by a the only Annotator who takes
 Divine Power. notice of This Passage, tells us,

Ver. 254. *Where the rich Bough o'er shades the fertile Ground.*] it is said to shew the Greatness
 Had I any Authority for it, I should rather read and Excellency of the Thing.
inaurat; tho' the Sense is di- But since he does not tell us
 rectly contrary to *opacat*, the why, we are as much in the
 Word here made use of. For Dark as we were before. Mr.
 First, how could one little *Dryden*, who is a less scrupu-
 Bough shut up, and inclosed the Sense of *opacat*, and *inaurat*
 together;

Whose glitt'ring Shadow gilds the sacred Ground.

The Verse is good; if the Ground by Sun-shine be not
yellow Gleam supposed to be more properly *Light* than *Shad-*
 shed from the Bough upon the *dow*.

And Thou, O heav'nly Parent, in These Doubts 255
 Desert me not. He said; and fix'd his Steps,
 Observing close what Signal they would give,
 And whither tend. With interrupted Flight
 They feeding move before him, just as far
 As Those behind could keep them still in view : 260
 When to *Avernus*' stenchy Jaws they came ;
 Swiftly they mount, and thro' the liquid Air
 Both gliding at the wish'd-for Place alight,
 Upon That Tree, from whence, among the Boughs,
 Discolour'd shone the gleamy Air of Gold. 265
 As Mistletoe in Woods, in Winter's Frost,
 Not by it's own congenial Plant produc'd,
 Is wont to spring with recent Leaves, and round
 The Trunks in Ringlets twines its yellow Shoots :
 Such was the Figure of the blooming Gold, 270
 Within the Oak o'er shading ; So the Bark

Metallick

Ver. 258. *Interrupted.*] That must be the Meaning ; for they could not feed while they flew. *Prodire* [cæperunt. *v. lando.*

Ver. 265. *Discolour'd shone the gleamy Air of Gold.*] The foregoing Observation is confirmed by This Verse ; which ill agrees with *opacat*. Ver. 195. Not but that, after all, Enough may be said to vindicate the Poet. It is *Æneas* who had not as yet seen This Golden Bough, who uses the Word *opacat* : but it is *Virgil* himself who makes the Description we are now considering. The former may be said to have had a wrong Idea of it ; but the Lat-

ter represents it as it really was. As to *Aura* and *Auri* standing so near together, That part of the Air which was next to the Bough was tinged with it's yellow Brightness ; and so there is an Elegancy in expressing the Likeness of Colours in the Things, by the Likeness of Sounds in the Words. That *Aura*, in many other Places besides This, signifies *Light* or *Splendour*, is sufficiently known : And both That Word and *Aurum*, being doubtless derived from the same Hebrew *Or*, *Light*, (the very Word for *Gold* in French) they are still the more happily joined together in This Place.

Metallick tinkled with the gentle Wind.

Æneas eager crops the lingring Branch

With Haste, and bears it to the *Sybil's* Cave.

Nor less, mean-while, the *Trojans* on the Shore 275

Weep o'er *Misennus*; and the last sad Rites

Pay to his senseless Ashes: First a Pile

With Timber cleft, and unctuous Pitch-Trees high

They build; with gloomy Boughs entwine it's Sides,

Before it fun'ral Cypresses erect, 280

And grace it all above with shining Arms.

Warm Liquors, Some, and Cauldrons from the Fire

Boiling, dispatch; first wash, and then anoint

His cold, stiff Limbs: A gen'ral Groan succeeds;

Then, mourning, on the Bed his Corps they lay, 285

And o'er it throw the purple Robes, the Veil

Accustom'd: Some support the pond'rous Bier,

(Sad

Ver. 273. ---- Crops the ling'ring Branch.] How so? Since the *Sybil* had told him, it should easily and willingly be cropped, if he were favoured by the Destinies. It is answered, That

---- Avidusque refringit
Cunctantem ----

Ver. 277. --- His senseless Ashes.] *Cineri ingrato*. Among the many Interpretations of the Word *ingrato* in This place, I chuse That; For tho' I confess *ingrato* for *undelightful* is the most obvious Signification; yet That which I have chosen is, I think more elegant. He made them no Acknowledgment, or Requit, for the Honours they paid him; which is the first

being of a *tough* and *metallick* Nature it might cause however some *little Delay*; and That little to the *Impatience* and *Eagerness* of *Æneas* might seem great:

Idea in the more complex one of *Ingratitude*. And tho' it was for no Reason, but because he was *insensible* and *ignorant* of them; yet *ingratus* is, by a figurative Way of speaking, put for *senseless*; i. e. (says *Ruæus*) *ad quem nullus officiorum funebrium sensus perveniebat*.

Ver. 286, 287. ---- The Veil Accustom'd ---- Nota for *assuetudine*.

(Sad Ministry!) and, by the ancient Rite,
 With Faces turn'd away, beneath the Pyre
 Hold flaming Brands: Together blended burn 290
 Off'rings of Incense, Flesh, and Jars of Oil.
 Soon as the Ashes fell, and Flames expir'd;
 Th' imbibing Cinders, and the last Remains
 They drench with Wine; and in a brazen Urn
 The Bones collected *Chorinæus* hides: 295
 Then thrice with limpid Water sprinkles round
 Th' Assembly, from the fertil Olive-Bough;
 With dewy Moisture purifies his Friends,
 Concludes the Rites, and speaks the last Farewel.
 But good *Æneas* rear'd a stately Tomb, 300
 The Hero's Arms, his Oar, and Trumpet fix'd,
 Beneath a lofty Mountain; which from Him
 Is now *Misenus* call'd, and keeps it's Name
 To everlasting Ages. This perform'd,
 He executes with speed the *Sibyl's* Charge. 305
 A Cave profound there was, with yawning Mouth
 Capacious

sueta. Interpreters dispute whether we are here to understand his own wearing Apparel; or the usual and accustomed Covering of dead Bodies, like Palls, I suppose, at our Funerals. Which way This is to be determined, I know not: It is indifferent to either Sense in the Original; and so it is in my Translation. Ver. 225. Orig. *fuso crateres olivo: fuso, i. e. in crateras. Fuso olivo [plenis] or for fusi olivi.* Ver. 229. Orig. *Circumtulit* for *lustravit, purgavit.* See *Servius*, and the rest.

Ver. 299. Concludes --- Farewel.] *Novissima verba* may relate either to the Dismissing of the Assembly; or the last Vale to the dead Person. I have taken it both.

Ver. 306. A Cave profound there was, &c.] Here, as I said, begins the actual and solemn Description of the Descent into Hell; after the Mind had been so agreeably prepared for it by so many Hints interspersed with other Matters. The Description of Hell it self indeed begins at Ver. 273. of the Original,

Capacious, stony, with a darksome Lake,
 And gloomy Grove defended ; o'er whose Gulph
 None of the Feather'd Kind might wing their way
 With safety ; such a Vapour thick exhal'd 310
 From it's black Jaws ascended to the Sky :
 From whence the *Greeks* the Place *Avernus* nam'd.
 Four Bulls first, with Hides of fable Hue,
 The Priests here before the Altars plac'd ;
 And full upon their Foreheads downwards pour'd 315
 The Wine: Then plucking from between their Horns
 Their foremost Hairs, into the holy Fire

The

*Vestibulum ante ipsum, primisque in faucibus Orci,
 Luctus, & ultrices posuere cubilia curæ, &c.*

But That of the *Way* to it, and the *Journey* thither, begins Here. And a wonderful Opening it is: At the Mouth of a vast stenchy Cave, thro' which they were to pass, we have the Religious Horrour of the Nocturnal and Infernal Sacrifice. After which, how deep are the Impressions of Terroure, and Surprise, at

*Ecce ! autem primi sub lumina solis, & ortus,
 Sub pedibus nigræ solum, & juga cæpta moveri
 Silvæque canes ululare per umbram,
 Adventante Dea. Procul ô, procul este, profani, &c.*

And yet our Pleasure and Astonishment are still heightened by That solemn and majestic Address ;

*Dii, quibus imperium est animarum, Umbræque silentes,
 Et Chaos & Phlegæon, loca nocte silentia late ;
 Sit mihi fas audita loqui ----*

In which he begs Leave to reveal the awful Secrets he is going to describe. I know of nothing in Human Art, and Nature, beyond This ; the Mind of Man can neither affect, nor be affected any farther.

Ver. 315. ---- Downwards pour'd, &c.] Invergit: So, it seems, That Word is to be understood, according to the Forms of the Heathen Sacrifices. When they were offered to the Gods above ; the Libation was made *manu supina*, without turning the Vessel downwards, and by tossing the liquor into the Air: Just the contrary ; when they were offered to the Infernal Powers.

The first Oblation flings; invoking loud
 Great *Hecate*, potent in Hell, and Heav'n.
 Some, sticking Knives beneath, in bowls receive 320
 The tepid Blood: *Æneas* with his Sword
 Himself dispatches to th' Infernal Pow'rs,
 The Mother of the Furies, and to Earth
 Her Sister-Deity, a black Ewe Lamb,
 And, *Proserpine*, a barren Cow to Thee. 325
 Then to the *Stygian* Monarch he begins
 The nightly Sacrifice; the solid Flesh
 Of Bulls upon the flaming Altar lays,
 And o'er their burning Entrails pours the Oil.
 Lo! at the Sun's first Light, and dawning Day, 330
 The Ground began to groan beneath their Feet;
 The Woods, upon the Mountains, nodding shook;
 And thro' the Shade the howling Dogs foretold
 The coming Goddess: Hence, the Priestesses cry'd,
 Hence, Ye Profane; from all the Grove retire: 335
 And

Ver. 323. *Earth*.] The Word is not in the Orig. But *Earth* it seems, is the Sister here spoken of. See the Commentators; especially *Ruæus*.

Ver. 327. ---- *The solid Flesh*, &c.] The Word *Viscera* signifies not Entrails only; but whatever is between the Skin and the Bones. *Solida* here may be for *tota*, as the Word is sometimes used; implying the *Holocaust*. But then, methinks, it should be rather *corpora* than *viscera*; which seems to mean *pieces*, not the *whole*. Who would say *carnes*, speaking of

an entire undismember'd Body? Besides; *solid* is a very good Epithet for *Bull's Flesh*. Ver. 256 --- 7. Orig. Itake *juga silvarum* for *silvæ in jugis* [mentionium.] *Ruæus* renders *juga* by *culmina*: That indeed would be very plain, if it were true. But where did *jugum* ever signify *culmen*; unless it were *culmen montis*? The Word indeed has many Significations: But I never met with *This*.

Ver. 333. *Dogs*.] In the Orig. 'tis *Bitches*; *visaque canes*: But That would sound strangely in English.

And Thou invade the Passage, with thy Steel
Unsheath'd; Now, now, *Æneas*, is the time
For Courage, and a stedfast Mind. This said,
Furious she plung'd into the open Cave :
He equals with intrepid Steps his Guide. 340

Ye Gods, who rule o'er Ghosts, and silent Shades,
Chaos, and *Phlegethon* ; Ye spacious Fields
Of silent Night : Let me permitted speak
What I have heard, and Authoriz'd by You
Disclose Things hid in Darknefs, and deep Earth. 345
Lonely They went, in Night obscure, thro' Shades,
Thro' *Pluto's* empty Courts, and airy Realms.
Such is the solitary Walk in Woods,
By the uncertain Moon's malignant Gleam ;
When *Jove* in Darknefs has involv'd the Sky, 350
And Objects lose their Colour by the Night.

Just in the Entrance, and first Jaws of Hell,

Ver. 336. *With thy Steel Unsheath'd, &c.*] For tho' the
Fantoms, and Ghosts could not be wounded, as he imagined at
Ver. 294. of the Original

Irruat, & frustra ferro diverberet umbras ;

yet they might be *frighted*, and
dispersed at the Sight of a drawn
Sword, by the Remembrance
(says *Ruæus*) of what they
were obnoxious to, when they
were in Bodies. I question af-
ter all, whether she bids him
draw his Sword for any other
Reason, than that he might
rouse his Courage by That Ac-
tion, and enter like a Soldier,
and a Hero.

Ver. 348. *Such is the soli-
tary Walk in Woods.*] This
Simile of three Lines, both for
it's natural Ideas, and elegant
Expressions, is one of the most
beautiful in Nature ; and not
taken from *Homer*.

VOL. II.

Ver. 351. *And Objects lose
their Colour by the Night.*] The
learned Readers need not be put
in Mind of the common Ques-
tion in the Schools, *An dentur
colores in tenebris ?* And the
unlearned are to understand that
Colours are only either the dif-
ferent Modifications, or distinct
Rays of Light ; and conse-
quently without Light there
can be no Colours. Nothing
remains of them in the Dark,
but only the same Texture of
Parts in the Body to which
they belong ; which is colour-
red after the same Manner,
whenever the Light returns.

Ver. 352. *Just in the En-
trance,*

Q

Grief, and revengeful Cares their Couches plac'd ;
 And pale Diseases, querulous Old Age,
 Fear, ill-persuading Hunger, and foul Want ; 355
 (Forms dreadful to behold !) and Death, and Pain ;
 And Sleep a-kin to Death ; the Mind's false Joys ;
 And, in the adverse Portal, deadly War.
 The Furies' iron Beds ; and Discord wild,
 Her vip'rous Locks with bloody Fillets bound. 360
 Full in the Midst a tall and dusky Elm
 Displays it's Boughs, and aged Limbs : This Seat
 (Such is the Fame) fantastic Dreams possess,
 And stick beneath the Leaves. Then monstrous Beasts,
 Of various Figure : *Centaurs*, in the Doors, 365
 And two-shap'd *Scylla's* stable ; *Briareus*
 Hundred-fold Giant ; *Lerna's* Snake with Hiss
 Terrific, and *Chimæra* arm'd with Flames ;
Gorgons, and *Harpys*, and the hideous Form

Of

trance, and first Jaws of Hell.]
 The Subterranean World, as
 the Poet has described it, may
 be divided into Four Parts.
 First, the Porch or Entrance.
 Secondly, The Space between
 the Entrance and the River's
 Side ; possessed by Those who
 wander unburied, and Those
 who wait to be ferry'd over.
 Thirdly, The River it self,
 with *Charon*, and his Boat.
 Fourthly, The Regions beyond
 the River. Which last again
 are divided into Three Parts.
 First, the Mansions of Those
 who are in a middle State ;
 Why I call it so, shall be ex-

plained in it's proper place. Se-
 condly, *Tartarus*, or the Place
 of the Damned. Thirdly, *Ely-*
sium, or the Place of the Bles-
 sed. I have already said that
 This Description of the En-
 trance is one of the finest Pieces
 of Poetry in the World : To
 prove my Assertion I refer the
 Reader to the Passage it self ;
 and That is Proof sufficient.

Ver. 357. ----- *The Mind's*
false Joys.] For the Joys of
 Vice are delusive ; and so *false*
 is here included in *mala*, tho'
 not expressed. See *Seneca's* E-
 pist. 59. Lib. 1.

Ver. 362. ---- *This Seat, &c.*

Sedem somnia vulgo

Vana tenere ferunt, foliisque sub omnibus hærent.

This is a disjointed Construc- tion ; But such Things are com-
 mon in Poetry.

BOOK 6. VIRGIL'S ÆNEIS. 361

Of the three-body'd Fantom. Here, surpriz'd 370
 With sudden Fear, *Æneas* grasps his Sword,
 And obvious, as they come, the Blade unsheath'd
 Presents : And had not his experienc'd Guide
 Advis'd him, that Those unimbody'd Shades
 Fly fleeting, and impassive ; He had rush'd, 375
 Beating thin Air, and stabbing Ghosts in vain.

Hence to *Tartarean Acheron's* fierce Waves
 The Way directs ; Here turbid, thick with Mud
 Voraginous, boils a vast whirling Gulph,
 And to *Cocytus* disembogues the Sand. 380
Charon, the griev'd Ferryman of Hell,
 This River keeps, and on These surges waits ;
 Horrid with dreadful Filth. Much hoary Beard
 Lies on his Chin uncultivate ; His Eyes
 Stand fix'd in Flame ; Down from his Shoulder hangs

In

Ver. 377. Hence to Tartarean Acheron's &c.] These
 Descriptions of the River ;

*Hinc via, Tartarei quæ fert Acherontis ad undas :
 Turbidus hic caeno vassaque voragine gurgis :
 Æstuat, atque omnem Cocyto eructat arenam :*

Of *Charon* ;

*Portitor has horrendus aquas & flumina servat
 Terribili squalore Charon. ----*

Of the Ghosts of all Qualities thronging to the Banks ;

*Huc omnis turba ad ripas effusa ruebat,
 Matres, atque viri, &c.*

are all in perfection ; And no it ; stiff, and matted, not long
 more can be said of them. and dangling.

Ver. 384. Lies on his Chin Ver. 385. Stand fix'd in
 uncultivate.] For I take *jacet* Flame.] Tho' I confess the
 literally to be very elegant, Word *stare* sometimes elegant-
 and emphatical. It does not ly signifies to abound with, or
 bang from his Chin, as it is be full of ; as That of *Virgil*
 usually rendered, but lies upon

----- *Pulvere caelum
 Stare vident ----*

Q 2

And

In Knot his foul Attire : The God himself 396
 Shoves with a Pole his Boat, and spreads his Sails,
 And in his fable Skiff transports the Ghosts,
 Now Senior, but in fresh and green Old Age.
 Hither in Throngs they crouded to the Bank ; 390
 Matrons, and Men, Souls of brave Heroes dead,
 Boys and unmarried Girls, and Youths consum'd
 On Fun'ral-piles before their Parents Eyes.
 Unnumber'd, as the Leaves, which fall in Woods,
 By Autumn's first sharp Blasts : Or as the Birds 395
 Which flock from Sea to Land ; when the cold Year
 Drives them beyond Sea, seeking warmer Climes.
 Praying they stood, first to be wafted o'er ;

And

And of Horace

----- *Stet nive candidum**Soracte* -----

yet something different seems to be meant in This place ; or if you please, That, and something more. Tho' the Rolling of the Eyes be dreadful, as in Anger ; yet it is more ghastly and frightful to have them fixed and motionless. And This, according to *De La Cerda*, may be particularly applicable to *Charon*, by the relation he has to departed Ghosts ; who (as *Plutarch* tells us) neither cast

any Shadow, nor move their Eyes.

Ver. 388. ---- *Transports the Ghosts.*] ---- *Subvectat corpora cymba :* And just afterwards ---- *Defunctaque corpora vita.* *Corpora* for Souls may seem very particular. He means the *αιδωλα*, the thin aerial Vehicles.

Ver. 389. ----- *But in fresh, and green Old Age.*] Notwithstanding the Objections of Some ;

----- *Cruda Deo viridisque senectus*

is not only justifiable, but very elegant, to express the Difference between an *old Man*, and an *old God* : In the latter, even *Age* is *fresh* and *green*. Mr. Dryden, or Mr. Lee, in *Oedipus*, applies the same Expression to an *old Man* ; and so do Others cited by *De La Cerda*. And even, as apply'd to *Men*,

it may not be improper, to distinguish a strong and healthy old Age from a weak and decrepit one.

Ver. 398. *To be wafted o'er.*] *Transmittere cursum :* And Ver. 328. Orig. *Ripas & fluenta transportare.* The Meaning is plain ; tho' the Expressions are a little particular.

BOOK 6. VIRGIL'S ÆNEIS. 363

And, longing for the farther Bank, their Hands
Extended : but the surly Boatman, deaf 400
To all their Cries, now These, now Those receives ;
But drives the rest at distance from the Beach.

Æneas (for That Tumult much surpriz'd,
And struck his Soul) Thus speaks : O sacred Maid,
Tell me, what means This Concourse to the Lake ? 405
What do the Ghosts desire ? And why distinct
Leave These the Banks, while Others sweep with Oars
The livid Ford ? To him in brief replies
The aged Priests. Great *Anchises*' Son,
Undoubted Offspring of the Gods ; You see 410
Profound *Cocytus*, and the *Stygian* Pool ;
Whose Deity the Gods by Oaths revere,
And dread to violate. This Croud is All
Distress'd, and untomb'd : That Ferryman
Is *Charon* ; Those who sail the Lake, interr'd. 415
But 'tis not giv'n to pass the horrid Banks,
And hoarse-resounding Fluent ; 'till in Graves
Their Bones are laid : An hundred Years they rove,
And flutter round These Shores ; and then at length
Admitted, to the wish'd-for Stream return. 420

Fix'd stood *Anchises*' Son, repress'd his Steps,
Much musing ; and the hard, unequal Fate
Commiserates : *Leucaspis* here he sees,
And the commander of the *Lycian* Fleet
Orontes, mourning, and deny'd the Rites 425
Of

Ver. 414. *Distress'd and* i. e. *terra*. But tho' This may
untomb'd.] *Inops*, *inbuma-* be ; yet, as I have often ob-
taque turba. Some take *inops* served, it is not *Virgil's* man-
and *inbumata* to signify the ner. I rather take *inops* to im-
same thing ; *inops* from *ops*, ply an imperfect State, or Being.

Of Honours due to Death ; whom, tofs'd from *Troy*
 O'er stormy Billows, *Auster* overwhelm'd,
 Involving in the Waves the Ship, and Men.
 Lo ! *Palinure* with wand'ring Steps mov'd slow,
 The Pilot, who, as he observ'd the Stars 430
 Late, in the *Libyan* Voyage, from the Stern
 Fell plung'd into the Middle of the Deep.
 When scarce He knew him pensive, thro' the Shades,
 Thus first ; Who, *Palinure*, of all the Gods
 Snatch'd thee from Us, and drown'd thee in the Sea ?
 O speak ; For never faithless found 'till Now 436
Apollo by This Oracle alone
 Deluded me ; Pronouncing from his Shrine
 That thou shouldst pass the Ocean safe, and reach
Aufonia's Coasts. Is This the promis'd Faith ? 440
 Then He ; Nor you has *Phæbus'* Shrine deceiv'd,
 Brave Prince, *Anchises'* Son ; Nor did the God
 Plunge

Ver. 429. *With wand'ring Steps mov'd slow.*] *Agebat* elegantly expresses his melancholy Gesture, and slow wand'ring Motion. Ver. 339. *Orig. Mediis effusus in undis.* I should rather read *Medias ---- in undas.*

Ver. 442. ----- *Nor did the God, &c.*] *Nec me Deus æquore merfit.* i. e. Either, not *Apollo*, tho' *Somnus* did ; Or no God at all : For *Palinure* took *Somnus* for *Phorbas*. The Reading of *Servius*, who points it Thus ; *Nec te Phæbi cortina fefellit, nec me ; Deus æquore merfit,* agrees ill with the next Words, *Namque Gubernaculum multâ vi forte, &c.* Whereas,

according to the other Pointing, he attributes it not to the God, but to mere Chance and ill Fortune : And so *Namque, &c.* comes in properly. Nor was *Apollo's* Oracle false, tho' delusive : because he was *ponto incolumis*, did not perish at Sea ; and did come *ad Fines Aufonios*, tho' That was all ; just touched That Land, and was killed by the Inhabitants. The Word *fefellit* therefore, with *neque* before it, must be taken as I said ; it was not strictly false : tho' it was fallacious ; and *animum delusit Apollo* by speaking a delusive Truth, according to the Custom of These Oracles.

Plunge me into the Sea. For as I held
 The Rudder, sticking fast, and steer'd our Course ;
 Falling, I drew it, with me, torn by chance 445
 With mighty Violence. By the stormy Seas
 I swear, I never for my self conceiv'd
 So great a Fear, as least your Ship should fail,
 Robb'd of her Rudder, and her Pilot lost,
 Amidst the Tossing of such boist'rous Waves. 450
 Three Nights tempestuous o'er the boundless Deep
 Rough *Notus* bore me ; Scarce upon the fourth
 Appearing Dawn, I saw th' *Italian* Coast,
 High from the topmost Billow. By degrees
 I swam to Land : and now had safe arriv'd ; 455
 Had not the cruel Nation, as I catch'd
 With grasping Hands the Mountain's rugged Sides,
 Clogg'd in my brine-drench'd Garments, with the Sword
 Invaded me, and ignorant suppos'd
 They gain'd a Prize. My body now is wrapp'd 460
 In Waves, and roll'd by Winds along the Shore.
 Wherefore, by Heav'n's refreshing Light and Air,
 By your lov'd Father, by the rising Hope
 Of young *Iulus*, free me from These Woes,
 Unconquerable Chief. Or You, your self, 465
 Cast Earth upon me, (for You can,) and seek
 The *Velin* Port : Or if a Way there be,
 If any Way your Goddess Mother shew ;

(For

Ver. 449. Robb'd of her Rudder.] *Spoliata armis.* Here These Transmutations are frequent in the Poets, especially in *Virgil*.
 arms for the Rudder ; as Book V. 18. for the Sails. See the Note there. *Excussa magistro,*

(For sure without the Favour of the Gods
 You never would, I think, attempt to pass 470
 Such mighty Rivers, and the *Stygian* Lake)
 Give wretched Me your Hand, and o'er the Waves
 Transport me with Your self; that I may find
 A Mansion of Repose, at least in Death.

He said; and Thus the Prophetess reply'd. 475
 Whence, *Palinure*, in thee does This Desire
 So impious rise? Shalt Thou unbury'd see
 That River, and the Furies' dreary Stream,
 Or unpermitted pass the *Stygian* Bank?
 Forbear to hope the Destinies Divine 480
 Can ever with Intreaties be subdu'd.
 Yet mindful take This Solace of thy Woe;
 For far and wide th' adjoining Cities, urg'd
 By Prodigies Celestial, shall attone
 Thy Ashes, build a Tomb, and solemn Rites 485
 Perform: And to eternal Ages fam'd
 The Place shall *Palinurus*' Name retain.

These Words relieve his Cares, and for a while
 Ease his sad Soul; With Pleasure he reflects
 Upon the Land distinguish'd by his Name. 490
 They now pursue their Way, and near the Stream
 Arrive: Them soon as from the *Stygian* Sound
 The Steersman saw, thro' the brown silent Grove,
 Approaching to the Bank; He first with Speech
 Accosts them, challenging. Whoe'er Thou art 495
 Who arm'd art making to our River; speak
 The

Ver. 477. *Impious.*] *Dira* *ripamve injussus abibis?* *Injus-*
 may signify That; or perhaps *sus* for *non permissus*. *Ripam*
 no more than *great*; like *im-* [subaud. *trans.*] Ver. 376. *flecti*
proba, &c. Ver. 375. Orig. [posse.]

The Causes of thy Coming, and presume
 No farther to advance ; This Place to Ghosts
 Is all assign'd, to Sleep, and drowsy Night ;
 'Tis not permitted in the *Stygian* Boat 500
 The Bodies of the Living to convey.
 Nor was it Joy to me, that I receiv'd
Alcides in his Passage o'er my Lake,
 Nor *Theseus*, nor *Perithous* ; tho' born
 Of heav'nly Race, and Matchless in their Might. 505
 The First in Chains th' infernal Mastiff seiz'd,
 And drag'd him trembling from our Monarch's Throne.
 The Rest attempted from his Bed to force
 Great *Pluto's* Queen. To him in brief replies
 Th' *Amphrysian* Prophetess : No Plots like These 510
 (Dismiss thy Apprehensions) here are meant ;
 Nor do These Weapons threaten hostile Wrongs :
 Still may the monstrous Porter in his Den
 Eternal, barking fright the bloodless Shades ;
 And still may chaste *Proserpina* remain 515
 Within

Ver. 497, 498. *And presume No farther to advance.*] moveas, *isthinc* : This Positive for that Negative.
Iam isthinc & comprime gressum. One would think it should be *isthic* rather than *isthinc* ; Ver. 513. *Still may the monstrous Porter, &c.*] Was ever any thing so dismally solemn, as That
 and yet This is more elegant. *Comprime gressum, i. e. ne te*

*Licet ingens Janitor antro
 Æternum latrans exangues terreat umbras ;*

Especially the last Verse, all brings many supposed Authorities, to prove that This Expression *servet limen* is very emphatical ; because, among the Ancients, *Women* even of the greatest Quality were always lodged

Q 5

Within her Uncle's Court. *Æneas* sprung
 From *Troy*, renown'd in Piety, and Arms,
 Descends, to see his Father, to the Waves
 Of *Erebus* profound. If by the Image
 Of so much Piety thou are not mov'd ; 520
 This Bough at least acknowledge : With those Words
 She shew'd the Bough, which lay beneath her Robe
 Conceal'd. His swelling Choler strait subsides ;
 Nor more : He wond'ring at the fatal Branch,
 That venerable Passport long unseen ; 525
 Turns his cerulean Skiff, and to the Bank
 Approaches : Other Ghosts, which fate in Rows
 Along the Deck, he then removes ; and clears
 His Hatches ; and at once receives on Board
 The great *Æneas* ; Lab'ring with his Weight 530
 The Leathern Sculler groans, and leaky sucks
 The rushing Waves : At length beyond the Stream
 The

lodged at the *Door*, or *Entrance* of the Palace. But I agree with *Ruæus*, that there is little Force in Those Arguments ; and that if there be any Emphasis in the Phrase, it is This ; *Proserpina* is so *juse* from *Æneas*, that she may even stand at the *Door* without any danger of Violence from him. But I have rendered it indefinitely ; taking *Limen* by Synecdoche for *Domum*, and *servet* for *teneat*, or *habitet* : And in This I agree with *Servius*, and other Commentators.

Ver. 528. *Along the Deck*, &c.] *Per juga longa* sedebant. *Juga* for the Benches upon

Deck. This Word has various Significations ; Like *Sinus*, and many others.

Ver. 528, 529. ----- Clears the Hatches.] *Laxatque fores*. *Laxat*, for *clears*, or *disencumbers* them. A Place, when it is empty, seems to be wider, larger and looser ; when it is crowded, it looks more stiff, narrow, and contracted.

Ver. 531. The Leathern Sculler, &c.] I am sensible that *Sutulis* in the Original may imply no more than *texta*, *fragilia*, &c. But as the Ancients made Boats of Leather, and *Cbaron's*, which was only for the Use of Ghosts, ought to be

The Hero and the Priests safe he lands,
On the grey Sedges, and unfightly Mad.

The Monster *Cerberus* with three-mouth'd Bark 535
Howls thro' These Realms ; within his Den adverse

Outstretch'd enormous. When the Priests saw
The Snakes with horroir swelling round his Neck ;

She flings a Cake of medicated Meal,
And soporific Honey : He, with Rage 540

Of Hunger op'ning wide his triple Throat,
Snatches the Morsel ; and, his spacious Chine

Relaxing, lies extended on the Ground,
And with his Vastness covers all the Cave.

The Watch thus laid asleep ; *Æneas* swift 545
Seizes the Passage, and behind him leaves

The Border of th' irremeable Lake.

First shrill Laments, and slender Cries are heard,
The

be conceived very *thin*, and
light, I chuse That Sense of
Sutis : And the rather, be-
cause the very Construction
more immediately requires it.
See *Ruæus* upon the place : But
especially *De La Cerda*.

Ver. 542, 543. His [spacious
Chine relaxing] This may be
difficult to a Beginner ; but no-
thing can be more natural and
elegant than this Expression,
Inmania terga resolvit. When
he was standing, and in a Rage,
his Muscles, Veins, and other
Parts of his Body were strain'd,
extended, and stiffen'd ; but un-
bent, and relax'd, when he was
pleas'd and lying down. Who-
ever has observ'd a Mastiff
standing, and enrag'd, pleas'd,
and lying down, must have a
clear Idea of This Matter.

The Creature is *loosen'd* and *dis-
solv'd*, in comparison of what
he was before. *Ruæus* interprets
this Passage by *defecit vastis
membris* ; which, I dare say,
He himself did not understand.

Ver. 548. First shrill La-
ments, &c.] This is That Part
of the Infernal World which I
call the Middle State, consisting
of Five Divisions: First, Infants ;
Secondly, Unjustly condemn'd ;
Thirdly, Self-murderers; Fourth-
ly, Lovers ; Fifthly, Warriours.
I call it the middle State, be-
cause *Tartarus* is the Place of
the Damned ; *Elysium* of the
Blessed ; This is neither. But
it is to be remarked that This is
not a middle State equally, and
in the same respect, to all the
Persons here mentioned. To
the Infants it is so finally ; they
having

The Ghosts of Infants weeping in the Door :
Whom, of sweet Life abridg'd, and from the Breast
Untimely

having never done good, or hurt. To all the rest it is so *probationally* : They are as yet in This *obscure Sojourn* (as *Milton* says) or in These *tristes umbræ*, as *Virgil* himself expresses it. But it is only for a time, 'till they shall have purged off the Corruption of their former Crimes, and be fitted for other Bodies, or for *Elysium* ; according to his own Doctrine afterwards.

*Ergo exerceantur pœnis, veterumque malorum
Supplicia expendunt -----*

And

Quisque suos patimur manes. -----

As for Those who were so very wicked as to be doomed to *Tartarus*, they are supposed to go thither immediately ; without at all remaining in any intermediate State. And whereas it is said that even in These middle Regions there are distinct Districts allotted by the Judge to the several Divisions of Departed Spirits ;

Nec vero hæc sine sorte datæ, sine judice, sedes :

We may well imagine, even Here, a less and greater Degree of Happiness or Misery ; and that *Minos* should be Judge of the several Allotments in This District, as *Rhadamanthus* is in the Next. And there seems to be something very emphatical in that Expression to justify my Remarks :

Nec vero hæc, &c.

As if he should have said *even These Abodes* (tho' all in a middle State between the extreme Happiness and Misery) are yet distinguished among themselves, and not assigned to the several Divisions of Spirits without the Sentence of a Judge. But still a very material Question may be here readily asked ; Are the Characters of the Persons here mentioned properly distinguished ? Unjustly Condemned : Self-murderers : Lovers : and Warriours : and in the Third Division the most innocent joined with the most profligate ; *Evadne*, and *Laodamia*, with *Pædra*, *Eriphyle*, and *Pasiphaë* : and *Dido* among the Lovers, who might as well have been among the Self-murderers ; and *Sicæus* among the former, who did not die for Love, as we ever heard ? This complicated Question must be distinguished in the Answer. It must be remembered that we are hitherto in the Middle State of the Dead ; and so any Distinction is sufficient, either as to the manner of their Deaths, or way of Living, or Both : Only considering that the most material Difference is to take place ; and so *Dido* is more properly named among the Lovers, than among the Self-murderers ; Love being

Untimely snatch'd, the fatal Day cut off,
And in a Fun'ral immature involv'd.

551

Next

being the Cause of her dying with her own hand. Upon which latter we may observe by the way, that the Heathen had not the same Notion of Suicide as we have (tho' it be against the Law of Nature, as well as against the Law of God) and therefore Virgil calls them such as did it, being guiltless;

---- Qui sibi letum

Infantes peperere manu, &c.

But then at the same time, if he does not condemn it, he blames it;

Quam vellent æthere in alto

Nunc & pauperiem, & duros perferre labores!

As to Sicæus, there is no Necessity of supposing he died for Love; as we know He did not: it is sufficient that he was a fond and passionate Lover: as we are here told he was;

---- Conjux ubi pristinus illi

Respondet curis, æquatque Sicæus amorem.

The Crimes of Pasiphaë, Phædra, and Eriphyle, were indeed such, that we may suppose Tartarus a fitter Place for Them, than the *lugentes campi*. But we must remember that the ancient Heathen were very tender to the Transports of sudden and outrageous Passion; in which they supposed the Persons to be rather *non compotes* than criminal, and to be pitied rather than condemned. Tho' after all, I could wish Virgil had not so often in his Works mentioned That Abomination of Pasiphaë; which is so very shocking and detestable, and moves Horror instead of Compassion. For part of These Observations I am obliged to M. Segrais, tho' I had considered them, before I read him: How far I am so, I desire my Reader to inform himself, by comparing what I have said on This Subject with his Fourth

and Fifth Remark on the Sixth Æneid. I have only farther to observe here, that the Author of Virgil's Life before Mr. Dryden's Translation is not strictly just to the Poet, by saying, that the Mourning Fields are crowded with Ladies of a lost Reputation. Even among Those who are so, Dido is rather unfortunate, than profligate; tho' the same Author is very severe upon Her. However, including Her, he names but Five at most. For Evadne and Laodamia were Ladies of an excellent Character, and Procris of no very bad one. And Cænis (who is now again, I think, a Woman; not a Man, as he supposes) was guilty of no criminal Amour, unless being ravished by a God may be so accounted. I cannot imagine, I own, how She, or He, comes to be ranked among the Lovers: For I never heard of any

Next Those who by an Accufation falfe
 Were doom'd to Death. Nor are Those Seats affign'd
 Unjudg'd, or lotlefs : *Minos* fhakes the Urn, 555
 Inquifitor ; He calls the filent Shades
 To Council ; and their Lives, and Crimes explores.

The next allotted Manfions Those poffefs,
 Wailing, who innocent procur'd their Death
 By their own hands ; and, fick of Living, flung 560
 Their Souls away ; How gladly would they Now
 The Pain of Toils and Poverty endure
 In upper Light ! The Deftinies forbid ;

Them

any Perfon with whom either *Cænis* or *Cæneus* was in Love. I fay, I think ſhe is now a Woman again ; and *Servius*, *Ruæus*, and others, are of the ſame Opinion. *Virgil's* Words indeed are ſo ambiguous, that they will bear either Senſe. But I chuſe This, becauſe *Ovid* makes *Cænis* originally a Woman : And therefore I take *Virgil* Thus ; *Cæneus*, *quondam Juvénis* (once, not originally, a Man) *nunc* (now again, at this time) *Fœmina* ; and *Rurfus* & *in veterem*, &c. in conjunction with That, and explication of it. In my Tranſlation. I have receded from the ſtrict Words, to make the Senſe plainer. I confeſs, according to this Interpretation, it ſhould be *Cænis*, rather than *Cæneus* ;

And ſo I believe it ought to be read, for the Reaſons above alledged. Not that the other is inconſiſtent with it ; Nay it is very poſſible that *Virgil* might have an elegant Deſign in applying the Name of the former Man to the preſent Woman ; viz. to expreſs the Ambiguity of the Creature ; and to make His, or Her Sex ſtill doubtful. This, I confeſs, is mere Conjecture ; but it is propoſed as ſuch ; and no great Streſs is laid upon it.

Ver. 553. *An Accuſation falſe*] *Falſo damnati crimine Mortis. i. e. damnati [ſententiâ Mortis, falſâ criminatiône*

Ver. 555. ---. *Minos ſhakes the Urn, &c.*] Here it is *Urnâ movet*. But in *Statius* it is

--- *Immenſis urnam quatit Æacus umbris.*

The One muſt be explained by the Other.

Them *Styx*, unlovely Lake, with dreary Waves
Hems in, and, nine times interfus'd, confines. 565

Not far from hence extended wide are shewn
The Mourning Fields; To them That Name is giv'n.
Here Those, whom unrelenting Love consum'd
With cruel pining Sickness, secret Walks
O'ershadow, and a Myrtle Grove around 570
Conceals: Their Cares in Death it self survive.
Phædra, and *Procris*, in These Fields he sees;
And weeping *Eryphile*, shewing here
The Wounds she from her cruel Son receiv'd;
Evadne, and *Pasiphaë*; with Them 575
Laodamia walks; and *Cæneus* once
A Man, a Woman first, and by the Turn
Of Fate, into her former Sex revolv'd.

Among the rest, fresh reeking from her Wound,
In the vast Grove *Phænician Dido* roams: 580
Soon as the *Trojan* Hero near her stood,
And knew her thro' the dusky Shade, as when

At

Ver. 568. Here Those whom unrelenting Love, &c.]

Hic quos durus Amor crudeli tabe peredit, &c.

What can be more elegant and
emphatical?

Ver. 580. In the vast Grove
Phænician Dido roams.] Mr.
Dryden, in his Dedication of
his *Æneis*, takes notice from
M. *Segrais*, that *Virgil* him-
self seems to be sensible that
his Hero had been guilty of a
Fault in the Affair of *Dido*;
because he is introduced as ex-
cusing the matter to her in the
Regions below: And Mr. *Dry-*
den is a little merry upon That

Subject. I have owned in my
Remarks upon the Fourth
Book that *Æneas* was in a
Fault; and that *Virgil* inten-
ded so to represent him. But
if we own the Fault (in the
Hero, tho' not in the Poet)
how decent and beautiful is This
Excuse? And how skilfully in-
serted in This Place?

Ver. 582. And knew her thro'
the dusky Shade, &c.] *Servius*
refers *obscuram* to *quam* [*Di-*
donem.] All Others refer it to
Umbram,

At the first Op'ning of the Month one sees,
 Or thinks one sees, thro' Clouds the rising Moon ;
 Tears he lets fall, and Thus with Fondness speaks. 585
 Was it then true, Unhappy *Dido* ? True
 The Tidings I receiv'd, that by the Sword
 Dying you had pursu'd the last Extremes ?
 Your Death, alas ! I caus'd : But by the Stars,
 And by the Gods I swear, by all the Faith 590
 Beneath the Earth, if any such there be ;
 Unwillingly, O Queen, I left your Coasts.
 But the Celestial Pow'rs, who force me now
 To travel thro' These Shades, These squalid Realms,
 And Night profound, urg'd me by Their Commands ;
 Nor could I think that such excessive Grief 596
 To You by my Departure would be caus'd :
 Whom fly you ? Stay ; nor from my Sight withdraw ;
 'Tis the last Interview our Fate allows.

Thus Her with Indignation frowning, stern, 600
 With

Umbram. It may be either, and the Sense is much the same. *Videt, aut vidisse putat*, implies no more than that the Moon appears so faint and obscure, that the Person is doubtful whether he sees her, or no ; Not but that he really sees her, and there is in truth no Doubt of it. In some Copies it is *qui* ; in others, *quis* : I am for the latter ; Because even where it is the former, *qui* must be put for *quis*, as *quis* it self for *aliquis*. Ver. 457. Orig. *extinctam* [te esse.] Next Ver. *et si qua fides*, &c. [per eam juro.]

Ver. 599. 'Tis the last Interview our Fate allows.] Extre-

mum fato quod te alloquor hoc est. Extremum Verbum, say some : Tempus, say Others. But I doubt it will be hard to make Grammar of it either of Those Ways. It is plain to me, that *quod te alloquor* is a part of a Sentence put for a Substantive, agreeing with the Pronoun, and being the Nominative Case to the Verb. *Hoc quod te alloquor* (i. e. *hoc me alloqui te, hæc allocutio mea ad te*) extremum est fato ; i. e. *perfatum*, or *permisum fato*.

Ver. 600. Thus her with Indignation frowning, &c.] *Animum ardentem, & torva tuentem*, for *ardentis, & torva tuentis*, is pretty singular : I

With Tears, and Blandishments *Æneas* sooth'd :

She bends her Eyes averſe upon the Ground ;

And by his Speech begun is mov'd no more,

Than a hard Flint, or fix'd *Marpeſian* Rock.

At length ſhe flits away, and from his Sight

605

Detected whirls into the ſhady Grove ;

Where her *Sichæus*, her firſt plighted Lord,

Answers her Cares, and equals all her Love,

Nor leſs *Æneas* her hard Fate bewails,

And far with Tears purſues her, as ſhe flies.

610

Then ſpeeds his deſtin'd Way ; and now they reach

The laſt allotted Fields, poſſeſs'd by Chiefs

In War illuſtrious. *Tydeus* meets him here,

And brave *Parthenopæus*, fam'd in Arms,

And pale *Adraſtus*' Gholt : Here Leaders ſprung

615

From *Troy*, who fell in Battle, much deplor'd

In upper Life ; whom he beholding, groan'd,

As there in long extended Ranks they ſtood :

Glaucus, and *Medon*, and *Therſilochus*,

Antenor's three Sons, *Polybætes*, Priest

620

Of *Ceres*, and *Idæus*, ev'n in Death

Retaining ſtill his Chariot, and his Arms,

On

do not remember to have met with any Inſtance of the like Nature. *Lacrimasque ciebat ; Conabatur ei [Didoni] movere lacrimas*, ſays *Ruæus*. Others take it that he actually drew Tears from *Dido*, tho' ſhe remained unmov'd in her Poſture. But *Virgil* repreſents her as not only unmoved in her Poſture, but in her Mind : And therefore with the moſt, and beſt

Expofitors, I take the Tears to be *Æneas*'s, not *Dido*'s.

Ver. 604. Rock.] *Quàm ſi dura*

ſilex aut ſtet Marpeſia cautes.

i. e. *Quàm ſi ſtet [tanquam]*

--- *ſilex aut --- cautes : Or*

ſi ſit ſilex, &c. Ver. 478. *Se-*

creta ; not ſecret, but ſepara-

ted, allotted to them. Segre-

go, and ſecerno are ſynonymous.

Ver. 485. Orig. *Idæumque etiam.*

[nunc.]



On either side the thronging Ghosts stand round ;
 Nor them suffices to have seen him Once ;
 Delighted, they detain him long, and walk 625
 Familiar, and confer, and ask the Cause
 Of his Arrival. But the Grecian Lords,
 And Agamemnon's Squadrons, when they saw
 The Hero shining thro' the Shades in Arms,
 Tremble with sudden Fear : Someturn their Backs 630
 In Flight, as to their Ships they one retir'd :
 Some raise a slender Cry ; The abortive Scream
 Dies in their Throats, and stifles half the Sound.

Here Priam's Son *Deiphobus* he sees,
 Butcher'd thro' all his Body ; with his Face 635
 Inhumanly disfigur'd o'er ; his Face,
 And both his Hands, his Temples hack'd, his Ears
 Hewn off, and with an indecorous Wound
 His

Ver. 627. ---- But the Grecian Lords, &c.]

*At Danaum procures, Agamemnoniæque phalanges,
 Ut videre virum, fulgentiaque arma per umbras,
 Ingenti trepidare metu ---- &c.*

This is an Image truly *Virgi-* | *lian* ; i. e. truly natural and
 elegant : Especially That last

---- *Pars tollere vocem*

Exiguam ; inceptus clamor frustratur biantes.

Ulysses does not Thus fright the Trojan Ghosts in the Eleventh *Odyssee*. Indeed no Author, either before, or since *Virgil*, is comparable to him in his judicious Choice of particular Circumstances, and his Genius and Skill in making them various, new, natural, and yet surprising, and every way elegant and delightful.

Ver. 634. Here Priam's Son *Deiphobus* he sees, &c.] In the Destruction of *Troy*, Book II nothing is said of *Deiphobus*, but that his Palace was burnt. The particular Account of him was most judiciously and elegantly reserved to This place. The whole Passage is both surprising and pathetical, and in all respects admirable. Ver. 501. Orig. *sumere pœnas* [de

te.]

His Nostrils mangled. Him when scarce he knew
 Trembling with Shame, and striving to conceal 640
 His dire Indignities ; with well-known Voice
 He first begins. *Deiphobus*, renown'd
 In Arms, deriv'd from *Teucer's* Royal Blood ;
 Who had the Will, or Pow'r on Thee 't inflict
 Such cruel, barb'rous Treatment? Fame to Me 645
 Reported, that in *Troy's* last Night you fell,
 Weary'd with mighty Slaughter of the *Greeks*,
 Upon their Heaps confus'd. An empty Tomb
 Strait on the *Rhætian* Shore I rear'd, and thrice
 Aloud invok'd thy *Manes* ; Still the Place 650
 Retains thy Name, and Arms. Thy self, my Friend,
 I could not find ; nor, from our native Soil
 Departing, in a Grave thy Corps compose.

To whom *Priamides* : By you, my Friend,
 Nothing has been omitted ; All the Rites 655
 To dead *Deiphobus* you have perform'd.
 But me my Fate, and *Helen's* murd'rous Fraud
 Plung'd in These Woes ; These Monuments she left.
 For how we wasted in delusive Mirth
 That last of Nights to *Troy*, too well you know ; 660
 Nor can the sad Remembrance be effac'd.
 When o'er high *Pergamus* the fatal Steed
 Ascended huge, and pregnant from his Womb
 Disclos'd an Army : She, a festal Dance,
 Pretending, round the Orgies led in pomp 665
 The Bacchanalian Dames of *Troy* ; Herself
 Holds a vast flaming Taper in the Midst,
 And from the Cittadel invites the *Greeks*.
 Then I, fatigu'd with Cares, and plung'd in Sleep,

Lay

Lay on my fatal Bed, dissolv'd in Rest
 Sweet, and profound, and like a pleasing Death.
 Mean-while my precious Consort from my House
 Removes all Arms, and from my Pillow steals
 My faithful Sword ; wide open flings the Gates,
 And to my Palace *Menelaus* calls :
 Hoping, belike, by That to reconcile
 Her injur'd Lord, and for her former Crimes
 By That important Service to atone.
 Short let me be ; They burst into my Room :
 With them That Traytor of th' *Æolian* Race,
 Encourager of Villany, is join'd.
 Ye Gods, repay such Treatment to the *Greeks*,
 If 'tis with pious Pray'r I beg Revenge.

670

675

680

But

Ver. 679. Short let me be ; They burst into my Room, &c.

*Quid miror ? irrumpunt thalamo ; comes additur una
 Hortator scelerum Æolides. Dii, talia Graiis
 Instauratione, &c.*

An ordinary Writer would have as he comes to That part of here made *Deiphobus* give a the Story, he breaks off abruptly ; and turns his Discourse to difmal Account of his being ly ; and turns his Discourse to murdered, hacked, and mangled. But in *Virgil*, as soon other matters :

Sed te qui vivum casus, age fare vicissim, &c.

And the Reason is plain. The gure which *Deiphobus* made Poet had artificially forestalled when he first mentions him in Those Circumstances by the Those Verses, which are some Description he gives of the Fi- of the best in the *Æneis* :

*Atque hic Priamiden laniatum corpore toto
 Deiphobum videt, lacerum crudeliter ora ;
 Ora, manusque ambas, populataque tempora raptis
 Auribus, & truncas inonesto vulnere nares.*

So that by Thus placing his voids Repetition, and also gives Incidents, and Thus disposing an unexpected Turn to the the several Parts, he both a- Thoughts of his Reader.

But by what Fortune, tell me in your Turn,
 Living arrive You here ? By Strefs of Sea 685
 Wand'ring, and tofs'd? Or warn'd by Pow'r's Divine?
 Or what Fate urges you to visit Realms
 Joyless, and unillumin'd by the Sun,
 These turbid Regions ? Thus while mutual Speech

They

Ver. 689. ---- Thus while mutual Speech, &c.]

*Hæc vice sermonum roseis Aurora quadrigis
 Jam medium æthereo cursu trajecerat axem.*

This is a difficult Passage ; and Interpreters and Translators are much divided upon it ; Some mistaking the Sense of Others ; and Some contradicting themselves. The Question is, whether *Virgil* here speaks of Mid-night, or Mid-day ? It would be as tedious, as unedifying, to recite all their different Opinions, and their Reasons *Pro* and *Con* ; together with the various Computations of Day and Night, among the Ancients. *Ruæus*'s Account of the matter is the best. He thinks with *Donatus*, that we are here to understand Mid-day,

not Mid-night. For whatever is alledged by *Gellius*, and others, concerning the different Measuring of Days in different Nations ; it is plain that *Virgil* determines his Days by the Rising, and Setting of the Sun. And we are carefully to observe what is cited by *De La Cerda* from *Plutarch de Genio Socratis*, that the *Tempus datum*, the Time permitted and allowed for surveying of the infernal Regions, was two Nights and one Day. Now *Æneas* performed his Sacrifices the Night before :

Tum Stygio regi nocturnas inchoat aras :

Entered the subterraneous Passage just at Break of Day :

Ecce autem primi sub lumina Solis, & ortus, &c.

Now he having done so much Business ; certainly it cannot but be past Noon, and so tending towards Night. The ensuing Evening, and part of the Second Night he will spend in *Elysium* ; and so return to his Friends, the Night after he

has left them. Therefore *Aurora* here signifies not the Morning, but the Day : And accordingly *Donatus*, and *Latius* observe, that *Aurora*, cum quadrigis invehitur (as she is here) is taken for the Sun. *Nox* ruit here as Book VIII.

They chang'd alternate ; in her rosy Car 690
Aurora now had finish'd half her Course
 Ethereal : And perhaps in Talk like This
 Their whole allotted Time they would have spent ;
 But Thus in brief the *Sibyl* Guide advis'd.

The Night rolls on, *Æneas* ; We by Tears 695
 Protract the Time : Here lies a Way, which parts
 In Two ; The Right to awful *Pluto's* Court,
 And to *Elysium* leads Us ; but the Left
 To the *Tartarean* Gloom, and tortur'd Damn'd.

To Her *Deiphobus* : Be not displeas'd, 700
 Great

369. signifies the Night approaches. This Account would have been so much the better ; had he given us some particular Instances in which *Aurora* is used for the Day, or the Sun : And were the Night so properly said to approach, or hasten, immediately after Noon. But That indeed may, especially in Poetry, very well admit of a Latitude. In a wide Sense, the

Night approaches, at least comes on, when the Balance of the Day is turned ; i. e. when the Sun is past the Meridian. Others understand *Nox ruit*, the Night is almost spent ; and so take the whole Passage to be meant of about Mid-night. Among These is *De La Cerda* ; who supposes all that passed from ver. 255.

Ecce autem primi sub lumina Sol's, & ortus, &c.

to This Period, to be still before it is quite Break of Day ; when it was actually so at that very Verse : Which certainly is a most unaccountable Computation. According to This, it is not now quite so late as it was then : For it was then Break of Day ; and it is now but just past Mid-night. Whereas we cannot so much as read the Verses between That and This, as we should do, in less than Half an Hour ; nor conceive

the Transactions they describe to have taken up less than Half a Day.

Ver. 698. *But the Left, &c.*] *Læva malorum Exercet pænas.* ---- *Ruæus* renders *exercet* by *continet* ; but how it should so signify he does not inform us. The true Sense is, it leads to the Place, where *pæna malorum exercentur*. No Commentator takes the least notice of it.

Great Priests; Chide me not: I will retire,
 My Number fill, and render back my self
 To Darkness: Go, Our Glory; Go, and prove
 A better Fate. He said; and at the Word
 Turn'd, and withdrew. *Æneas* looks behind 705
 Sudden, and sees, beneath the left-hand Rock,
 An

Ver. 702. *My Number fill, &c.*]

--- *Explebo numerum, reddarque tenebris.*

Here is another very difficult Passage, as Commentators, and Translators have made it: For I think it is plain enough in it self; which, the former is not. *Explebo numerum*: i. e. say Some, *minuam numerum*; I will lessen your Company, by leaving it. But if *Ennius*, whose Authority they urge, uses the Word *explebo* in That Sense, I know not where *Virgil* does: And why *Ennius* should, I cannot understand: Because it is just contrary to it's usual signification: To fill by diminishing is very strange. Others interpret That Expression concerning the fulfilling of his Penance (for a thousand Years

Mr. *Dryden* by a Mistake calls it) before his being restored to Life. Of this Number is Mr. *Dryden*; who at the same time inclines to another Opinion, that *explebo numerum* signifies, I will finish what I was going to say; which is, *I decus, I nostrum, &c.* And This he proposes as a Conjecture of his own, and entirely new; tho' he takes it from the express Words of *Ruæus* upon the place. It is to my apprehension a frigid Interpretation; and makes but poor Sense of the whole Passage. How much more noble, and pathetical is it, for *Deiphobus* to break off abruptly with

I decus, I nostrum, melioribus utere fatis:

then for his former Words *Explebo numerum*, I will just say what I had to say, to have a relation to what follows. Much Learning, I acknowledge, is shewn by *Macrobius*, and Others, to prove the Sense above-mentioned concerning the Penance of a certain number of Years; and all the Translators whom I have seen, except

Ogilby and *my self*, adhere to That Opinion. But then how *reddarque tenebris* can be understood of his re-ascending to the Light of Life from This gloomy Region, I am not able to comprehend. For my own part, I am in These matters for as much plain Sense, and as little Mythology as possible: And therefore I take *explebo numerum*

An ample City, with a triple Wall
 Begirt ; which, rolling on it's rapid Tide,
Tartarean Phlegethon with torrent Flames
 Incloses round, and whirls the rattling Stones. 710
 A spacious Gate adverse, and Pillars hewn
 From solid Adamant ; which human Force
 None can subdue, nor ev'n the Gods with Steel
 Can cut : An iron Tow'r stands high in Air ;
 And pale *Tisiphone*, clad in a Gown 715
 Deep dy'd in Blood, before the Portal sits,

And

numerum for no more than
 This, I will return to my Com-
 pany of disconsolate Ghosts ;
 and *reddarque tenebris* to be ex-
 planatory of it. For tho' he
 was, even while he spoke, in
 that dark Habitation ; yet the
 Conversation of his Friend was
 a Relief to his Melancholy ; and
 so he might be properly said

to return to his usual State of
Darkness by being separated from
 him.

Ver. 707. *An ample City with
 a triple Wall, &c.*] We are
 now come to the Description
 of *Tartarus*, or the Prisons of
 the Damned. It continues from
 This Line to Ver. 627. of the
 Original ;

Omnia pœnarum percurrere nomina possem.

And they are surely the best

122 Verses together that ever
 were written.

*Maenia lata videt, triplici circumdata muro ;
 Quæ rapidus flammis ambit torrentibus amnis
 Tartareus Phlegethon, torquetque sonantia saxa,
 ---- Stat ferrea turris ad auras : &c.*

*Hinc exaudiri gemitus, & sæva sonare
 Verbera ; tum stridor ferri, traëtaque catenæ, &c.*

*Quinquaginta atris immanis biatibus Hydra
 Seviore intus habet sedem. ---- &c.*

*Hic genus antiquum terræ, Titania pubes,
 Fulmine dejecti, fundo volvantur in imo, &c.*

*---- Sedet, æternumque sedebit
 Infelix Theſeus. ---- &c.*

The

And sleepless, day and night, the Entrance guards.
Hence Groans are heard, and lashing Whips, the Din
Of Iron, and the Clank of dragging Chains.
Startled with Fear, and listning to the Noise, 720
Æneas stood : O tell me, sacred Maid,
What Scene of Crimes is This? What Pains? And what
Such loud Laments, ascending to the Sky?

To whom the *Sibyl* Priestess Thus reply'd.
None that is pure, Illustrious *Trojan* Chief, 725
May enter There, or tread th' unhallow'd Ground :
But *Hecate*, when o'er th' *Avernian* Groves

She

The Reader, I dare say, does not expect I should transcribe them all : He will rather blame me, and perhaps justly too, for transcribing so many : And yet I know not how it is ; I could not help it : For of These which I have cited I have no thing to say, but to desire him to read them, tho' he had read them a thousand times before : And the same I say of all the rest. And when he has read them ; I need not desire him to admire them still, as I do. Yet I must indulge my transcribing Folly once more ; because I take These which follow to be absolutely the best six Verses together in the whole World.

*Nec non & Tityon, terræ omniparentis alumnum,
Cernere erat : per tota novem cui jugera corpus
Porrigitur ; rostroque immanis vultur obunco
Immortale jecur tundens, fecundaque pœnis
Viscera, rimaturque epulis, habitatque sub alto
Pectore : nec fibris requies datur ulla renatis.*

Great is the Judgment, and Virtue of our Poet in This Division, in specifying the most atrocious Criminals here punished : Unnatural to Parents, to Brethren, and other Relations ; Betrayers of their Trust, and Cause ; Adulterers ; Incestuous ; Rebels ; Favourers of Tyrants ; Those who make and repeal Laws for Bribes, sell their Country, and sacrifice it's Constitution to their own Avarice and Ambition.

She gave me Charge, led me thro' all, and told
 The Vengeance of the Gods. These ruthless Realms
 By *Cretian Rhadamanthus* are possess'd : 730
 He punishes, and hears their secret Guilt ;
 Compels them to confess their hidden Crimes,
 Which, with the vain Diffimulation pleas'd,
 Each had protracted, in the upper World,
 To his late Hour of Death. The vengeful Pest 735
Tisiphone then frights the guilty Ghosts,
 Arm'd with her Whip, insulting ; threat'ning, waves
 With her Left hand her grievous Snakes, and calls
 The grim Assembly of her Sister-Fiends. Then

Ver. 728, 729. ----- Led me
 thro' all, and told the Ven-
 geance of the Gods.] That is,
 say some Expositors, by rela-
 ving it to her, not by actually
 shewing it. Because she had

said just before, that no pure
 or holy Person could enter
 there. But then they forget
 that she twice affirms her self
 to have seen these things.

----- *Aloïdas geminos immaina vidi*

Corpora -----

Vidi & crudeles dantem Salmoneæ pœnas.

Nor do they take any notice of
 that Objection. The true Ac-
 count must be, either that the
 Door being opened, she saw what
 was within, tho' she did not
 enter : (But her Description is
 too particular for This, espe-
 cially considering the Darknes
 of the Place ;) Or rather, that
 the Sibyl, being an inspired di-
 vine Person, and a Kind of half
 Goddess, might enter without
 any danger of Pollution, es-
 pecially under the Protection
 of *Hecate* ; tho' a mere Mor-
 tal might not.

Ver. 737. ----- Threat'ning,
 waves, &c.] *Intentans angues.*
 Threat'ning to throw them :
 Thus Book I.

Præsentemque viris intentant omnia mortem.

Ver. 739. The grim Assem-
 bly of her Sister-Fiends.] Tho'
 there was but Three principal
 Furies ; yet there might be
 many subordinate ones. This

I take, with *Ruæus*, to be a
 better Account, than that *Ag-*
mina signifies either the Snakes
 upon their Heads, or their Im-
 petuosity, Rage, and Assiduity.

Then with a dismal Jarring, on their Hinge, 740
 Grating harsh Noise, the execrable Gates
 At length are open'd: What a Sentry fits,
 You see; and what a Figure guards the Door.
 More dire the monstrous *Hydra*, lodg'd within,
 Opens with pitchy Yawn her fifty Throats: 745
 Then *Tartarus* itself sinks twice as low,
 Beneath the Shades descending, wide, and deep,
 As tends the upper Prospect to the Sky.
 Here the old Earth-born Offspring, *Titan's* Sons,
 Roll,

Ver. 740. Then with a dismal Jarring, &c.]

*Tum demum borrisono stridentes cardine sacræ
 Panduntur portæ. Cernis custodia qualis, &c.*

Sacræ here certainly signifies it is otherwise with the *Gates*
execrable; Tho' I understand it of *Hell*, or the Place of the
 otherwise at Ver. 199. ---- *Sa- Dead in general*, including *E-*
cra ostia pandas. For tho' the *lysium* as well as *Tartarus*,
 Gates of This hateful Place, This is properly *sacred*, i. e.
 the Prison of the Damned in to *Pluto*, and the other Infer-
Tartarus, are more properly and nal Deities. Some will have
 elegantly called *execrable*; yet it that

*Tum demum borrisono stridentes cardine sacræ
 Panduntur portæ ----*

are the Words of the Poet, re- the *Sibyl* resumes her Discourse
 suming his Narration; and that at

---- *Cernis custodia qualis, &c.*

But This to me is very obscure, derstand the *outer Gates* of This
 harsh, and unconnected, and *infernal Castle*, the same with
 therefore unlike *Virgil*. The *Porta adversa, ingens*, above
Sibyl there still speaks; but described. The same Fury a-
 what Gates does she speak of? bove-mentioned as keeping Sen-
 The Gates of the *Dungeon* try before it,
within, say Some. But I un-

*Tisiphoneque sedens, palla succinea cruenta,
 Vestibulum insomnis servat noctesque diesque,*

is soon after described as ter- rifying the Ghosts, and shaking
 her Snakes at them;

Roll, struck with Lightning, in the vast Abyfs.
 The two *Alcides* I here beheld
 Of mighty Stature; who with impious Hands
 Assail'd the Sky, and from his Seat supreme
 Attempted to dethrone the King of Heav'n.
Salmoncus' penal Torments too I saw, 755
 Who mimick'd Thunder, and the Flames of *Jove*.
 He by four Horses drawn, along the Streets
 Of *Elis*' City, and the *Grecian* Towns,
 And brandishing a Torch, Triumphant rode,
 And to himself celestial Honours claim'd : 760
 Infatuate, with a brazen Bridge, and Hoofs
 Of noisy trampling Steeds, to counterfeit
 Th' inimitable Lightning, and the Storms.

But

*Continuo fontes ultrix accincta flagello
 Tisiphone quatit, &c.*

All therefore is hitherto transf-her to the Gate, which then
 acted without Doors : She frights opens to receive them :
 them, and drives them before

Tum demum horrifono stridentes, &c.

Efides; according to the other Interpretation, the next Words

----- *Cernis, custodia qualis
 Vestibulo fideat ? facies quæ limina servet ?*

are very bad Sense. They could *Megara* within, as Some in-
 not see the inner Dungeon : And terpret it. The Description of
 therefore I take This Fury, what passes within begins at
 who sits Sentry, to be still the the next Verse,
 same *Tisiphone* without, not

*Quinquaginta atris immanis biatibus Hydra
 Sævior intus habet sedem, &c.*

Ver. 579. Orig. *Cœli Olympum.* imitatus fuit may seem strange :
 I have remark'd upon several But there are innumerable Poe-
 Instances of this nature. tical Idioms of this nature. I

Ver. 756. *Who mimick'd Thunder, &c.] Dum flammæ---imitatur, &c. Dum imitatur* for quia I have remark'd upon many.
Virgil, if he had pleas'd, could have said ;

Qui flammæ Jovis, & sonitus imitatus Olympi est.

BOOK 6. VIRGIL's *ÆNEIS*. 387

But the Almighty Father lanc'd a Bolt 764
 Thro' the thick Clouds (a Bolt He lanc'd, not Brands,
 And smoking Tow) and drove him headlong hurl'd
 With the vast Swing, and Whirlwind of his Arm.
 There *Tityus*, Son of the all-bearing Earth,
 One might behold : Whose Body's monstrous Bulk
 Lies stretch'd o'er nine whole Acres ; and a huge 770
 Portentous Vulture, with her hooky Beak
 Pouncing his everlasting Liver, thrives
 Upon his Entrails fruitful of their Pains ;
 Rummages for her Meals, inhabits deep
 Beneath his Breast ; nor do the Fibres find 775
 The least Relief from Torment, still renew'd.
 Why should I name the *Lapithean* Race ?
Ixion? and *Perithöus*? O'er whom
 Hangs a black Flint, just tumbling now, just falling
 Down in Appearance. Lofty genial Beds 780
 On

Ver. 768. *There Tityus, Son of the all-bearing Earth, &c.*] same as I have rendered it : And so or for in This Place would be scarce *Englisb*.

Ver. 774. *Rummages for her Meals.*] *Rimaturque epulis. i. e. Rimatur ea [Viscera] ad epulas conquirendas.* Virgil has a multitude of these elegant poetical Particularities, especially in the Use of the Dative, and Ablative Cases.

Ver. 773. ---- *Fruitful of their Pains.*] *Fæcundaque pænis.* That is, I confess, *fæcunda ad or in pænas, not pœnarum.* But the Sense is in effect the
 Ver. 779, 780. ---- *Just tumbling now, just falling Down in Appearance.*] There is a wonderful Elegancy in that

---- *Jamjam lapsura, cadentique
 Imminet assinitis.*

On golden Pillars shine ; And Feasts prepar'd
 With Royal Luxury, before their Eyes :
 Near them the Eldest of the Furies sits,
 Prohibits them from touching with their Hands
 The Dishes; rises, tossing in the Air 785
 Her flaming Torch, and thunders with her Voice.

Here Those, who, with their Term of Life endur'd,
 Hated their Brethren, or against their Fathers
 Lifted their Hands ; Those who with Fraud betray'd
 Their Client's Cause ; and Those who brooded o'er 790
 Their Wealth acquir'd alone, nor to their Friends
 Assign'd a Portion ; (These the greatest Croud :)
 They too who for Adultery were slain ;
 And they who in illegal Wars engag'd,
 Nor trembled to deceive their Master's Faith, 795
 Imprison'd wait their Doom. Seek not to know
 What Doom, what fatal Sentence, or what Form
 Of Punishment : Some roll a pond'rous Rock,

And

By that Syllable *que*, which would be redundant, were it not for the Elision by *Immet*, the First Verse seems to be tumbling down upon the Second, to express the Thing described. I have endeavoured to imitate it, by the Dissyllable falling in the First Verse down upon the Second.

Ver. 789. *Lifted their Hands.*]

I am satisfied that *Pulsatus* signifies neither *Exiled*, as Some,

nor *Slain*, as Others would have it. The Word, certainly, was never used in either of Those Senses. See the Commentators, especially *De La Cerda*. The Poet therefore speaks of the Wickedness of beating, or striking one's Father : And a most heinous, and unnatural Wickedness it is.

Ver. 789, 790. *Those who with Fraud betray'd Their Client's Cause.*]

---- *Fraus innexa clienti.*

The Word *necto*, or *innecto*, sometimes signifies to devise, or contrive ; and so it does here. Ver. 615. Orig. *Quam pœnam* [expectant :] aut quæ forma [supplicii] viros, fortunæve meritis, i. e. *immergit* [miseriis.] I take *fortuna* here to mean Punishment

BOOK 6. *VIRGIL's ÆNEIS.* 389

And on the Spokes of Wheels distended hang :
There sits, and to Eternity will sit 800

Unhappy *Iphesus*: And, advising all,
The wretched *Pblegyas* with his Voice aloud
There Testifies, and Preaches thro' the Shades ;
“ Be warn'd, learn Justice, nor condemn the Gods.

One sold his Country, and a Tyrant's Rule 805
Impos'd ; for Bribes made Laws, and Laws repeal'd.

Another by forbidden Nuptials seiz'd
His Daughter's Bed : All most flagitious Crimes
Daring, and executing what they dar'd.
Had I an hundred Tongues, an hundred Mouths, 810
An iron Voice ; I could not comprehend
The various Villanies with all their Names,
The various Forms, and Punishments of Vice.

When *Phæbus*' aged Priestess Thus had spoke ;
But haste, she said, pursue your Way, complete 815
The Off'ring you design'd : I see the Walls
Wrought in the *Cyclops*' Forges, and the Gates
With Arch adverse ; where we our Gift prescrib'd
Must by Command deposite. Thus she spoke ;
And Both together, thro' the gloomy Walks, 820
O'ershoot the middle Space, and to the Doors
Approach : *Æneas* to the Entrance hastes,

With

ment by *Lot*, or *Chance* : As by *Ruæus* : To whom, and the
Statius above cited ; *Urnæ* other Commentators, I refer
quærit Æacus umbris : And the Reader ; This being Mat-
Virgil himself, *Quæsitur Æneas* ter of History.

Ver. 802. *The wretched Phiegyas, &c.*] That *Pblegyas* is
here the Nominative, not the
Accusative Case, is very plain
to me, for the Reason assigned

Ver. 809. *And executing what they dar'd.*] *Ausque patiti.*
All Interpreters understand it,
as I have render'd it. But a
judicious Friend of mine takes
also for *præmio ausi*, by way
of

His Body with fresh Water sprinkles o'er,
And in the fronting Portal sticks the Bough.

The Rites thus finish'd, and the Off'ring due 825
Paid to the Goddeſs ; to the Realms of Joy
At length they come, and to the bliſſful Greens,
Fortunate Groves, and Manſions of the Bleſ'd.
An Ether more enlarg'd here cloaths the Fields

With

of Sarcaſm : *And they have their Reward* for it ; meaning new, in Hell. The Senſe is elegant ; and I am perſuaded Virgil intended it. Ver. 632. Orig. *Hic ubi nos præcepta jubent [Dii inferi] deponere dona.*

Ver. 826, 827. ---- *To the Realms of Joy At length they come, &c.]* What a Transi-

tion is here from *Hell* to *Heaven* ! For by *Heaven* we may, in our way of expreſſion, underſtand the *Elyſium* of the Heathen ; tho' they called *That* and *Tartarus* by the common Name of *Hell*, or the *World of departed Spirits* ; and imagined Both to be under Ground.

*Devenère locos lætos, & amœna vireta
Fortunatorum nemorum, ſedeſque beatas.
Largior hic campos æther & lumine veſtit
Purpureo ; ſolemque ſuum, ſua ſidera norunt, &c.*

The whole Deſcription is ſo charming ; that it is almoſt *Elyſium* to read it ! As the curſed Inhabitants of the other Region are (as I obſerved) moſt judiciously ſpecified, ſo are the Bleſſed ones of This : Thoſe who ſuffer in the ſervice of

their Country ; Holy Priests ; Pious Poets ; Inventors of Arts and Sciences ; In a word, All publick-ſpirited Perſons, and Benefactors to Mankind.

Ver. 829. *An Ether more enlarg'd, &c.*

Largior hic campos æther, &c.

Some Commentators have given themſelves a needleſs Trouble in conſidering whether the *Ether*, or *Hemiſphere* (as they underſtand it) be larger, or of greater Extent here, than in *Tartarus*, or than in the upper *World*. When it is plain that *Largior* ſignifies no more than purior, or ſerenior : It being matter of Experience, that a

thick Air is to the ſight more contracted ; and a clear one more expanſe, and diffuſive. In *That*, the Sky ſeems higher and wider, i. e. in plain Engliſh we ſee farther, than in *This*. The Force of it in this Verſe is this : *Veſtit campos, largior, et lumine purpureo.* Or *veſtit campos, idque lumine, &c.*

BOOK 6. VIRGIL's ÆNEIS. 391

With purple Light : and their own proper Sun, 830
 And proper Stars they know. On grassy Meads
 Some wrestling exercise their Limbs, contend
 In Sport, and struggle on the yellow Sand.
 Others in Dances artful Measures beat,
 And Verse recite : With These the *Thracian* Priest, 835
 In his long Garment, sev'n Divisions sings
 In tuneful Numbers ; on the same by turns
 His Fingers, and his Iv'ry Quill employs.
 Here, *Trojan*'s ancient Race, th' illustrious Line,
 Heroes renown'd, in happier Ages born ; 840
Ilus, Assaracus, and Dardanus
 Founder of *Troy*. With Wonder they behold
 Their Arms, and empty Chariots on the Plain
 At distance rang'd : Their Spears stand fix'd in Earth ;
 And loose o'er all the Fields their Horses feed ; 845
 The same delight in Chariots, and in Arms,
 And

Ver. 830, 831.----*And their own proper Sun, And proper Stars they know.*

---- *Solemque suum, sua sidera norunt.*

All the Editors and Interpreters make a Comma at <i>suum</i>, and conceive <i>incolæ</i>, or some such Word, understood as the Nominative Case to <i>norunt</i>. And so do all the Translators, except <i>Ogilby</i> and Bishop <i>Douglas</i> : Who take it thus, <i>sua sidera norunt suum solem</i>. And I am	very far from being sure that They are not in the right : Perhaps That is the more Poetical Sense. For my Part, I ever understood it so ; 'till I more closely consulted the Editions and Comments upon this Occasion. According to that Sense, I would translate it thus :
---	--

---- *And their own proper Sun
 His proper Planets know.* ----

Ver. 846. *The same Delight in Chariots and in Arms, &c.*] Tho' it is not true particularly that any one in Heaven will take delight in Chariots and Horses, &c. yet it is true that our Affections and Inclinations will

And shining Steeds, which living they conceiv'd,
 Pursues them still beneath the Earth repos'd.
 Others on either hand he sees reclin'd
 In Feasts along the Grass, and *Pæans* sweet 850
 Singing in Chorus, in the fragrant Grove
 Of Laurel: whence, descending thro' the Wood,
Eridanus abundant rolls his Waves.
 Here, Those who for their Country Wounds endur'd
 In War; And holy Priests, while Life remain'd; 855
 And pious Poets, who recited Things
 Worthy of *Phæbus*; Those who polish'd Life
 With Arts invented; Or consign'd their Names
 To Memory by well-deserving Deeds.
 Their Heads are all with snow-white Fillets wreath'd:
 Whom

be the same as to the main, in the Next World, as they are in this. Upon the due Consideration of which, our Wills and Passions ought to be regulated. We cannot at all enjoy Heaven hereafter, unless we in some measure enjoy it here. See Dr. Scot's *Christian Life*; especially p. 57. in which these Verses are cited.

Ver. 852. ---- *Whence descending thro' the Wood, &c.*] *Servius*, and after him *Ruæus*, interpret *superne*, as of the River running from *Elysium* to the upper World. But I wish either of them had given us one Instance in any good Author, in which *superne* is used for *sursum*, upwards: I imagine it is always used for *de super*, from above. But taking it in this Sense, which I chuse, they know not how to account

for *unde*, just before it. Why not? The River runs from the Wood, because it runs *beyond* it *one Way*; and comes from *above*, because it is *beyond* it another Way; the Wood being situated in a *Declivity*. I have expressed *unde* literally; and *superne* by Implication. For whatever *descends* must come from *above*. As to the Word *plurimus*, it certainly may, and I believe does, signify a great Part of it; as it is here understood by most Interpreters. But then it is no less certain, that it very often signifies *magnus*, or *abundans*; as *De La Cerda* himself here takes it in one part of his Commentary, tho' he is for *pars magna* in another. My Translation may very well include This; tho' it expresses That, as being more Poetical.

Whom gather'd round the *Sibyl* thus bespeaks ; 861
 Chiefly *Musæus* : For th' inclosing Croud
 Of Ghosts look up to Him, above the rest
 Standing superiour with his Shoulders tall.

Tell us, Ye happy Spirits, and Thou best 865
 Of Poets ; say, what Place, what Region holds
Anchises ? For his sake we hither came,
 And the wide Streams of *Erebus* o'erpass'd.
 To whom the Hero Thus in brief reply'd.

None have fix'd Seats ; We live in shady Groves, 870
 And Beds of Banks, and Meadows fresh with Rills
 Inhabit. But if such be your Desire,
 Ascend This Hill ; and to an easy Path
 I will conduct your Steps. This said, he leads ;
 And shews them from above the shining Fields : 875
 They thence descend, and leave the Mountain's height.

But old *Anchises* in a verdant Vale
 By chance review'd the separated Ghosts,
 Destin'd to upper Light ; recounted All
 With studious Recollection ; and survey'd 880
 The Number of his darling Race, their Fates,
 Their Fortunes, Manners, and Heroic Deeds.
 He, when *Æneas* thro' the Meads adverse

He

Ver. 862. *Chiefly Musæus*, See M. Segrain upon the Place.
 &c.] Virgil is by some Crit- Ver. 869. *To whom the Hero*,
 icks unjustly accused of Jeal- &c.] The Word *Hero*, it
 ously, Envy, and Ingratitude seems, is not always applied
 towards Homer, for mentioning to the *Men of Arms* ; but to
Musæus in This Place as the *Poets*, as well as *Warriors*.
 Chief of Poets. For how could Ver. 680. Orig. *Inclusas* : i. e.
 Homer be at This time in the included in This place, and se-
Elysian Fields, when he was parated from Those who were
 not born 'till two hundred Years not to re-ascend.
 afterwards ? For we are not Ver. 882. ----- *And Heroic*
 yet come to that Division of Deeds.] *Manusque. Hands* by
 Ghosts, who are destined to Metonymy for the *Actions* per-
 re-ascend to the other World. formed by them.

He saw advancing forward, both his Hands
 With Joy extended ; Tears ran trickling down 885
 His Cheeks ; And from his Mouth these Accents fell.

Are you then come at last ? And has at last
 Your filial Piety, by me so long
 Experienc'd, conquer'd such a Journey's Toil ?
 Is it then given me to behold your Face, 890
 My Son ? and well-known Accents hear, and speak ?
 So I indeed was casting in my Mind,
 And calculating Times : Nor did my Care
 Delude me : Thro' what Lands, what Oceans tofs'd,
 What Perils, You, my Son, do I receive ? 895
 How did I fear from *Libya's* Realms for You !

Then He : Your Ghost, my Father, your sad Ghost
 Oft urg'd my Journey to This Clime. Our Ships
 Ride in the *Tyrrhene* Sea. Give, Father, give
 Your Hand to join with mine ; nor from my Sight 900
 Your self withdraw. So saying, he bedew'd
 His Face with copious Tears : And thrice assay'd
 About his Neck to throw his folding Arms :
 Thrice, vainly grasp'd at, from their Circle flew
 Th' unbody'd Fantom ; light as fleeting Winds, 905
 And like a slipp'ry Dream. Meanwhile He sees
 A Grove secluded in a secret Vale,
 Shrubs rattling in the Woods, and *Lethe's* Stream,
 Which near the peaceful Mansions glides along ;
 Round which unnumber'd Crouds, and Nations flew.

As

Ver. 889 *Experienc'd.*] For drawn, retir'd. So Horace gives
 I agree with Those, who read the same Epithet to the same
spectata, rather than *expectata*. Word ; *Aut in reducta valle*
 Ver. 700. Orig. *conatus* [est.] *mugientium*, &c. Epod. 2.
 Ver. 703. *reducta*, i. e. with- Ver. 909. Which near the
 peaceful

As when the Bees in Meads, while Summer shines, 911
On various Flowers alight, and hover o'er
The snow-white Lillies : All the Field resounds
With humming Noise. Struck at the sudden Sight,
Surpriz'd, and ignorant, *Æneas* asks 915
The Cause ; Enquires, what River That ? and Who
The thronging Ghosts that crouded to the Shore ?

Anchises then : Those Souls, to whom by Fate
New Bodies are decreed, at *Lethe's* Stream
Drink long Oblivion from the drowfy Waves. 920
All These indeed, my Son, I have desir'd
To shew thee, and recount my future Race :
That with the more Delight thou may'st enjoy
Thy Kingdom fix'd at length on *Latium's* Coasts.

O Father, Is it then to be conceiv'd 925
That any of These Spirits so sublime
Would go to upper Light, and re-assume
Their sluggish Bodies ? Whence such fond Desire,
Such miserable Love of wretched Life ?

Yes ; All, my Son, to thee I will explain, 930
Nor

peaceful Mansions glides along.] but other things swim upon it :
Letbæumque, domos placidas Yet the gliding Motion is the
qui prænatat, amnem. A Ri- same in *Botb.* Thus in the
ver properly does not swim ; III. *Georgic* Ver. 198,

---- *Campique natantes,*

for the waving of the Corn injudiciously enough compares
by the Wind : A Mixture of *Homer's*.
a Metaphor and a Metonymy.

Ver. 911. *As when the Bees,* Ver. 918, 919. --- *Those Souls*
&c.] Mr. *Pope* very justly ob- to whom by Fate New Bodies
serves, that This beautiful Si- are decreed, &c.] They were
mle better agrees with That not all to be re-imbodied, but
of *Homer* in the Second *Iliad*, only a certain Number. *Ser-*
than *Virgil's* Other in the first v- vius and *De La Cerda* talk ve-
Book ; with which *Scaliger* rily confusedly, and even incon-
sistently upon this Head ; of
which more hereafter.

Nor hold thee longer in suspense ; replies
Anchises, and in order all unfolds.

First, Heav'n, and Earth, and Ocean's liquid Plains,
 The

Ver. 933. *First Heav'n and Earth, &c.*] This Account of the Natural and Moral State of Things both in the upper and lower World (all comprised in 28 Lines from This Verse to Verse 751. of the Original, *ad Corpora velle reverti*;) is a most curious Mixture of the *Pythagorean* and *Piatonic* Philosophy. *Rucius* upon the Place has discussed it with great Learning and Judgment ; digesting the Substance of it into eleven Heads, or Chapters. To him I refer the Reader ; and shall moreover add some scattered Observations of my own. It is nothing strange that *Virgil*, who seems to be an *Epicurean* in some other Parts of his Works, should here be a *Platonist*. Poets especially are *nul-lus in verba jurati*. Thus *Horace* is sometimes an *Epicurean*, sometimes an *Academic*, and sometimes even a *Stoic*, notwithstanding his Ridicule of That Sect in other Passages of

his Writings. It was, in truth, their wisest Method to pick out That which was best from every Sect. *Virgil's* Philosophy however, taken all together, is no way inconsistent with itself: Nor is he so much an *Epicurean* (where he is at all one) as Some pretend. In the Sixth Eclogue Mention indeed is made of the *Vacuum*, and *Atoms* ; but there is nothing of the *Eternity*, or *fortuitous Concurrence* of Those *Atoms* ; nor any thing inconsistent with the Creation of the World by a God : So far otherwise, that a great Part of That Description seems to be translated from the first Chapter of *Genesis* ; as the Author of the Discourse upon the Pastorals before Mr. *Dryden's* Translation truly observes. Then I could never understand why it should be taken for granted (as it commonly is) that *Virgil* in the Second *Georgick* ver. 490.

Felix qui potuit rerum cognoscere causas,

must needs mean *Lucretius* ; or that in the two next Lines,

*Atque metus omnes & inexorabile fatum
 Subjecit pedibus, strepitumque Acherontis avari,*

he intends to deny the Being of Punishments in another World : when the Words may very well be interpreted only of inordinate Fear, and Superstition. The most distinguishing Articles in the Philosophy we are now considering, were, the Soul of the World ;

World; the *Metempsychosis*, or *Transmigration of Souls* from one Body to another; and the *Purgatory* they underwent in the *intermediate State*. The Soul of the World (says *Ruæus*) is taken by *Pythagoras* for God himself; and by *Plato* for a *Creature*: *Virgil* (says he) seems to adhere to the latter. And it may be so in This place; and yet in the Fourth *Georgic* ver. 221. he seems to favour the other Opinion;

----- *Deum namque ire per omnes
Terrasque, tractusque maris, cælumque profundum, &c.*

The Reason which induced *Ruæus* to think that he here means not God, but a Creature, seems to be This; that Human Souls are described as so many Parts of This Soul of the Universe. But first, Whatever *Plato* says, *Virgil* here says no such Thing. It is true the Words

*Ignæus est ollis vigor & cælestis origo
Seminibus, &c.*

will admit of That Sense, but do by no means require it; They may imply no more than that These *Semina*, Souls, or the Principles of Vitality, &c. are of a divine Original, and Energy. But besides, suppose *Virgil* had said that they are Parts of the Divinity; it is no more than what he says in the place above-cited, imagining the Bees to have Souls:

*Esse apibus partem divinæ mentis, & haustus
Æthereos dixere: Deum namque ire, &c.*

Agreeably to That of *Horace*,

----- *Divinæ particulam auræ.*

This indeed he mentions as the Opinion of Others; but it is, plainly, with his own Approbation. In short, so far as I can collect the Sense of *Pythagoras*, and *Plato* together, it appears to me, that their Soul of the Universe was Twofold; the Infuser, and the Infused; the One, God himself; the Other, a Creature indeed, but of a divine and heavenly Original and Energy. And even This *Virgil* in a less proper Signification calls a God; when he says, as before,

Esse apibus partem divinæ mentis, &c.

And so here likewise; if the particular Souls are taken for Parts of the *Anima Mundi*. And I am the more confirmed in This Opinion by the Judgment of a very learned Writer. “ * Some by *Plato*’s Universal Spirit understand That

“ Ig-

* *Gale’s Court of the Gentiles. Part 2. Book 3. Chap. 9.*

" Ignific Vertue or Vivific natural Heat, which in the
 " first Creation was infused
 " into the Chaos, and afterward diffused thro' every
 " Part of the Universe, for the fomenting and nourishing thereof. This, say they,
 " Plato calls the Energetic Universal Fire, or Ignific Spirit, which fashioneth divers Effects, which *Moses* calls the Spirit of God,
 " Gen. 1. v. 2. Thus *Beza*, and out of him *Serranus* on *Plato's Timæus*, Pag. 10.
 " But tho' *Plato* seems to own such a Prolific Fire, or Ignific Spirit diffused thro' the Universe; yet this Universal Spirit, or chief Soul of the Universe seems distinct herefrom, as much as the Cause from it's Effect. Yet we may take in both, by distinguishing the Mundane Universal Spirit into Increate and Create. The Increate
 " Mundane Universal Spirit is the Spirit of God, as before:

" The Create Universal Spirit is That vivific Fire, which the Spirit of God diffused throughout the whole Universe for the Fomentation, Vegetation, Animation, and Actuation of all material Beings. This create Ignific Spirit, I conceive, is expressed by *Moses*, Gen. 1. 3. under the notion of Light or Fire: Part of which was diffused thro' the Bowels of the Universe, to be the principal Agent under the Spirit of God, of all Fomentation, Animation, Generation, and Motion in Things corporeous, whether Fountains, Fossiles, Plants, or Animals." Take the Soul of the World then for God himself, both as he is the Creator and Conservator; and This Platonic Doctrine is true. *The Spirit of God moved upon the Face of the Waters: And in Him we live, move, and have our Being.* Agreeable to which is That of *Lucan*.

Jupiter est quodcunque vides, quocunque moveris.

As to the Other: an Universal Created Soul, or Principle of Life and Cogitation is indeed a mere Idea; Neither do I well know what the learned Author above-cited means by his *vivific Principle in material Beings*; unless it be That Motion which was at first impressed upon the whole Universe of Matter.

But with regard to the *Anima mundi* in the former Sense, as it means God himself; *Aristotle* and his Followers would

not have been so sharp in ridiculing the naked Words of *Plato*, had they duly attended to, or truly represented his Allegorical way of Writing, and Philosophizing. It is indeed very plain (as many learned Men have proved to a Demonstration) that This, and almost all the Heathen Mythology, Philosophy, and Divinity, is nothing but the Religion of the *Jews*, as contained in the Old Testament, adulterated and

corrupted; as the Christian Religion again was afterwards adulterated, and corrupted by it. For the *Transmigration* of Souls indeed there is no Foundation either in Reason, or true Theology: But the *Pre-existence* of them, which would have been sufficient for *Virgil's* purpose in order to give an Account of the future Roman Heroes, has been the Opinion of some Christian Divines, and Books have been written by them to prove it. A certain Commentator tells us that the Doctrine of *Plato* and *Pythagoras* is exploded by the *Saniores Philosophi*; and quotes *Aristotle* against it. Whereas, whatever is to be determin'd about the *Metempsychosis* in particular, their Philosophy in these Matters taken all together is far preferable to *Aristotle's*; and even the *Metempsychosis* it self (and much more the *Anima Mundi*) is better both in Philosophy, and Divinity, than the Eternity of the World. The Truth is, I have often wondered how That Notion comes to be treated with so much respect by Some, who tho' they are satisfy'd it is *false*, yet do not think it very *easy to be disapproved*. The fortuitous Concourse is exploded by every body; But the Eternity of the Universe is complimented as a more defensible Hypothesis. More *plausible* indeed it is; but not a whit less *absurd*: Nay some of the very same *Absurdities* are chargeable upon Both. I mean as to any Use which can be made of Either, in order to account for the present State of

Things without supposing a God; which is enough for our Purpose. For if Matter be eternal; Either it flows from God by a necessary Emanation; or is *Self-existent*. If the first; (tho' it labours with gross Absurdities, yet at present admitting it) *there is a God* then. If the last; it seems there *may be*, nay there *is*, a *self-existent* Being. But is it not infinitely more rational to attribute Such a Perfection as *Self-existence* to a Being which has all other Perfections; than to a dead, senseless, and in all other respects imperfect one? This Argument, at least, has more Probability, and less Difficulty than it's contrary: But I will offer another, because it seems more close and full to the Point; and because I do not remember to have any where met with it. If all things are eternal; Either there is, among the rest, an eternal directing Mind; or there is not. If there is not; then all the *Regularity*, *Order*, and *Fitness* which we see in the Material World is without any *Thinking Being* to direct them, and so by Chance; Or if you please, It is so, *because* it is so, or *because* it *happens* to be so; which is the same thing, and is indeed saying just nothing; And so we are in effect got back to the *Epicurean* Chance. For it is altogether as absurd, that Things should be in *This Order* by Chance; as that they should be in *Being* by Chance. If there be an eternal Intelligence to direct These Operations of inanimate Beings; call That

The Moon's bright Globe, the Sun, and shining Stars,
 A Soul within enlivens; and a Mind, 935
 Diffus'd thro' all its parts, the gen'ral Mass
 Invigorates, and mingles with the Whole.
 Hence Men and Beasts, and all the Feather'd Kind
 Proceed, and Monsters of the boundless Deep :

A

That eternal Intelligence, God : of the Soul, and the Vileness
 Or call it by any other Name, of the Body ; upon the Clog
 if you will be so perverse ; the and Damp which the latter
 Thing is the same. But to re- gives to the former in it's Ope-
 turn from This Digression : rations, and the Corruptions
 Tho' the Platonic, like other with which it infects it ; upon
 Heathen, Philosophy was in- the difference between the
 termixed with Fables, Super- higher and inferiour Faculties,
 stition, and Idolatry ; it was by Reason and Passion : And the
 much the best System, and the Necessity of purging and clean-
 most agreeable to the Christian sing our polluted Nature. All
 Religion. It chiefly insists These things are admirably ex-
 upon the difference between the pressed in This Description,
 Soul and Body ; the Excellence which we are now considering :

*Ignis est ollis vigor, & cœlestis origo
 Seminibus, quantum non noxia corpora tardant,
 Terræque bobetant artus, moribundæque membra.
 Hinc metunt, cupiuntque ; dolent, gaudentque ; neque auras
 Respiciunt, clausæ tenebris & carcere cæco.*

And tho' our Souls are to be Popish Purgatory ; yet cleansed
 cleansed neither by a Pagan, nor they must be ;

*Donc longa dies-----
 Concretæ exemit labem, purumque relinquit
 Æthereum sensum, atque auræ simplicis ignem.*

Which last is so refined, and reciting the heavenly Bodies,
 spiritualized, as well as elegant should omit the Sun : And
 an Expression ; that it must therefore the Sun is either in-
 engage the utmost Admiration of cluded in *Titaniæque astra* ; Or,
 a Christian, as well as of a (as Mr. Dryden well conjectures)
 Poet and Philosopher. the Copies are all false ; and it

Ver. 934.----- *The Sun, and should be, Titaniæque, & astra.*
shining Stars.] It is most ab- Ver. 733. Orig. Hinc [animæ]
 surd to suppose that Virgil, in *metuunt, &c.*

A fiery Force, and Origin Divine

940

These Seeds inspires; so far as not controul'd

By their terrestrial Bodies, clog'd and damp'd

By their dull Flesh, and cumbrous mortal Frame.

Hence they Desire, and Fear, Rejoice, and Grieve;

Nor see the Light, in Prison dark confin'd.

945

Nor ev'n when Life is fled, do all their Ills,

And all their Pests corporeal wear away;

But many Saints, in such a Length of Time

Contracted, marvellously must inhere.

Therefore with Punishment they are explor'd,

590

And pay due Penance for their former Crimes.

Some hang expanded to the empty Winds;

The Guilt ingrain'd of Others in th' Abyss

Of Seas is wash'd; or burnt away with Fire.

Each of us from our sev'ral *Manes* bear

595

Purgation; To *Elysium* then we go,

And here We few enjoy These blissful Fields:

When

Ver. 955. *Each of us from our several Manes, &c.*] *Quisque suos patimur Manes.* A

very particular Expression; and several Words must be understood to make it Grammar.

All This (as *De la Cerda* truly observes) is included in it: *Omnēs patimur nostros Manes, ego meos, quisque suos.* After all;

I much question, whether *Virgil* did not write *patitur*. By these *Manes* are to be understood either the *Genii* attending upon particular Persons; or any infernal Powers; whose Office

it is to be the *Tortores*, or *Purgators* of departed Spirits.

Ver. 956, 957.---To *Elysium* then we go; And here we few &c.] *De La Cerda*, without any Reason that I can perceive, makes a Distinction between *Elysium*, and *lætæ arvæ*; as if That were of wider Extent, and possessed by more Spirits than These. I apprehended *pauci* to relate equally to *mittimur*, and *tenemur*; and *Elysium*, and *lætæ arvæ* to mean the same thing, Those happy Regions are possessed but by a few, not only with

When Tract of Time (it's fatal Round at length
 Revolv'd) has quite work'd off the blended Stain ;
 Leaving defecated th' ethereal Ray,
 And simple Energy of heav'nly Fire

960

All

with respect to all who *die* ;
 but even with respect to all who
 are thus *clarified*. All who go
 to *Elysium* are so refined, but
 all who are so refined do not go
 to *Elysium* ; some going imme-

diately into new Bodies. See *Ru-*
æus, and other Commentators.
 And yet this is no Contradiction
 to what was said Verse 706. con-
 cerning the innumerable Multi-
 tude in *Elysium*.

Hunc circum innumera gentes, populi que volabant.

It is to be feared that Christi-
 anly speaking, with regard to
 all Mankind, *there are few that*
are saved : And yet Those
 few, were they to be seen to-
 gether, would be in vulgar
 Speech innumerable. Thus St.
John in his *Apocalypse* Chap. 7.
 v. 9. *After this, I beheld ; and*
lo a great multitude, which no
man could number, of all na-
tions, and kindreds, and people,
and tongues, stood before the
throne, and before the Lamb,
cloathed with white robes, and
palms in their hands.

Ver. 958. *When Tract of*
Time, &c.] Perhaps there is

not a more difficult Passage in
 all *Virgil's* Works, than This ;
 and yet it is little taken Notice
 of by Expositors. The com-
 mon Interpretation runs thus :
 " We go to *Elysium*, and live
 " in These happy Regions,
 " 'till (*Donec*) Time has pu-
 " rified us, &c."-----But sure
 This cannot be Right. First,
 Because *Virgil* has all this while
 been making a Distinction
 without a Difference ; if the
 Place and State of Purgation
 be not quite different from *Ely-*
sium. And indeed he plainly
 makes it so :

Quisque suos patimur manes : exinde per amplum
Mittitur Elysium-----

i. e. according to These Inter-
 preters, if their Sense were put
 into plain Words, We undergo
 a Purgation ; and Then pass to
Elysium 'till we are purged.
 What Stuff is This ? I know
 Some of them tell us, that e-
 ven after they are there, they

must in Purgatione perseverare.
 But there is no Foundation
 for such an Opinion, unless in
 This doubtful *donec* ; *Virgil*
 must, according to This Ac-
 count, be guilty of the most
 unpardonable Obscurity and
 Confusion, in Thinking and
 Wri-

Writing. Secondly, Because, live here, 'till we shall be entirely purified; and then *Has omnes* (still speaking, say These Interpreters, of all in *Elysium*) were to be re-imbod'ed: We

Deus evocat agmine magno :

Scilicet immemores supera ut convexa revivant, &c.

Whereas nothing can be more and the rest to continue in *Elysium*, as in their final State: ber only (not all were to be so;

Inclusas animas, superumque ad lumen ituras, &c.

These are manifestly separated from the rest; and afterwards

Animæ, quibus altera fato

Corpora debentur. ----

Ræus indeed is sensible of These Absurdities; and therefore to mend the Matter, takes *Donec* for *When*, or *Afterwards*. But This, tho' more tolerable than the other, will never do the Business. First, Because tho' *Donec* sometimes signifies *Quando* in the Sense of *Dum*, yet it never signifies *Quando* in the Sense of *Postquam*; which is quite another Thing. Secondly, Because, *Longa Dies* &c. cannot be applied to *Anchises*, among the rest: he having been now dead but little above a Year; and yet he is supposed by This Interpretation (as indeed he was) to be thoroughly purify'd. There is not indeed so much Force in This; because That *longa dies* may be well enough supposed to be spoken of Those Spirits, as to the Generality, tho' it may admit of a few Exceptions. I have however translated it *When*; because That is Sense in *English*, tho' not rightly agreeing with the *Latin*: Whereas the other is no Sense at all. But in reality, could I presume without any Authority to make an Alteration in the Text; I should translate it quite otherwise, because I would read it quite otherwise. I am confident the Verses are wrong placed; and *Virgil* wrote them Thus.

*Ergo exercentur pænis, veterumque malorum
Supplicia expendunt: aliæ panduntur inanes.
Suspensæ ad ventos; aliis sub gurgite vasto
* Infectum eluitur scelus, aut exuritur igni:
Donec longa dies, perfectotemporis orbe,*

Concretam

* Note, *Infectum* means the same here, as *concretam* afterwards.

*Concretam exemit labem, purumque reliquit
 Æthereum sensum, atque aurâ simplicis ignem.
 Quisque suos patimur Manes : exinde per amplum
 Mittimur Elysium, & pauci læta arva tenemus.
 Has omnes, ubi mille rotam volvere per annos,
 Lethæum ad fluvium Deus evocat agmine magno :
 Scilicet immemores supera ut convexa revisant,
 Rursus & incipiant in corpora velle reverti.*

By Thus only transposing the Lines (for I do not add, omit, or alter one Word) the Sense is clear and easy. In this Speech

he speaks of *all* in general, who are *purg'd*, before they come to *Elysium*, 'till Ver. 748.

Has omnes, ubi mille rotam volvere per annos, &c.

And in Those Words returns to That certain Number who are to be re-embodied ; whom he mentioned in his former Speech,

which gave Occasion to This. For observe how the two Places answer each other. The one ;

---- *Animæ, quibus altera fato
 Corpora debentur, Lethæi ad fluminis undam
 Securos latices, & longa oblivio potant,*

The other ;

*Has omnes, ubi mille rotam volvere per annos,
 Lethæum ad fluvium Deus evocat agmine magno,
 Scilicet immemores supera ut convexa revisant, &c.*

Let the learned Reader peruse the whole Passage from Ver. 703. of the Original. *Interea videt Æneas, &c.* to Ver. 751.--- *ad corpora velle reverti* ; observe the Questions and Answers between the Son and the Father, the Occasion of This Speech, and the Connexion of the Discourse : And then ask himself whether This Interpretation, and the Verses above-mentioned, so transposed, do not make the Whole very clear, and plain ; and whether it be not, otherwise, intolerably perplexed and contradictory. He

will particularly observe, that the Account of the general State of Things, *Principio cœlum ac terras*, and the *Corruption*, and *Purgation* of Souls, &c. tho' very important in it self, is here but *occasionally* introduced by the Doctrine of the *Metempsychosis*, in order to explain it, taking it's Rise from it, and concluding with it. Even in This Speech then *Anchises* manifestly makes That Distinction between the purify'd Ghosts in general, and Those who were to be re-embodied in particular : Speaking of the former

All These (the Circle of a thousand Years
Complete) the God to *Lethe's* River calls
Assembled; that forgetful of the past
They may return to Life, and re-ascend
Contented to their first imbody'd State.

965

Thus having spoke, *Anchises* leads his Son,
With his Prophetic Guide, into the Midst

Of

former in the first Person, and reckoning himself among them; of the latter in the third Person, as excluding himself from them. *Donec* therefore signifies *Until*, tho' it is not placed as the above-mentioned Interpreters would have it: And *Ruæus* intimates, without any manner of Reason, that when it signifies *Until*, it should be the *Subjunctive*, and not the *Indicative* Mood. *Virgil* himself uses it otherwise in very many places: I shall mention but three. *Ecl.* VI. 85.

*Cogere donec oves stabulis, numerumque referre
Fussit, & invito processit vespere Olympo.*

And *Georg.* IV. 413.

Donec talis erit mutato corpore, qualem, &c.

And *Ver.* 312.

*Donec, ut æstivis effusus nubibus imber,
Erupte, &c.*

Most of the Annotators make This Passage, by confound-
strange puzzling Work upon ing *Ver.* 745.

---- *Perfecto temporis orbe*

With *Ver.* 748.

---- *Mille rotam volvere per annos.*

as if they meant the same Thing. When it is plain enough, that they are distinct: The First relating to the Time of their *Purgation* (which is not here defined) before they come to *Elysium*; the last to the Time of their *Continuance* there (which is fixed and determined, being an exact *Millennium*) between their *Purgation*, and their *Re-ascend* to the upper World. I speak of *Those* who are to re-ascend at all: For *All* are not, as I said Before.

Of the thick Concourse, and the sounding Croud ;
 Then takes a Hill, from whence they might discern 970
 Their Looks, in long Proceſſion as they came
 Advancing oppoſite. Now mark, my Son,
 The Glory which attends the *Dardan Race*,

What

Ver. 973. *The Glory which attends the Dardan Race, &c.* Here is the admirable Uſe which *Virgil* makes of the preceding Doctrine concerning the *Metemphychoſis*. By Virtue of This, joined with Prophecy, we have the Hiſtory of ſo many Heroes before they are ſuppoſed to be born. This Artifice is exquisite ; as is the Brevity, Elegancy, and Majeſty of the Whole. Prophecies (ſays M. *Segrais*) are Oracular, and therefore ſhort ; and Thoſe eſpecially ought to be ſo, which are Predictions of Things already paſt. An indifferent Writer (as Some Moderns upon the ſame Occaſion have actually done) would have launched out into long Deſcriptions, and given us the Hiſtory at large. But This is not to imitate *Virgil* : He gives us only ſhort Hints in a Divine Enthuſiaſm ; and even Thoſe not in the real Order of Time, as Things actually happened : It was not his Buſineſs to be an exact Chronologer : This would have been extremely flat, and dull ; And the Reader would have known before-hand what he was going to ſay : But now he is agreeably diſappointed and ſurprized. *Antichriſt* has a Proſpect at once of all the Ghoſts ſtanding before him ; and they are not ſuppoſed to be ranged in order according to their future Succeſſion. Yet he does not entirely neglect Chronology neither ; ſo as to name *Romulus* firſt, then *Camillus*, then *Numitor*, then *Augustus*, and then *Numa*, &c. That would have been abſurd on the other hand : He generally obſerves the true Succeſſion : And in that Inſtance in which he moſt remarkably recedes from it, there is a plain Reaſon for That Conduct. Speaking of *Romulus*, and the Glory of *Rome* founded by him, he naturally, and by way of Genealogy, runs off to *Augustus Caſar*, who was deſcended from Him : So that, even while he ſpeaks of *Augustus*, he has ſtill an Eye to *Romulus* ; to whom *Numa* was the next in Order of Time, and therefore is next mentioned. But though in the foregoing Diviſion he enlarges upon *Augustus* ; he with no leſs Art and Judgment forbears to mention *Julius Caſar* : Be- cauſe he was Then, with all the Enthuſiaſtic Rapture of Poetry and Prophecy, deſcribing the Glory and Proſperity of *Rome* :

What Heroes from th' Italian Stem shall spring,
 Illustrious future Partners of our Fame, 975
 I will explain ; and teach thee all thy Fate.

Him

Rome : And therefore it would Mouth of *Jupiter* in the First
 Then have been improper to Book : where, by the way, we
 mention the Author of so ca- may observe that he does not
 lamitous a Civil War. He mention his Glory of the Civil
 brings Him in afterwards in a War (which he here takes no-
 more convenient Place, and tice of with Grief, and Ab-
 with proper Reflections upon horrence) but of his Conquests
 him. His Glory and Greatness over foreign Enemies ;
 he had before celebrated by the

----- *Spoliis Orientis onustum.*

Ruæus accuses *Virgil* of an Er- less weak and trifling. The
 rour in his Conduct upon This very Opposition in his Dilemma
 Head. Either (says he) These is groundless. *None* are pure
 Souls, which had been in for- when they leave their Bodies,
 mer Bodies, were pure when according to the preceding Doc-
 they left them ; or were pur- trine ; nor can be admitted into
 ged in order to animate Those *Elysium*, 'till they are refined :
 of the *Romans*. If the first ; After which they endure no
 They had only the *æthereus* Purgation ; as *Ruæus* himself
sensus, &c. and so could have no observes. They were refined
 Idea of their former Bodies, therefore : But why must they
 much less of their future. If be supposed not as yet to have
 they were purged, having not drank the Waters of *Letbè* ?
 yet drank the Waters of *Letbè* ; *Virgil* says no such thing ; but
 they had not yet lost the Me- rather intimates the Contrary.
 mory of their former Bodies, Again ; Tho' they had only
 and therefore could not yet as- the *æthereus sensus*, why could
 sume Affections agreeable to not they (if they had not drank
 their future State : Therefore of *Letbè*) remember their for-
Sylvius could not lean upon his mer State ? (For if they had no
 Spear, nor *Romulus* wear a Guilt, it does not follow, that
 double Crest, nor the *Romans* they had no *Memories* :) Tho'
 lament round *Marcellus*. This who says they did ? Or what is
 is a strangely dark, and confu- it to the purpose, whether they
 sed Objection ; and I confess did or not ? As to their future
 I cannot well answer what I State ; whether they were ori-
 do not well understand : Or if ginally pure, or not ; or re-
 I do understand it, then it is no fined, or not ; whether they
 had

Him see'st thou leaning on his pointless Spear ?
 That Youth is destin'd next to upper Life ;
 He mingled with *Italian* Blood shall rise
 First to ethereal Light ; an *Alban* Name,
Sylvius, thy Son by posthumous Descent :

980

Whom

had drank of *Lethe*, or not ; they are not supposed to have any Notion of what they are to be, by their *own proper Powers*, but by the *Designation of the Gods*, and *Fates* ; and so are properly represented in such Visionary Shapes, Habits, and Gestures, as correspond to their future Condition. Besides ; What Consequence is it, that, supposing they had not lost the Memory of their former Bodies, therefore they could not now assume Affections agreeable to their future new ones ? It may as well be said, that a Man can have *no Notion* of a *Second Wife*, till he has *quite forgot his First*. I would fain prevail upon all Criticks not to be so positive in their Censures upon so great a Man as *Virgil*, 'till they are fully assured they are in the right ; much less to attack him with such crude Reasoning as This is. In all which (if I rightly understand it) there is not one Piece of a Sentence, but is either a manifest Falshood, or a most idle Truth : And I am indeed surprized that such a confused Heap of I know not what could issue from the Pen of such a Man as *Ruæus*.

Ver. 977. ---- On his pointless Spear ?] For so *pura* is understood by all the Interpreters ; except *Ruæus*, who renders it *nitida*. Even the common Dictionaries quote This Expression *pura hasta*, from *Virgil* ; as signifying a Spear without a Point ; The Word *videt* here must be in a Parenthesis.

Ver. 981. *Sylvius*, thy Son by Posthumous Descent, &c.] The great Question here is, Whether we are to read *postuma*, for *postrema*, the last ; or *postuma*, for *postumus*, born after the Death of the Father. Those who are for the first interpret *longævo* afterwards, as signifying *old* : Those who are for the last, take it for *inter Deos relato*. Most of the Commentators are for the last Opinion ; And *Servius* is so positive in it, that he mentions no other. Yet *De La Cerda*, and *Ruæus* are for the contrary. For my part, I scarce know what to think ; but that, take it in which Sense you will, it is a very difficult Passage, *Longævus*, for a God, is certainly harsh enough ; Nor does That Verse quoted from *Ennius*,

Romulus in cælo cum Diis genitalibus ævum
Ducit ----

Whom Fate to Thee advanc'd among the Gods
 Thy Wife *Lavinia* in the Woods shall bear,
 Himself a King, and Ancestor of Kings:
 From whom our Race shall o'er long *Alba* reign. 985
 The next, the Glory of the *Trojan* Line,
 Is *Procas*; *Capys*; *Numitor*; and He
 Who in his own shall represent Thy Name,
Sylvius Æneas, equally renown'd
 In Piety, and Arms; if e'er he come 990

by any means come up to the Point. On the other hand, *Virgil* no where else uses *postuma* for *postrema*; Neither do I know of any good *Classick* Author that does. History rather favours the former Exposition; but then the History is so various and dark, that *Virgil* was at Liberty to say almost any thing. Upon the Whole, Reasons being equal, I am determined by the Majority of Votes; and especially by the Authority of *Servius*. Lord *Lauderdale* renders it in the same Sense; and so does Bishop *Douglas*, the Word *posthumous*; only he adds *after thy decease*, without mentioning any thing of Godhead. *M. Segrais* omits it: *Mr. Dryden* adheres to *Ruæus*; and *Ogilby* contradicts himself, making it

a *posthumous* Birth, while the Father was living.

Ver. 990. ----- If e'er he come, &c.] It has been observed upon the 83d Verse of the Vth Book, that *si* sometimes signifies *when*: Tho' I think it does not *there*; and it cannot *here*, because of the *unquam* following. Interpreters observe that this *Sylvius Æneas* was for many Years unjustly kept out of his Kingdom, and not restored till the 50th Year of his Age; and so *Anchises* may use That *si* emphatically, to imply the Difficulty with which he should, tho' late, regain his Right: However This Particle is certainly used for *when* in the very same Speech, Verse 828 of the Original;

----- Si lumina vitæ
 Attigerint.-----

Ver. 673. Orig. *tibi*. Because his *Posterity's* Glory redounded to his. Ver. 677. According to the History, in *comitem* must be included *vindicem*. Ver. 779. *Stent vertice* [ejus] Ver. 780. *signet* [eum] *honore*. Ver. 832.

nè tanta animis affuescite bella;
 for *nè affuescite animos tantis bellis*. Hypall. Ver. 833. *Neu patriæ---vertite vires in viscera* [ejus.] Ver. 862. *Sed frons* [ejus erat] *læta parum*,

To govern *Alba* with imperial Sway,
 See what brave Youths ! What manly Force they shew !
 But They, whose Heads with Civic Oak are wreath'd,
Nomentum, *Gabii*, and *Fidena's* Walls
 Shall build on Mountains, and *Collatia's* Towers, 995
Pometia, and the Fort of *Inuus*,
Bola, and *Cora* : Those shall be their Names
 In after Ages ; Now no Names they bear.
 Next, to assert his Grandfire's Right, shall come
Mavortian Romulus, to be disclos'd 1000
 By *Ilia*, from *Affaracus* deriv'd :
 Seest thou upon this Helm the double Crest
 Stand high ? and how the Father of the Gods
 Ev'n now encircles him with Rays Divine ?
 By his auspicious Conduct, see, my Son, 1005
 Immortal *Rome* shall equal to the Earth
 Her Sov'reign Rule, her Courage to the Sky ;
 And single with her Walls sev'n Hills inclose :
 With a long Progeny of Heroes blest'd.
 As *Berecynthia* in her Chariot rides 1010
 Aloft, thro' *Pbrygian* Cities, crown'd with Towers ;
 Mother of Gods ; proud of her hundred Sons,
 All Pow'rs Divine, all high enthron'd in Heav'n.
 Hither, bend hither both thy Eyes ; Behold
 This Lineage, and Thy *Romans* : This is *Cæsar*, 1015
 And all *Iulus' Race* decreed to come
 Beneath the spacious Axis of the Sky.
 This, This is He ; the Man whom thou hast heard
 So often promis'd, Offspring of the Gods,
Augustus Cæsar : Destin'd to restore 1020
 The Golden Age in *Latium*, govern'd once

By

By Saturn: He his Empire shall extend
 Beyond the *Garamantes*, and the Tract
 Of *Indian* Regions, Realms beyond the Stars,
 Beyond the Circuit of the Year, and Sun; 1025
 Where Heav'n-supporting *Atlas* on his Back
 Rolls round the Axis, studded o'er with Stars.
 On his Approach, ev'n Now the *Caspian* Realms
 With Horror hear the Answers of the Gods;
 And all the Country of *Mæotis'* Lake, 1030
 And *Nilus* trembles thro' his sev'nfold Stream.
 Nor did *Alcides'* self so far advance;
 Tho' he transfix'd the brazen-footed Deer,
 Quell'd *Erymanthus'* Woods, and with his Bow
 Made *Lerna* tremble: Nor the Victor God 1035
Liber, who guides his Car with viny Reins,
 And drives his Tygers from high *Nisa's* Top.
 And doubt we still our Glory to extend

By

Ver. 1024, 1025.----Realms
 beyond the Stars, &c.] Beyond
 the Stars; i. e. not all the Stars;
 for no Country can be beyond
 Them; but the great Constella-
 tions, the twelve Signs of the
 Zodiac. Beyond the Circuit of
 the Year, and Sun: i. e. be-
 yond the Tropicks, or Bounda-
 ries of the Ecliptick, which is
 the Sun's Road. *Jacet extra*
 --- [illa] tellus.
 Ver. 1028. On his Approach
 ev'n now the *Caspian* Realms.]
 Nothing can be more awful,
 grand, and noble, or more full
 of Religious Horror, than
 Those Lines Ver. 799.

Hujus in adventu jam nunc & Casbia regna
Responsis borrent divum; & Mæotica tellus,
Et septem gemini turbant trepida ostia Nili.

Ver. 1038. Our Glory to
 extend, &c.] *Virtutem exten-*
 dere. As in the First Book
Laudi is used for *Virtuti*; so,
 on the Reverse, I here take
Virtutem for *Laudem*, or some
 other Word of the same Signi-
 fication. And I am the more
 confirmed in the Opinion by
 That parallel Place Book X.
 468. ----- *Famam extendere*
facilis.

By Actions? Or does Fear forbid us still
To fix our Colony on *Latium's* Coast? 1040

But Who is He, with Olive-Boughs from far
Conspicuous, and with Incense in his Hands?
I know the *Roman* King, his silver Beard,
And venerable Hair. He first by Laws
The City shall establish, from the State 1045
Of little *Cures*, and his poor Domains
Sent to wide Empire. Him shall next succeed
Tullus, who shall dissolve his Country's Peace,
Rousing th' unactive Soldiery to Arms,
And Troops unus'd to Triumphs. *Ancus* Then 1050
Shall follow, more magnificently great,
Ev'n now too much delighted with the Breath
Of popular Applauses. Wouldst thou next
Behold the *Tarquin* Kings? the haughty Soul
Of vengeful *Brutus*? and the Fasces chang'd? 1055
He first shall exercise the Consul's Pow'r,
And unrelenting Axes; and his Sons
Conspiring in new Wars the Father's self
To Death for glorious Liberty shall call,
Unfortunate: However future Times 1060
That Action may relent; his Country's Love
Shall conquer, and th' immense Desire of Praise.
The *Decii* at a Distance next behold;
The *Drusi*; and *Torquatus* with his Axe
Relentless; and *Camillus* bringing back 1065
The *Roman* Standard. But Those friendly Souls
Thou seest, who now alike in Armour shine,

Here

Ver. 1055. ----- The Fasces ^{ceptos}: Taken from the King
chang'd.] So I understand re-land transferred to the Consuls.

Here in This Nether World ; What Wars (alas !)
 Whenever they arrive at upper Light,
 What Battles, what a Slaughter shall They raise ! 1070
 From *Alpine* Ridges, and *Monæcus*' Mount
 The Father comes, descending : From the East
 The Son advances opposite in Arms.
 Forbear such Wars, my Children, O forbear ; 1074
 Nor sheath your dreaded Country's conqu'ring Swords
 Within your Country's Bowels : And Thou first,
 My Blood, whose Birth is from the Gods deriv'd,
 Throw Thou thy Arms away.
 One to the lofty Capitol shall ride
 High in his Chariot, with *Corinthian* Spoils 1080
 Proud, and Triumphant o'er the vanquish'd *Greeks*.
 Another, *Argos*, and *Mycenæ* fam'd
 For *Agamemnon*'s Empire, and the great
Æacides, from brave *Achilles* sprung,
 Shall conquer ; to revenge the ancient Kings 1085
 Of *Troy*, and *Pallas*' violated Fane.
 Thee, mighty *Cato*, and Thee, *Cossus*, who
 Can pass in silence ? Who the *Gracchian* Race ?
 Or the two *Scipio*'s, Thunderbolts of War
 The Bane of *Libya* ? Or *Fabricius*, great 1090
 In little Fortune ? Or thy Furrows sown,
Serranus ? Whither weary am I rapt
 By You, ye *Fabii* ? Thou, the Great, art He
 Alone, who by Delay retriev'ft our State.
 Others more soft shall carve the breathing Brass ; 1095
 Nay

Ver. 1095. *Others more soft* closed by This Character of
shall carve the breathing Brass, their peculiar Genius, and Glo-
 &c.] This noble Account of ry, by which they were then
 the *Roman* Heroes is as nobly remarkably distinguished ; the
 Art

Nay living Looks, I think, from Marble draw :
 Plead Causes better ; with a Wand describe
 The heav'nly Roads, and trace the rising Stars.
Roman, Remember Thou to rule the World ;
 (Be These thy Arts !) to fix the Laws of Peace ;
 To spare the Suppliant, and confound the Proud.

So

Art of Policy, and Government. It is ingeniously insinuated by way of Advice ; and the Verses are in Perfection beautiful. Some (the *Corinthians*) shall excel in Statuary ; Others (the *Athenians*) in Oratory : A Third sort (the *Chaldeans* and *Egyptians*) in Astronomy : (That upon Oratory, by the way, is supposed by Some to be a Slur upon *Tully*, whom *Virgil*, they say, did not love ; for which I see no Reason :) But let Government be the Character of *Rome*. Ver. 847.

*Excudent alii spirantia mollius æra ;
 Credo equidem, vivos ducent de marmore vultus :
 Orabunt causas melius ; cœlique meatus
 Describent radio, & surgentia fidera dicent.
 Tu regere imperio populos, Romane, memento ;
 (Hæ tibi erunt artes) pacisque imponere morem ;
 Parcere subjectis, & debellare superbos.*

And here undoubtedly the the next Verse was That which
 Speech of *Anchises* ended : And is now the 888th,

Quæ postquam Anchises natum per singula duxit.

But by the lamented Death of the young *Marcellus*, which happened just at This time, *Virgil* was put upon altering This part of his Poem by inserting That funeral Panegyric which follows. The Character of the Elder *Marcellus* therefore, which without Question was before placed among Those of the other Heroes, was transplanted hither by the Addition of That Line;

Sic pater Anchises, atque hæc miramilius addit :

and This in order to introduce That sweet Heroic Elegy upon the Death of the Younger. How his Mother *Octavia* was affected by it ; and how the *Poet* was rewarded for it, are Facts too well known to be insisted upon. Ten *Sesterces* (near fourscore Pound of our Money) for every Verse, that is, above 2500 *l.* for the whole 26, was a noble Present indeed ! I have an exceeding Honour for the Memory of That *Octavia*. No wonder Poetry flourished in Those Days.

So spake *Anchises* to his wond'ring Guests ;
 Then Thus proceeds : Behold how rich with Spoils
Marcellus walks Triumphant, and o'erlooks
 The Heroes all. He in tumultuous Times, 1105
 Warriour, shall fix the *Roman* State ; subdue
 The *Carthaginians*, and the Rebel *Gaul* ;
 And the third Trophies to *Quirinus* bring.
 Then here *Æneas* (for with Him he saw
 A Youth of beauteous Form, in shining Arms, 1110
 But with o'er-clouded Brow, and down-cast Eyes)
 Say, Father, Who is He, with such a Mien
 Attending on the Hero, as he walks ?
 His Son ? Or any of th' illustrious Line ?
 What Noise of his Retinue crouding round ! 1115
 How great Resemblance in his Face appears !
 But gloomy Night with Darkness wraps his Head.

Then Thus *Anchises*, with o'erflowing Tears :
 Forbear the sad Enquiry, O my Son ;
 Seek not to know th' unutterable Grief 1120
 Of thy Descendants. Him the Fates shall shew
 To Earth, and only shew him ; nor shall There
 Permit his longer Stay. Too much, Ye Gods,
 The *Roman* Pow'r would seem to rival Yours ;
 Should Gifts like These be lasting ! What Laments 1125
 Shall

Ver. 1116. How great Re- | star in ipso est ! Instar for Simi-
 semblance, &c.] i. e. to the o- | litudo.
 ther *Marcellus*. Quantum in-

Ver. 1119. Forbear the sad Enquiry, &c.]

O nate, ingentem luctum ne quære tuorum :
 Ostendent torris hunc tantum fata, &c.

Whoever truly judges of This | ther with the Verses which
 pathetical Lamentation, toge- | introduce it,

Atque hoc Æneas, una namque ire videbat, &c.

must

Shall *Mars's* Field, near the high Walls, repeat!
 And what a Fun'ral, *Tyber*, shalt Thou see,
 When by his recent Tomb thy Stream shall glide!
 Nor e'er shall any Youth of *Trojan* Race
 Exalt the *Latin* Fathers in their Hopes 1130
 So high; nor ever shall *Quirinus'* Realm
 Glory so much in any of her Sons.
 O Piety! O ancient Faith! And Force
 Invincible in War! Him none adverse
 Would with Impunity have met in Arms; 1135
 Whether on foot he had defy'd the Foe,
 Or with sharp Rowels goar'd the foaming Steed.
 Alas, lamented Youth! If any way
 Thou break the Doom of unrelenting Fate;
Marcellus Thou shalt be. Bring Lillies here 1140
 In

must acknowledge, that *Octavia's* Present was well bestowed. It would be too long, as well as unnecessary, to enlarge upon it's several Beauties; and so I refer them to the Admiration of the Reader.

Ver. 1126. *Shall Mars's Field, &c.*] The best Construction is for *Mavrtis* to be govern'd of *Urbem*, not of *Campus*. But as the *Campus Martius* is meant; it has certainly a Relation to That too. *Aget*, i. e. *feret* [ad auras] or some such thing. Or perhaps *ad* as referred to *urbem* may signify to, not *juxta*. Tho' the latter is best.

Ver. 1127. *And what a Fun'ral, &c.*] Interpret the

--- *Si quæ fata aspera rumpas,*
Tu Marcellus eris.---

Word *Funera* (says *Rugus*) either of the Funeral it self; the Plural for the Singular: Or of the 600 Beds, and other Pomps which attended it: Or of the Gladiators who (according to the *Roman* Custom) were killed at the Solemnity. I am for the First; Because it is the most simple, and natural Sense, and includes the other two.

Ver. 1140. *Marcellus Thou shalt be.*] Here it was, that *Octavia* fainted away; And well she might; the Poet's suppressing the Name to the last being most artful and judicious. Being able to bear no more, she bid him stop; and he told her he had done: as he had, excepting three Verses.

In copious Handfuls: To my Grandson's Shade
 I'll scatter purple Flow'rs; and pay at least
 This unavailing Duty. Thus at large,
 Thro' all the Region, in th' extended Fields
 Of Air, they walk; and ev'ry thing survey. 1145
 All which *Anchises* having shewn his Son,
 And fir'd his Breast with Love of future Fame;
 The destin'd Wars in which he must engage
 He next foretels him; the *Laurentian* Realms;
 And King *Latinus*' City; and the Means, 1150
 To suffer, or escape his ev'ry Toil.

Two Gates of Sleep there are: The one of Horn,
 Thro' which with ease the real Fantoms pass;
 With polish'd Elephant the other shines, Thro'

If you can (as you cannot) surmount the Decree of Destiny; You shall be such another as the first *Marcellus*: For one *Marcellus* he actually was. That, I confess, is certainly the Meaning of the Place: But yet I differ from Mr. *Dryden*'s Opinion, that therefore it should not be rendered literally. *Tbou shalt Marcellus be*, sounds ill indeed; But *Marcellus Thou shalt be*, I think, does not. *Virgil* thought fit to express himself ambiguously, and only insinuate his Meaning: And why should we, in a Translation, alter, not to say spoil, his Thought by explaining it?

Ver. 1152. *Two Gates of Sleep there are, &c.*] In This Account of the *gemine Somni portæ*, the Particle *Sed* at Ver. 896. of the Original is very oddly used; And I know not what to make of it. Surely instead of *Sed* it should be *Quæ*, as it is in the other Branch of

the Division: *Quæ veris facilis, &c.* As to the Whole; for This Piece of Mythology, the Reader may consult the Commentators upon *Homer*'s sixth *Odyssée* Ver. 562, &c. from which this Passage is taken; as also *Macrobius* in *Somnium Scipionis*, and *Virgil*'s Commentators at large; especially *Servius*, and *De La Cerda*. He dismisses them thro' the Ivory Gate (say they) to intimate, that what has been said about the subterranean Regions, and what passed there, is all a mere Dream, or Fable. That the Descent of *Æneas* thither, and what happened to him there, is a mere Fiction, no body doubts: And the Poet needed not have given us any Hint to remind us of That. But that the State of departed Spirits in general, (abstracting from the Poetical Fables with which it is embellished,) is no more than a Fiction, *Virgil*, I am satisfied, neither

Thro' which the *Manes* send false Dreams to Light.

Here then the Sire *Anchises* with his Son, 1156

And his Prophetick Guide in such Discourse
Confers ; and sends them thro' the Iv'ry Gate.

Æneas to his Navy strait pursues

His Way, and speedily rejoins his Friends ; 1160

Then to *Cajeta's* Harbour sails direct,

Coasting along : The Anchors from the Prow

Are cast ; The Sterns stand resting on the Shore.

neither believed Himself, nor intended to insinuate to Others. Besides ; Here is a long Prophecy of the Roman Affairs : Is there no *Truth* in *That* ? A *Dream*, or *Fancy* then, let it all be : But why a *false one* ? Here is a *Mixture* of something *real*, and something *visionary* :

Which is the very Nature of a *true Dream* ; i. e. a *Dream*, which is significant and predictive : As *This* actually is. May we not then understand *Somni* not of *Sleep* commonly so called, but of the *State of Death*, and *departed Spirits*, as at *Ver. 390* of the *Original* ;

Umbrarum hic locus est, Somni, Noctisque soporæ :

veris umbris, not of *Dreams* of any sort, but of *Ghosts* : *falsa insomnia* of *Dreams* in general, the Word *falsa* signifying not *false*, as it is vulgarly used, but the same as *vana*, *Ver. 248* of *This Book* in the *Original* : *Fantastick*, *Visionary*, as *all Dreams*, even true ones, really are ? I only propose *This* as a *Conjecture* : Against which however it is no *Objection* to say, that it departs from the Words of *Homer*. For why could not *Virg* take his Hint from *Homer*, and vary from it, as he often does in other Instances ? Be it as it will, my Version hits it either way : For I have taken care to retain the same ambiguous Expressions. If *Umbræ* signifies *Dreams* in the *Latin*, so does *Fantoms* in the *English* : Whatever *Virgil* means

by *falsa*, the same I mean by *false*. Tho' if by *veræ umbræ* he meant *true Dreams*, and by *falsa false* in the proper, and common Acceptation : He should, in my humble Opinion, and for the Reasons above-mentioned, have dismissed *Æneas* through the *Horn-Gate*, not the *Ivory one*.

Ver. 1156. Here then, &c.] Certainly it should be *ibi*, not *ubi* ; as the *Cambridge* Editor rightly reads it. The latter is not Sense. To make it so, there should be no full Stop at *eburnâ* ; and even then it should be *prosecutus est*, and *emissit* ; not (as it is) *Prosequitur*, and *emittit*. *Ver. 899. Orig. viam secut*, i. e. goes the *shortest way* ; cutting off that which is round about. So in *Greek* *ὀπίσθινον* : and in *French* *couper chemin*.

The End of the Second Volume.



